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An Irish Quarterly Review

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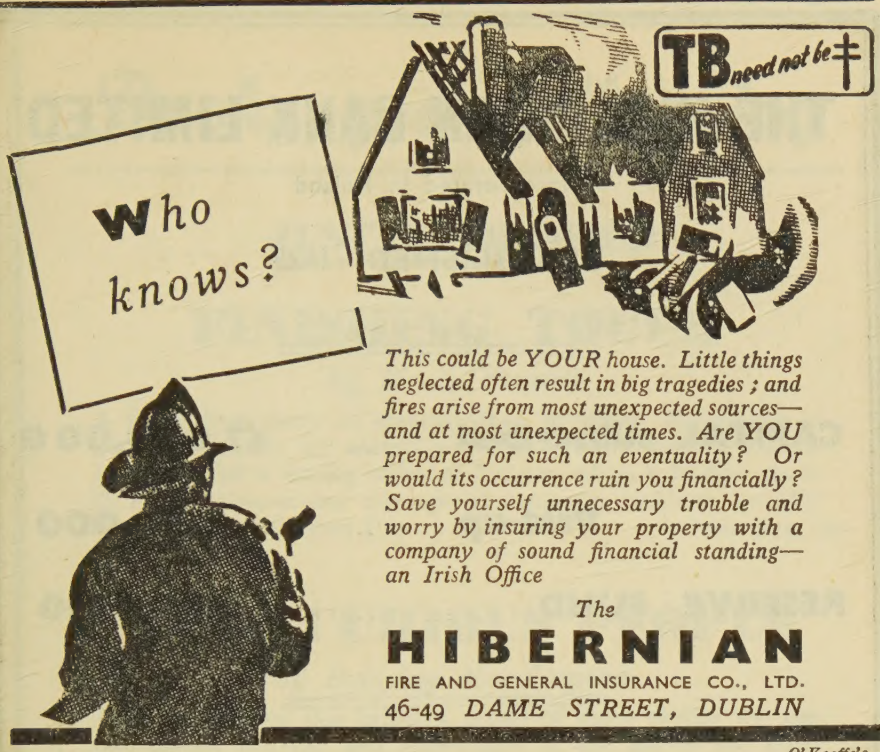

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BY PROFESSOR JOHN M. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., PH.D.

THIS notice is in no sense a biographical sketch. Apart from the briefest " Curriculum Vitae ", it contains no details of Dr. Coffey's life as a student, a professor, a president or a man. Any biography approaching adequacy must embrace the history of the Medical School in Cecilia Street as well as the history of University College, Dublin. Of that there can be no question here. The reader is offered no more than some random recollections of a truly remarkable man, some mention of a few of his characteristics as they appeared to one who, like many others, had over a number of years watched with growing sympathy and understanding the magnitude of the tasks which he had to face and the unshaken confidence with which he faced them. It is well perhaps, now that Dr. Coffey has been taken from us, to set down here a few of those more personal traits of character which enabled him to accomplish so much.

Denis Joseph Coffey was born at Tralee on January 21, 1865. He was educated by the Irish Christian Brothers and then at Holy Cross, Tralee. Coming to Dublin as a medical student, he studied under the Catholic professors of the old Medical School in Cecilia Street, taking Honours in both Arts and Medicine. He graduated in the Royal University in 1888, and won the University Studentship in Biology in 1889. Going abroad, he studied in the Universities of Louvain, Madrid and Leipzig. He became Professor of Physiology at Cecilia Street in 1893 ; and was also for some years Lecturer in Physiology in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. He became Registrar of the Medical School in 1905, on the death of his friend and colleague Dr. Ambrose Birmingham. In 1909, when the National University of Ireland was established, with University College, Dublin, as one of its three Constituent Colleges, Dr. Coffey was appointed first President of the new College. He retained that post until his retirement in 1940. He was a member of many scientific societies ; represented the National University on the General Medical Council ; and was Ireland's representative on the Health Council of the League of Nations since 1934. He received the Croix de Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur in 1933 ; and was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Silvester by His Holiness Pope Pius XI. He died in Dublin on Easter Tuesday, 3 April 1945.

Although Dr. Coffey had retired from the Presidency for almost five years before his death, all those who had worked with him—some

of them for a generation and more—in founding and building up University College, Dublin, felt his death as the loss of a fellow-worker. The impression which he had made during his many years as President was ineffaceable. To the very last his thoughts and solicitude were so wrapped up in the College that he had never ceased to be one of us. It was typical of the man that, notwithstanding his greatly impaired health, he had attended a meeting of the Governing Body a few weeks before his death and had then shown all his wonted keenness and grasp of the business under discussion. To the last the welfare of our College was very dear to him. He had indeed given his heart and intellect to the cause of its success, so generously and constantly as to excite our admiration and wonder.

During these last years he had spoken to us of a project which would, he hoped, occupy the years of his retirement. He would write his memoirs. But the plan never made any headway. Many factors intervened—and among them must be reckoned his own temperament. He had indeed a prodigious memory, especially for details of every kind; but his bent was always towards "practical" action. Hence, though his mind was a storehouse of past happenings, in all his activity he continued to look towards the future—thinking out new plans for the College and for its further development. His long life had been rich in achievement rather than in what are known as "events". He had been in turn a brilliant student, an inspiring professor, an exceptionally able guide and administrator of two educational institutions—in each of which success meant much for Ireland's welfare.

The number of those is rapidly diminishing who have a vivid memory-picture of the educational disabilities under which the Catholics of this country laboured when Dr. Coffey was a young man. Public memory and appreciation are proverbially at fault in reference to the work done by the men who played their part and made great sacrifices to bring this unhappy state of affairs to an end. We are perhaps still too close to those days to put a proper value on the work done in the old University College and in the Medical School at Cecilia Street. Few—except those who are now open to the description "advanced in years"—can even distantly envisage the conditions under which these heroic workers had to struggle from day to day: conditions that were difficult, cramped and hope-eroding. It did require faith and determination to continue the struggle to victory. These men were not without allies. Among the laity the Irish Parliamentary Party should not be forgotten. Mr. John Dillon was especially active in the struggle. He was also Dr. Coffey's intimate friend.

The difficulties and privations which these men had to undergo served only to steel them and bring out more fully characteristics that might otherwise have remained dormant. There are still among us men whose

work for our University stretches back beyond the dawn of this twentieth century. A few, of whom Dr. Coffey was one, were at work well beyond it. For those who were born after the turn of the century it requires a distinct effort of the historical imagination to get anything approaching the feel of the social and psychological atmosphere of those far-off days. Yet without such an effort we cannot be fair to the achievements of men who, in their own sphere, did so much to dispel it. Lack of proper resources—and the means at their disposal were not merely grossly but ludicrously inadequate—was only one obstacle. More subtle forces were arrayed against their success. Students of political history know well what strength is given to an institution by the facts of long establishment, assured official position and prestige that has accumulated through centuries. The task of those who are called to rule such an institution is made ever so much lighter ; errors of judgment, unless they are frequently repeated, have little effect ; crises are more easily overcome. The position was very different in our two Colleges of the old days. With no inherited prestige ; with meagre revenues ; victims of a propaganda, now open, now whispering ; with a feeling among the students for whom they were working that the dice would be loaded against them in later life in subtle ways, sometimes even blatantly : unusual tact and administrative ability were needed in those who made themselves responsible for the welfare of these two institutions. That the Medical School emerged as well as it did from the critical period that intervened between the death of Ambrose Birmingham in 1905 and the foundation of the new College in 1909 was mainly due to the exceptional administrative gifts of Dr. Coffey, who had been for many years Birmingham's closest friend and fellow-worker.

In his early years as a research-student in his chosen subject of Physiology, Denis Coffey had given promise of work that might have won him fame as a scientific specialist. But the rôle of teacher and shaper of young minds was more important for the Catholic doctors of Ireland during the years when Dr. Coffey began his work as lecturer in the Catholic Medical School. A scientist may have been lost by this diversion of his interests, but we cannot regret the switch-over of his interests. On Birmingham's death Dr. Coffey, who had been Professor of Physiology for some years with his colleague as Professor of Anatomy, took over the latter's work as Registrar of the School. Henceforth the main administrative work fell on his shoulders. Though at all times loyally supported by some of the foremost Catholic doctors in Dublin, Dr. Coffey was in fact largely responsible for the increasing success, perhaps even for the continued existence of the Medical School. The triumph of the old University College and the Cecilia Street School was eventually demonstrated by the foundation—made now inevitable by their continued success—of the National University of Ireland.

I may be permitted to draw on the memory of one of our late President's friends who was in an excellent position to understand Dr. Coffey during his last years in Cecilia Street and afterwards in University College. Many of the characteristics which were known to a much wider circle in his later position were already in evidence at this earlier period :—

I always felt that at University College Dr. Coffey was the Bishop, with all the prelate's aloofness not only from the student body, but from the professors and other members of the staff. At Cecilia Street he was the simple priest with the students for his parishioners, and in their company he was intensely happy as a teacher, a counsellor and a friend.

My first meeting with Dr. Coffey was in his own book-lined room in Upper Gardiner St., where with another first-medical student I got my first lesson in Botany and saw for the first time the microscopic structure of a plant stem. As I studied the section I was told the purpose of each layer and each tube, the structure and the function being deftly interwoven until the dead thing lived. It was my first stimulus to the study of Biology, which became from that evening's illuminated vision the favourite study of my earlier years.

At this period, though Dr. Coffey was still only an assistant at Cecilia Street, he carried the department of Physiology and Histology on his shoulders—as Birmingham did for the Department of Anatomy. We all admired Birmingham immensely—but we loved Coffey, while not failing in our admiration of him. While his teaching was almost always of Honours standard, he never for a moment neglected the " lame horses ". He was infinitely patient with them, sparing no pains to keep them abreast of those to whom the work was more congenial. His interest in them and his helpful instruction brought many a " slacker " into the ranks of those real workers who invariably followed his inspiring leadership. And what an inspiration his teaching was to those of us who desired to extend our knowledge of the subject into those wider fields with which he was so familiar and in which he loved to travel with those who were willing and eager to join him ! It was the love of the subject as he expounded it, and devotion to a devoted teacher, that drew us on to follow where he led and, incidentally, to give of our best in the national contests of the Royal University.

Dr. Coffey's interest in the students was of a most generous kind. He quickly saw in the weakest the good that was in them and gave all he could to develop that little seed of virtue, often with surprising success. In his Christ-like charity he brushed aside the flesh and the devil and, by his example of joyful purity and his high standard of thought and deed, saved many from moral and material failure. To us, his students, he was the ideal leader, the white knight of our dreams—a Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche.*

Those members of the staff whose knowledge of Dr. Coffey was practically confined to the time of his presidency of the newly established University College will see depicted in these passages many of the traits with which they were to become familiar during his long tenure of that office. It may be that the spirit of camaraderie was less in evidence. The comparative size and importance of the tasks imposed on the first President would in themselves go far to explain this. The same degree of intimacy is not possible in a College with several faculties (Arts, Medicine, Science, Philosophy, Celtic Studies, Law, Engineering, Architecture) and their appropriate, if not quite adequate, staffs ; with a

student-body that was rapidly growing and that came near the three thousand mark before his retirement. A certain change from the less formal and more intimate days was bound to be noticed by those who had been familiar with the life and work of Cecilia Street. The little family was bound to get partially lost in the wider community.

In spite of these changed circumstances it is plain that Dr. Coffey's friend saw no real change in the underlying great qualities of the man himself and, above all, in his great human sympathy. This formed the basis of his character from first to last. If anything, it ripened and expanded with advancing years, though perforce finding expression in a somewhat different manner.

Dr. Coffey had many qualities of mind which enabled him to exert greater power as first President of the College than was formally given to him by the Statutes of the University. Indeed those who were most familiar with his methods of administration would have found themselves hard put to it, if they had been asked to indicate the precise limits of his powers. For he hardly ever invoked them. He relied much more on persuasion and on his power of carrying the Academic Council or the Governing Body with him. Apart from those cases in which a formal vote was prescribed by statute, decisions were seldom reached by vote. Discussion and general agreement were the normal procedure. It was interesting to note the extent to which specialists from the various faculties allowed themselves to be swayed by his representations, even where their own subjects were concerned. The decisive factors were the forceful appeal of the President's own character and the well-grounded conviction that the President had given the matter full thought—had considered each particular problem from a general standpoint rather than from the specialist's more limited point of view. Above all, there was an unshakeable confidence that the President was actuated solely by the best interests of the College. He was thus able to rely on his own well-established prestige rather than on a vote or on any exercise of his presidential powers.

His keen judgment of men, his capacity to get through to their real worth, his ability to size up their true value to the College as a whole, his flair for discerning intellectual promise at an early date: all this stood Dr. Coffey in good stead. With all his kindness, sometimes even his softness, he found it impossible to overlook one fault—disloyalty to the College. This, it may be well to remark, was never identified in his mind with opposition to his own proposals. Where he discerned hostility to the College which he served, observers could get a glimpse of a core of hardness which lay behind his more usual leniency.

The first staff of University College came over from the old University College in St. Stephen's Green and from Cecilia Street. New professors and lecturers were added to their number by the implementing Commission.

In all subsequent appointments—for more than two decades—the dominating voice was the President's. This was due less to his official position than to his personal ascendency. In the closing years of his administration, his influence was somewhat less in evidence—but the change was never very marked.

On the establishment of the National University heavy burdens were placed on his shoulders. Luckily a fully new beginning had not to be made. A valuable tradition, though not a long one, had come down to the new College from its two predecessors on the Green and in Cecilia Street. This needed to be developed and adapted to new circumstances, not to be replaced by something entirely different. But we were now embarked on a much bigger task, more ambitious and capable of much greater expansion. Thus, in some important aspects, the undertaking was really new, and it called for exceptional powers on the part of the man to whose guidance it was entrusted. The new President's efforts would be watched by critical eyes ; not only by those who were hostile, cynical or indifferent, but even by friends. The immediate circumstances called for clear vision of the main lines of policy, steadfast purpose in keeping that policy well in sight, and a careful, at times even a subtle, handling of each new situation.

Each of those early years brought increasing work and new problems. Precedents had to be established, strong enough to help towards the coordination of many separate tasks, yet flexible enough to avoid rigidity and decline into mere routine. The new President showed himself able to strike a judicious balance between these two possible extremes. Observers from outside were puzzled, some favouring more " system ", others objecting to what they held to be the deadening effect of general regulations. It is well to cast our memories back to the years between 1914 and 1922, bearing in mind that the College, then as always, represented the Nation as a whole, with its varying shades of political opinion and the passions with which these opinions were so often advocated. The forces of the British Government were still in open control of this country. If this effort of memory is made, it is not difficult to realise how critical the period was for the future of the College. A false step might have led to its destruction. The President was being urged—often vehemently urged—to take this or that action. The only point on which most of his advisers were agreed was their determination to lead him away from the course which he, firmly but unostentatiously, had made up his mind to follow. There was, during those difficult years, no deviation from his own known political views and principles. They were there for all to see. But any one who knew the country and the College during those years can form some notion of the many hours of anxiety through which he must have passed. Remember what the College meant to him, the intensity of his devotion to it. Some brilliant

minds, who were at that time in favour of a different line of action from that which the President pursued, have told me since that they look back with admiration to the calm and quiet determination which Dr. Coffey then displayed.

Ever since the College had come into existence, its staff and students had to face—though " face " is hardly the proper word—a certain amount of petty criticism, gnawingly destructive, over cups of tea or around dinner tables. It was not the kind of criticism that was likely to call forth more intense effort. It was but a symptom of a common national vice : our futile cynicism, with its ingrained tendency to run down our own instead of helping them.

A more serious drag on the College's activities, from the first year of its existence, was the inadequacy of its equipment and endowment. Inadequacy of resources has in fact dogged the College from its foundation in 1909. Starting from small beginnings, the number of its students increased fivefold and more during Dr. Coffey's presidency. This situation put an added strain on the President's work for the College, since there was no corresponding increase in the College's endowment. The fall in the value of money made things worse. The inflation period arising from the war-years made the position of the staff most precarious. When at last, very belatedly, some relief was forthcoming, the President took a line that was considered by many Quixotic. Though he had more calls on his purse than any other, his generous nature drove him to refuse any share in the increase of salaries.

It is probable that he felt confident, especially with the advent of an Irish government, that the rapid increase in the student-numbers would soon make the problem of adequate endowment a matter of course. His hopes were not fulfilled. Yet I am sure that never for a moment did he regret the breaking of the British connection, though the growing consciousness of the needs of higher education in Great Britain made the contrast more obvious. He was too strong an Irish Nationalist to harbour any such ideas.

Dr. Coffey was pre-eminently a Catholic and an Irishman. He worked hard to ensure that Catholicism and Irish Nationalism should be real forces in his own life and in the lives of those who came under his influence. He held firmly to his belief in the intimate connection of these two ideals. Always a strong Nationalist, he was never tempted to any course of action that might be inconsistent with his own high principles. His position, first as Dean of the Medical Faculty in Cecilia Street and then as President of University College, enabled him, directly and indirectly, to wield a powerful influence on many thousands of young students—by his own striking personal example as well as by his guidance and teaching. The full extent of his influence will be better appreciated if we remember that these young students, whom he helped to educate, were destined to form

much of Irish Catholic opinion in this country. I doubt if there has been any Irish layman of our day who, in the midst of all our disturbed and ever-changing social and political conditions, has done so much for the Catholic cause. It was most fitting that His Holiness should have publicly honoured him—a gracious act which gave much satisfaction to his many friends.

We are here dealing with imponderables, which permit of no mathematical assessment but which are none-the-less of importance. It is doubtful whether Dr. Coffey's services in this sphere of action will ever be estimated as they deserve to be. Hence my reference to them here. Through his work at Cecilia Street (his time of apprenticeship) and at University College, he put his mark on the future of Ireland. His was the foremost rôle in moulding the minds and characters of the many thousands who passed through the lecture-halls of the biggest College of the new National University. For him the College did not live a life of its own apart from the nation. It was fully organic with the life of the nation, existing to serve its interests, to promote its spiritual and material advancement. Fully alive as he was to the necessity of material advancement and the duty of taking all necessary steps to achieve it, Dr. Coffey would never have thought of sacrificing or endangering any of the more ideal values, moral and cultural. For him these came first, always ; and he held that they should always come first for the University.

Dr. Coffey's interest in Irish history, general and local, and in any subject connected with Ireland was wide, lasting and strong. At a time when very few took interest in the Irish language, when it was anything but official, when men went to its study from pure love of their national tongue, Dr. Coffey was a member of the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League and favoured its work among the students of Cecilia Street. A parish priest, still happily with us, tells how as a very young man he was at a Western bathing place, and how some friends pointed out to him " Dr. Coffey from Dublin " talking Irish with one of the oldest inhabitants of the place.

But Coffey's outlook, though nationalist, was in no sense insular. On the contrary, he would link Irish culture with what was best and healthiest in continental culture. Ireland, in his view, was not destined to stand apart. She was to take her place in that greater whole which is the carrier of our Christian civilisation. Recognising that many of our graduates would be forced to earn their livelihood abroad—as missionary priests, doctors, teachers, engineers and so forth—he would have them go out as agents for the spread of those ideals which were dear to his own heart. The attraction which France always exercised on his mind was due in part to a tradition that was for so long dominant in this country, but was also due to his own belief that French history typifies European civilisation at its best. She had been for centuries

the eldest daughter of the Church. In spite of everything, she was still for him fundamentally Catholic in her outlook. German science, German thoroughness and discipline and hard work won his admiration; but they made little or no appeal to his emotional nature. He found German thought too "cloudy". His own mind had more affinity with French clarity. Latin civilisation appealed to him more strongly, and of this France was for him the foremost representative. I recall here a conversation which I had with the permanent head of the Education Ministry of Bavaria in 1928. We had met in Munich, and we were discussing educational problems. "Do not give up the study of the Classics", he said to me. "Yours is a classical tradition. Do nothing to dim that association." With some modifications, that was also Dr. Coffey's fundamental thought. For him our spiritual home was and is in Latin civilisation.

Dr. Coffey came to the wider life of the new University College from the narrower field of the old Medical School. But, from the start, it was obvious that he had no difficulty in seeing the work of the College as a whole, with all its tasks and all its Faculties. For him the College was no mere expansion of a Medical Faculty, flanked by a number of other Faculties—still less was it an exalted Technical School. He made it his aim to secure that, as far as the resources of the College allowed, it should provide first-class professional training and education. But in his eyes the College's primary function was to become a centre of culture in the widest sense, a centre from which culture would spread to the Nation and beyond. Every phase of academic life received his impartial attention. His interests embraced Philosophy—something that was then rare among the laity of this country. This was apparent in many occasional conversations. He was as ready to diverge into Philosophy as into History. On one occasion he came to give us, in the old University College, a lecture on the discoveries of his master in Madrid, the famous Dr. Ramon y Cajal, on the microstomy of the brain. We had organised an Academy of St. Thomas in the old College, and his subject was the possible bearing of his master's discoveries on physiological psychology.

A man of the widest intellectual interests, Dr. Coffey had a mind that was unusually agile and ever active. He combined a firm grasp of principle with an accuracy and richness in detail that was quite exceptional—a rare gift. His knowledge was as varied as it was abundant. I have the impression that his interest in Art of any kind was intellectual rather than aesthetic. A visitor who might come to discuss casual business was liable to have imparted to him the well-digested and pondered results of the President's apparently omnivorous reading. For Dr. Coffey was never what might be called a passive reader. On one occasion, I remember that I had returned from the League of Nations. On the Sundays we had taken a holiday from the week's heavy work and had made some excursions in France. Hearing this, the President entertained

me with a disquisition on the Roman roads in Gaul. On another occasion it was the Kenmare Papers, supplemented by his own memories of Kerry; or an appreciation of Newman's position in Ireland; or a summary of the advantages that the terrain of Sligo offered to prehistoric invaders. Or it might be a series of reflections on the social life of Kerry, based on a careful study of the advertisements in recent issues of the *Kerryman*.

Dr. Coffey had a special love for his native county. He knew, not only its topography, but the historical connections of all the families in each district. But this delving into local history and geography was not confined to Kerry. A young friend has told me of a stroll which he took with the President through the streets of Dublin. Dr. Coffey poured forth a fund of information about many of the houses that they passed on their way. Visitors from any part of Ireland were open to similar experiences. No problem was too big to daunt him nor too small for him to despise.

At times a visitor had the feeling that he was being deliberately side-tracked, because he had come to discuss some matter for which the President was not quite ready. He might have this feeling, but he could never be sure. Sometimes, when the President had discussed a number of topics, steadfastly avoiding that for which the interview had been sought, he would suddenly and quite definitely give his answer at the end. Had he been thinking it over all the time? He thus made use at times of his wide knowledge for "protective purposes". After all, he was entitled to have time to think over what had been put to him or what was going to be put to him—the latter a genuine Kerry trait. But the knowledge was none the less real.

Dr. Coffey had an exceptionally retentive memory and a remarkable mastery of detail. These gifts came to his help in dealing with the students. A student's case put before him was never forgotten by him, even when it had long passed out of the memory of the intermediary. We should have regarded the stories of his knowledge of all those who passed through the College as legendary, did we not have daily evidence of its reality. His brain, so busied with other matters, seemed to be a living compendious dossier of all students past and present. He made it his business to know something about every one of them; to know them all by appearance and name, from what part of the country they came, their family circumstances, their history, their proposed career and numerous other details. To him they represented the Ireland of the future—they were the sons and daughters of the real Ireland. But they were no mere symbols. He saw them as coming from this or that little bit of Ireland. If a name came before him from a district with which it was not usually connected, he immediately wanted to know how that came about; how and when had the family moved to that quarter. Through the student-body he thus "kept his finger on the pulse of the country".

The spiritual and material welfare of the students always occupied a foremost place in his humane and truly Christian soul. His interest extended in very practical ways to each individual student. He regarded himself as responsible for them, and was ever alive to their interests and needs. He was always accessible to them. They readily went to him to consult him and appeal to him in all sorts of matters. If in Cecilia Street he was known as " the students' professor," the increased numbers who came under him as President did not cause him to drop any of those qualities which earned him that title. In dealing with them he shrank from allowing the operation of a general rule in any particular case where he considered that injustice might be the result. He often used his powers of persuasion to this end. He at times abhorred the machine. He was the essence of kindness, and real trouble seldom appealed in vain.

Dr. Coffey was of striking appearance : distinguished in figure, tall, delicately formed, nervous, brisk, graceful in carriage. Noteworthy was the throw-back of his well-shaped head, refined and dignified. These were traits which the passing years emphasized rather than dimmed—the excellent bone-structure saw to that. The impression conveyed was that of unusual refinement and, on the whole, austerity. Yet his keen blue eyes often twinkled with quiet humour. They seemed to observe and penetrate everything. They were the symbol, as it were, of his understanding of the men with whom he came in contact and of their ideas and aims. His glance and shrug often preceded his criticism of plans and proposals which he regarded as one-sided, as not having been considered in their full bearing on the College. For he was slightly contemptuous of what he was accustomed to call " viewy " notions. I dislike the word " realist "—for few words have been more abused and made to cover so much that is objectionable—yet in the best sense of that word I do not hesitate to apply it to him. He had big ideals, and at the same time the shell never prevented him from getting to the kernel. His appearance and behaviour suggested this healthy mixture of realism and idealism.

His manners also were courteous and fine. He could be critical but never captious, sarcastic or cynical. Yet there were times when, probably as a matter of policy, he indulged in a certain calculated brusqueness. He could also be a little impatient of people standing too much on their dignity. Did he occasionally find enjoyment in " taking them down a peg " ? For himself it was a pose which he never cared to adopt.

There was about him a half-hesitant air which might easily lead the superficial observer to get a wrong impression of the man. For it was either a surface mannerism or a preliminary to the full consideration which he was accustomed to bestow on important matters. That determination to weigh matters well before finally committing himself

was illustrated in another habit. When proposals were sprung upon him, either in public session or in private interview, his immediate reaction—impatient rejection or apparent acceptance—was no safe guide to his more mature verdict. This verdict was undoubtedly influenced by the representations that had been made ; but it was not hasty. It was his own and, once reached, was not easily reversed. The two factors were intimately interrelated : deep examination from many angles and then decision. Together they constituted much of his strength.

That same desire to gain time, so as to give proposals the care which they merited, will go some distance to explain another trait which was often apparent. In argument Dr. Coffey did not always immediately reveal the reasons that counted most with him. On occasion his interlocutors were left to some extent to find these out for themselves. When discovered they were generally seen to be sound, even compelling. He seemed to adopt the method or strategy " by indirections to find directions out ". Yet this characteristic is not altogether attributable to over-subtlety on his part, though it contributed to exaggerate his reputation for subtlety—a reputation not altogether undeserved, for he could be subtle when occasion required. Then there was that nervous, half apologetic laugh in his speeches with which we were all so familiar and which is susceptible of a somewhat analogous explanation. It seemed to me to express a recognition that all would not agree with what he was about to say, but " all the same these are my views ". Yet it would be a mistake, into which careless or superficial observers fell, to imagine that this and similar outward signs betokened weakness or real indecision.

His desire to study a problem from all relevant sides may at times have delayed action, especially in the closing years of his presidency. Yet previous experience should warn us against the too ready acceptance of phrases like " reluctance to act ". This slowness to act was more often than not the outcome of deliberate policy. An amusing instance may be cited. Many citizens of Dublin will remember how long he allowed the dilapidated old wooden hoarding to disfigure the frontage of the College. This was no instance of " putting things on the long finger ", postponing a decision from day to day. The very unsightliness was an advertisement of the unfinished condition of the college buildings and the inadequacy of the accommodation. As the seat of a University College our buildings might still be dubbed a " Pro-college ". The hoarding disappeared when the first step towards improvement was taken with the absorption of the former Royal College of Science.

As has already been indicated, Dr. Coffey received advice, but came to his own decision. He then used his full influence to carry it through to victory. He accepted full responsibility for his decisions, and for the policy which they embodied. He never tried to unload any of this responsibility on to the shoulders of others, his advisers and fellow-

workers. But, in his case as in that of many foremost men, all this exacted a price. This took the form of failure to delegate enough, thus involving among other drawbacks a great strain on the President's time and energy. Only his outstanding ability and determination enabled him to win through. He kept his keen eyes on everything in the College and on everything that affected the College. He allowed nothing to get out of his own hands. Students as well as professors can bear witness how the smallest detail came under his personal supervision. And in all this he had no thought but for the College. All the gifts of a richly endowed nature Dr. Coffey unselfishly put at the service of the College. His conduct excites the admiration which singleminded devotion to a great cause will always call forth.

I have spoken almost exclusively of Dr. Coffey in his activities in the Medical School and in University College, Dublin, because it was here that he was enabled to make use of his great qualities and manifest his characteristics. Through them it was that he was in a position to exercise a very important influence on Ireland. But his abilities were also at the service of the National University, of which his own college was a member. Here also his work was fruitful, though manifestly showing itself in a somewhat different way. As a member of the Senate from its inauguration till the day of his death, as four times the Chief Executive Officer of the University (*i.e.*, as Vice-Chancellor) and as Pro-Vice-Chancellor, he also left his mark on that institution. His wisdom, his grasp of business, his disinterestedness could never fail in effect.

With his many other activities—for instance as member of the General Medical Council, as Irish Representative on the Health body of the League of Nations—it is not now possible to deal. To these and other tasks he brought his characteristic earnestness, skill, and attachment to principle.

Dr. Coffey was a great Irishman. But, owing to the nature of the sphere in which he worked, it is unlikely that his real greatness will receive the recognition which it deserves. In these notes I have tried to mention some of those qualities which contributed to form the basis of his greatness and which endeared him to so many. He was sufficiently outstanding for legends to gather around his name in the field in which he laboured. His idiosyncrasies will no doubt be exaggerated—from his *fidus Achates*, the fourwheeled "growler", onwards. If so, it will be with loving memory. He was one of Kerry's most brilliant sons. To his native county he belonged by birth and by the special affection which he had for it; by his work he belonged to Ireland and the Church. Throughout his long academic life he never failed to hold to his high ideals and his high purpose. He has left an unblemished record of devoted service.

J. M. O'Sullivan

WHITHER MATHEMATICS?

BY ARTHUR W. CONWAY, M.A., D.SC., F.R.S.

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AT the beginning of the present century a very distinguished English mathematician, G. H. Bryan, made the remarkable statement that it would be easier to know all the languages of the world than to know all branches of Mathematics. And he was in a position to know; his contributions ranged from the stability of battleships to the design of aeroplanes, for he was a pioneer in aeronautics. He even discovered unexpected mathematical subtleties in piano-players (mechanical). It is not, perhaps, very widely known that W. R. Hamilton when an undergraduate of T.C.D. had at one time the intention of mastering the literature of *all* languages. Maybe he could have done it, for at the age of 13 he knew 13 languages. A grammar of Syriac written by him at that age can be seen in the Library of T.C.D. Had he lived earlier, he would have deserved a place in Mr. Shandy's list of youthful prodigies. However he changed his mind and devoted himself to mathematics and made some three discoveries which influence this science to the present day. The last twenty years of his life he devoted to Quaternions, which we have just celebrated by the issue of a postage stamp. One aspect of quaternions has not been stressed so much in the popular mind. It is in fact an *algebra* of quite a new and revolutionary type, for the product $a\,b$ is not equal to $b\,a$. Hamilton was the first to show that a consistent algebra could be constructed on these lines and started a torrent of investigations which form a life study in themselves.

It is doubtful as to how algebra first started, but it probably arose from Eastern sages exchanging puzzles with one another of the type familiar to the schoolboy's text book. They were 2,000 years in advance of the Greeks in this respect, and it is remarkable that this eastern stream of algebra never reached the Greeks and came to Europe from the East about the time of the Crusades. Many picturesque personages appear through the centuries, like the celebrated Persian mathematician who wrote a treatise on Quadratic Equations, but who is known to a wider circle as the author of the Rubaiyat, although not as well known as a fellow student of his at the great school of Nishampur who put the word *assassin* into so many languages. The growth of algebra in the last century has been enormous, and its change in character can be seen by comparing Salmon's Modern Higher Algebra (Dublin 1885) with the Studentship course in algebra in the National University.

The Greeks distinguished Logistics or computation from Arithmetic

or the properties of numbers. Their clumsy system of numerals, although better than the Roman one, necessarily made computation a lengthy and troublesome affair ; yet it was the era of Archimedes, one of the three greatest mathematicians of all time (the other two were Newton and Gauss). Again from the East came the so-called Arabic system which revolutionised calculation ; still the majority of people remained unable to make simple calculations. The fantastic Don Armado in *As You Like It* could regard it as not befitting a gentleman to make a very simple addition, and in the middle of the seventeenth century one Samuel Pepys graduated from the University of Cambridge without knowing the multiplication table, a defect which he had to remedy in later life to check up on timber merchants. Of course young Mr. Isaac Newton, who was in Cambridge a few years later, managed to imbibe quite a lot of mathematics in that seat of learning. Nowadays multiplication and very much more complicated operations have been mechanised, and so perhaps the curriculum of schools in the future will not include tables.

The Higher Arithmetic or Theory of Numbers forms one of the most difficult branches of Mathematics. There are no general methods. Each problem has to be tackled in a separate manner and sometimes requires the use of the most abstruse analysis. Prime numbers such as 7, 13, etc., which have no divisors except unity and, of course, themselves, are a major interest here. It abounds in unsolved problems, some of which have received attention from the greatest mathematicians. For example, the even number 14 is the sum of 3 and 11. Is it true that every even number is the sum of two primes? No one has ever found an exception and no one has been able to prove that it is universally true. As another example, we can find any number of pairs of primes which differ by 2, such as (11, 13), (101, 103), etc. ; is there any limit to these pairs? No one has ever been able even to attempt this. In distinction to this study of discrete numbers we have the Differential and Integral Calculus of Newton and Leibniz. From this comes the subject of Analysis, the largest of all branches of Mathematics ; but we shall have to pass unnoticed this and many other parts of our subject, some of universal importance such as Probability and Statistics.

What Geometry is in the modern sense is difficult to define, but there is no uncertainty about its origin. Thales of Miletus, geometer, physicist, philosopher and smart business man brought it to Greece. Centuries of development were summed in the most famous text book of all time, the " Elements of Euclid ", employed and misunderstood for twenty-two centuries. Euclid understood what he was doing when he thought it necessary to include his famous parallel postulate : " If a straight line falling on two others has the sum of the interior angles less than two right angles, these two meet if produced ". Generations of geometers

thought that this was redundant and could be deduced from the other postulates. Rev. Father Saccheri, S.J., in 1733 very nearly reached the truth, but it was left to Lobatchewsky a century later to solve the difficulty. It is now known that this postulate is not redundant and that, if we change it, we can find two new consistent systems of Geometry. The ordinary individual would like to know what system we are living in, Euclidean (or, as it is called, flat) or in one or other of the curved systems. The answer is difficult and of no great interest to the pure mathematician. The pioneer American algebraist B. Pierce in 1870, who incidentally understood well the meaning of quaternions, defined Mathematics to be the " Science of necessary deductions ", and Pure Mathematics is more and more becoming postulational and so becoming more and more aloof from Applied Mathematics. In the latter science deductions are indeed made from hypotheses, but at every stage they are confronted with actual observations.

To return to Geometry: Is the sum of the three angles of a triangle equal to two right angles? It is certainly true for ordinary terrestrial measurements. Further, the motion of the planets keep time with extraordinary accuracy given by the Newtonian hypothesis—with no more than one or two discrepancies amounting to a few seconds per century. If we go outside our system, we have the Einstein Relativity. This would definitely make space non-Euclidean. However this theory has been almost dormant for twenty years, one reason being that the mathematics is too difficult. There are, however, more modern systems in full production. In these theories the space is Euclidean and, we might add, the universe had a beginning (the date of which can be calculated) and will have an end; and everyone, whether on our earth or millions of miles distant, will conclude that he alone is the centre of a universe which is receding rapidly from him. Philosophers have not got round to these speculations yet. In relation to science the language of philosophers is as different from that of mathematicians as the French of Paris was from that of Madame Eglentyne; and the scientific front is moving so rapidly that philosophers are often spending time on theories, which have been scrapped or forgotten.

But to return to Geometry, Descartes introduced algebra to this science which contains so much of the beauty of mathematics. The results are astonishing. For example imaginary points. In a plane, for instance, there are two such points at an infinite distance, but every circle great or small passes through them; and then every ellipse has two foci situated on the longer axis, but it has two other imaginary foci on the minor axis. These four points form a parallelogram. It has peculiar properties: not only is each side *perpendicular to itself* but the length of each side is zero. All this arises from the idea of the square root of negative unity or as it is usually denoted by i where $i^2=-1$. It may be

asked has all this nonsense any value. Strange to say, it is essential in a lot of applied mathematics from the calculation of an alternating current to the design of an aeroplane wing. And then we have monstrosities such as the Weierstrass curve to which you can draw a tangent line at *no* point and the Peano curve which passes through *every point* inside a square and the Möbius surface which has only one side. One advantage of algebra is that we can deal with geometry of four or more dimensions. Relativity theory has given a great impetus to the study of four dimensions. Flat space here is called Galilean. This is reasonable enough as Galileo did *not* say "Eppur si Muove". For this statement is, to a relativist, quite devoid of any meaning. Galileo Galilei was, however, a good scientist and laid the foundations of dynamics by his experiments from the leaning tower of Pisa (which one is pleased to learn is still leaning). He was a good enough mathematician to know that in aggregates of numbers a part may be equal to the whole. I suppose Euclid knew this also.

Applied Mathematics is too big a subject to say much about, and most of its experts have been until recently very busy. Theoretical Physics is, however, flourishing in our Institute for Advanced Studies and similar bodies. An interesting result is the present position of the centuries-old controversy of wave versus particle. Newton thought that light was corpuscular. Huyghens gave reason for saying that it was a wave-motion. Experiments a century ago seemed to settle the matter in favour of waves. Hamilton produced wonderful mathematics which would suit either theory; but in modern days light, in certain aspects, was found to consist of tiny bundles of energy called photons having the properties of particles. (May I digress to make the remark that according to some of the more modern relativists the photons were not always small? In the early stages of our universe, long before pre-history was possible, monstrous photons hit the sun and knocked off bits—the planets). By a strange inversion of ideas not only have light waves corpuscular properties but all particles have wave properties. New particles are being discovered first mathematically and then experimentally. For instance, the meson—more than a hundred times heavier than the electron but much lighter than the smallest atom—was discovered by a Japanese mathematician by means of a Schrödinger equation, and soon its presence was found everywhere. Some mesons, or perhaps all, have a very short life. A radio wave goes round the earth in about one-seventh of a second, but a meson lasts only about the time such a wave travels a few yards. Like every other particle, large or small, the short-lived meson has its wave-aspect and its particle-aspect, the mathematics of both of considerable difficulty but extraordinarily clumsy. Some day a bright young theoretical physicist will discover proper methods, and he will find that he has rediscovered Quaternions.

What is the future of mathematics? Pure Mathematics is becoming more and more postulational and more and more aloof from events. Professor J. L. Synge of Ohio State University thinks that science and mathematics will become more and more divorced from each other. Anything said by the nephew of John Millicent Synge is worthy of attention, but personally I prefer the opinion of Jean Baptiste-Joseph Fourier. This very capable mathematician (who had to do some quick thinking when Napoleon escaped from Elba) developed a mathematical method of which the official mathematicians, like Laplace, took a very poor view. Yet it is fundamental in a large range of subjects from tide-predictions and meteorology to quantum theory and engine-balancing. It has also afforded a livelihood to generations of pure mathematicians, for the difficulties are very great. To conclude this article, my opinion of the future of mathematics is best expressed in Fourier's own words: "L'étude approfondie de la nature est la source la plus féconde des découvertes mathématiques." And may I add a quotation on a different note: ". . . it is well to recall the cliché, trite though it may be, that without this union of experiment and mathematics our civilisation would not exist. Less trite is the more recent observation that because of this union our civilisation may cease to exist."[1]

A. W. Conway

[1] *The Development of Mathematics* by E. T. Bell (McGraw Hill 1940).

FULL EMPLOYMENT IN PRE-WAR GERMANY

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE O'BRIEN, D.LITT.

THE problems connected with the maintenance of full employment in peacetime have recently received considerable attention. They have been discussed in the last two issues of STUDIES.[1] The conclusions were reached that the experience of war is only partly relevant to the totally different conditions of peace and that, in peacetime, the maintenance of full employment might prove impossible without serious infringements of individual liberty. Every country will, after the war, strive to abolish unemployment and, in doing so, will embark upon novel and experimental types of policy. In devising such policies there will be room for many expensive errors. Some, at least, of these errors may be avoided by studying the experience of countries that have already succeeded in maintaining full employment in peacetime. The most notable example of such countries is Germany, which in the years 1933–39 abolished unemployment from its midst and maintained, in a period of disturbed and unsettled peace, an economic expansion typical of a wartime boom. Whatever may be thought of the objectives of that expansion or of the political conditions in which it was attained, there is no denying its interest and importance for all who are concerned with exorcizing the evils of unemployment in the post-war world. The German experiment is especially interesting because it introduced considerable planning in an economy where the chief institutions of capitalism—private property and the profit motive—were, at least formally, preserved. Although many books have been devoted to the political aspects of national socialism, little has appeared in English on its purely economic side. A cordial welcome must therefore be extended to an excellent account of the economic aspects of the German experiment.[2]

The author of this new study of national socialist economics was formerly a member of the Government Department of Statistics in Berlin, of which he was appointed Councillor in 1923. From 1926 he was Director of the Department of Research on International Economic Problems and a member of the Institute for Research on Business Cycles. He was a member of the German Delegation to the International Economic Conference at Geneva in 1927. In 1930 he was transferred to the Reich Ministry of Economics as economic adviser. From 1928 to 1933 Dr. Nathan was a member of the economic faculty of the Hochschule für

[1] *The Weapon and the Tool.* STUDIES, December 1944, p. 440; *New Views on Unemployment.* STUDIES, March 1945, p. 43.

[2] *The Nazi Economic System.* By Otto Nathan. Durham (North Carolina): Duke University Press; London: Cambridge University Press, 1945. 24s.

Politik in Berlin. In 1933 he emigrated to the United States, where he has filled several important academic positions. Since 1942 he has been Professor of Economics at Vassar College. His credentials to speak on German economic problems are the highest possible.

The picture which Dr. Nathan paints is a very curious one. In the six years between 1933 and 1939 the Nazis erected a system of production, distribution and consumption which cannot be fitted into any previously known category. It was not traditional capitalism inasmuch as the autonomous mechanism of pricing in the market by which production is directed in capitalism was practically suspended. It was not State capitalism as the Government disdained any intention to own the means of production. It was certainly not communism or socialism because private property and profit still continued. It was a combination of the institutions of capitalism with a high degree of public planning. The class structure of society remained unaltered, the distribution of income was not fundamentally changed, and production continued to be carried on by private entrepreneurs. Nevertheless the whole economic life of the country became gradually regimented to a degree that it could be correctly described, immediately before the outbreak of war, as a completely planned economy. The process of regimentation took place within the framework of a strong political dictatorship. The Government knew what it wanted and was able to attain it, partly because of the extraordinary powers it possessed and partly, it must be conceded, because the people were enthusiastically cooperative.

In some ways the Nazis were curiously conservative. When they came into power they made no sudden break with existing institutions. Germany had possessed for many years an elaborate mechanism of government supervision and control which had been increased and fortified during the world economic depression. This mechanism was retained and used to attain greatly enlarged objectives. The old forms were given new functions. While outwardly the machinery of control might appear unaltered, in fact it had been transformed. Similarly, many old words were used with new meanings. Property, for example, continued to be a source of large unearned income, but ownership of property no longer carried with it the right to direct the process of production. Profit continued as a large, indeed a growing, share of the national income, but the profit motive and competition ceased to perform their traditional functions. The entrepreneur still appeared to manage his business, but in fact he was the agent through whom the Government operated its plans. The entrepreneur was guaranteed his profit which, to the old fashioned capitalist economist, almost sounds a contradiction in terms. Cartels became the agents of abundance instead of restriction. Everywhere the old words were retained, but their meanings had fundamentally changed. Never in history has it been more important

than in Nazi Germany to penetrate behind words to the things they describe. The Nazi system gradually developed behind a smokescreen of traditional terminology calculated to lull the fears of the more conservative, and to the accompaniment of much high-sounding ideology designed to quell the impatience of the more revolutionary elements among its supporters.

Dr. Nathan describes in detail the processes by which the German economic system gradually became more and more subject to public control. An ingenious combination of self-governing business organizations and State regimentation was established which made it possible for industrial production to be guided in the desired direction. German business was already, when the Nazis came into power, organized on a territorial and on a functional basis. The existing organizations were, characteristically, utilized, strengthened and reformed. The Reich Government secured control of the organizations through the " leadership " principle which placed party nominees at their head. Membership became compulsory for all entrepreneurs. The old employers' organizations, which had formerly been primarily pressure groups designed to promote the interests of their members, became agents of State policy. The Department of Economics possessed the power to establish, dissolve or merge business organizations at will and to prosecute their officials for violation of government orders. Dr. Nathan describes in considerable detail the actual machinery by which these controls were exercised. An interesting point is that nowhere is it possible to find any account of the nature of the central agency where all the branches of the planning programme were coordinated. Dr. Nathan opines that the brain of the whole machine was a military one.

A good example of the way in which the Nazis adopted and transformed existing agencies is to be found in their treatment of the cartels. The German attitude towards monopoly had always been different from that which prevailed in England and America. German industry was not only allowed, but encouraged, to organize on monopolist lines. In 1933 it was estimated that forty per cent. of the entire industrial production of Germany was controlled by cartels. The Nazis recognized and made use of the cartels. In the course of a few years their structure and functions were completely changed, but they continued to be described by their old name. In July 1933 two cartel laws were enacted. The first law gave the Government power to invalidate a cartel contract without resort, as had theretofore been necessary, to the Cartel Court. The second law gave the Department of Economics authority to strengthen weak cartels, to make them more efficient administrative units with jurisdiction over whole industries, to establish new cartels and to control both new and existing cartels. This law converted the cartels into effective agents of the Government's will over a large sector of industry.

As time went on, the ascendancy of the Government over the cartels became more and more firm. The growth of public control of production robbed the cartels of their original purpose and functions, and, like the business organizations, they ceased to exist for the benefit of their own members. One of their purposes was the restriction of output. An economic system with military objectives cannot tolerate restriction, and the cartels were consequently employed to speed up and expand production. Their activities were not thereby rendered less profitable. The Government, true to its policy of preserving industrial incentives, allowed them ample profits.

Agriculture was controlled earlier and more thoroughly than industry. German agriculture had for many years produced surpluses of some foodstuffs, such as rye, hay, potatoes and sugar beet, while it had failed to satisfy the country's growing demand for others such as wheat, dairy produce and fodder. Before 1933 agricultural production was the subject of considerable control, which the Nazis took up and developed with enthusiasm. Self-sufficiency in food was a cardinal maxim of their policy. In pursuit of this objective they shifted as much of their trade as possible to countries with which they expected to maintain commercial relations in the event of war, they accumulated large stocks of agricultural commodities, and they exerted every effort to increase the domestic production of scarce commodities by raising productivity, expanding acreage and shifting land from crops of which the country produced surpluses. The production, processing, distribution and storage of agricultural commodities were all controlled. The Reich Food Estate, which was established in September 1933, became the agent for carrying into effect the policy of the Department of Agriculture. The head of the Reich Food Estate was the Reich Farm Leader, appointed by the Government. The Administrative Division of the Estate was subdivided into three sections: the Man, the Farm and the Market. The Man section was concerned with educational, cultural and labour questions; the Farm section with the technical and scientific aspects of production; and the Market section with the control of production, processing and distribution of agricultural products. The agents through which the control policy was operated were the Market Associations of different groups of producers. These Associations, of which membership was compulsory, possessed considerable delegated power. Agricultural imports were controlled by Agencies under the Department of Agriculture.

The provision of credit in a planned economy must necessarily pass largely into public control. In a capitalist system, the profitability of enterprises is the criterion of a sound advance and profitability depends upon the satisfaction of consumers' demands. In a planned economy these criteria do not exist. Credit, instead, must be directed towards carrying out the policy of the State. The rôle of the German banks

under Nazism resembled that of banks in a country at war. Their function was to provide the funds needed for carrying out the Government's programme. It must be emphasized that a strict exchange control existed since 1931 and that this control was greatly strengthened in 1934. The repercussions of a credit expansion on the exchange could be, to a large extent, ignored by the Central Bank. Increased control of the banking system was secured by legislation. By the Reichsbank Act 1933, the President of the Reich was empowered to appoint the President and directors of the Reichsbank, which was endowed with additional powers of expanding the circulation and controlling the credit system. The Credit Act of 1934 gave the Government jurisdiction over all credit institutions. Authority was to be vested in two bodies, the Supervising Board for the Credit System charged with providing general rules and principles and the Reich Commission for the Credit System responsible for executing the measures of the Board. The powers of these bodies over the banks, though couched in general terms, were in practice very extensive. The capital market was strengthened by the reduction of rates of interest on agricultural debts, by the consolidation of municipal debt and by conversions. In 1934 a law was passed forbidding companies to pay dividends over 6 (in some cases 8) per cent. Private capital issues were allowed only with the permission of the Department of Economics, acting on the advice of a committee presided over by the President of the Reichsbank. The banking system and the capital market were thus thoroughly controlled.

The control of the allocation of capital and credit was not in itself sufficient to secure the success of a planned economy. The ordinary pricing system which directs production in a capitalist system had been largely suspended. In its place there was erected a complete machinery of control. Production was controlled directly through the control over manpower, raw materials and productive capacity. Indirect methods of influencing production were the manipulation of prices, the formulation of wage and tax policies to curtail consumer demand, the encouragement of certain types of investment by high depreciation allowances and the granting and refusal of credit facilities. The whole process of regulation was greatly helped by the rigid exchange control which, indeed, was the pivotal point of the entire scheme. The Supervisory Agencies organized control mechanisms in every important industry. They could make qualitative and quantitative orders in respect of the production, marketing or storing of commodities at every stage of the productive process. In spite of all this regimentation, reliance for production continued to be placed on private investors. Industry was not freely admitted to the capital market, which was expected primarily to meet the needs of the Government. Entrepreneurs and companies were urged to rely on their own resources. In order to encourage the investment

of private savings various types of profit guarantee were devised. A favourite device was an undertaking by the Government to purchase for a long period the whole output of a commodity at a price calculated to cover all costs (including depreciation) and a margin of profit. Contracts drawn on these lines acted as a spur to productive efficiency, since every reduction in costs increased profit. The encouragement of entrepreneurs to look for increased profit in reduced costs rather than in higher prices was a characteristic and commendable feature of Nazi economic practice.

Labour was naturally subject to considerable regimentation. Trade unions and the right to strike were abolished. Collective bargaining was discontinued. The German Labour Front, which was composed of all, employers and employees alike, who performed " human labour ", was entrusted with welfare work and the political education of the people. Its specific functions were the enforcement of protective labour laws, supervision over working conditions, provision of legal advice to its members, and the training, retraining and vocational guidance of workers. Wages, salaries and working conditions were fixed by Trustees of Labour appointed by the Government. Wage rates were kept down at the low depression level at which they had been when the Nazis came into power. Taking 1936 as the base year (=100), money wage rates for skilled and unskilled workers in all industries were 100.1 in 1933, 100.1 in 1937 and 100.5 in 1938. When adjusted for changes in the cost of living, the real wage index (1936=100) was 105.5 in 1933, 100.1 in 1937 and 99.3 in 1938. Although total earnings rose on account of the increase in employment, the distribution of the national income became less favourable to labour. This was part of a deliberate policy to encourage saving. When conditions of full employment were attained, the mobility of labour became more regulated and the fixation of wages more rigid. Employers, however, frequently evaded the regulations in order to secure the coveted skill of trained and efficient men. Labour was allocated by means of the pre-Nazi Employment Exchange system which was, characteristically, used for totally novel purposes. The sacrifice of freedom of labour appears to have been willingly and cheerfully made. It was in accord with the prevailing ideology. The welfare of the working classes received much attention. The " Strength through Joy " movement was the cause of pleasure and satisfaction, and the conditions of home work were improved. As will be narrated later, the standard of living of the working classes certainly did not fall and probably slightly rose.

The memory of the great German inflation was still alive when the Nazis came into power. From the outset they attempted, as a primary aim of policy, to prevent prices from rising. Stable wages could not be justified unless prices were also stabilized. The price control was part of the machinery by which the entrepreneur was supervised. In order to determine what his profit should be, an elaborate system of cost

accounting had to be introduced. The function of prices in a planned economy is different from their function in capitalism. They no longer reflect the interplay of demand and supply in the market. For a planned economy the amount of each commodity to be produced is determined in advance and the price is fixed to enable entrepreneurs to produce it at a profit. In Germany, price policy played a vital rôle in stimulating and retarding production, in encouraging efficiency and in moulding habits of consumption. The outstanding aim of price policy was the maintenance of a stable price level. The fact that entrepreneurs knew the price they would receive made them seek increased profit in reduction of costs. This undoubtedly acted as a spur to efficiency. Where increases in cost of production rendered impossible the stabilization of the price of finished products subsidies, financed by the Treasury or by levies on other commodities, were paid. The aim of price stability appears to have been successfully achieved. While the interpretation of the official cost of living index has given rise to some dispute, it may be concluded that the rise in the cost of living between 1933 and 1939 was less than ten per cent. This figure, of course, does not allow for the deterioration in the quality of some consumers' goods.

The extensive programme of rearmament that was carried out by the Nazis necessitated that a large fraction of the national income should be made available for the Government. The transfer of this income from private to public ownership was the task of finance. In the financial field the Nazis displayed great ingenuity. They invented novel methods of short-term borrowing. Moreover they devised new methods of adding to their revenue by voluntary and involuntary payments which consisted of fees, levies and collections of all kinds. The result of this is that the statistics of the amounts raised by taxation and borrowing do not disclose the full income of the Government. No statistics of public expenditure were published in order not to disclose the extent of rearmament. Full particulars of German finance in the pre-war years are therefore lacking. All that can be safely assumed is that a great deal more was spent by the Government than was obtained through the ordinary channels of taxation and borrowing. It must not be concluded that, because novel financial methods were employed, the success of the Nazi experiment was secured by financial wizardry. The Nazis never made that mistake. Hitler is reported as having said : " To save our people is not a financial problem but merely a problem of how to make use of our manpower and our natural resources."

In the early years of their regime the Nazis borrowed extensively by means of short loans in the money market. It was realized that such borrowing could easily produce inflationary effects as conditions of full employment approached. Efforts were made, therefore, after 1935 to fund some of these short loans. Nevertheless short-term indebtedness

continued to increase. In 1938 an effort was made to substitute less inflationary methods of borrowing, but the growing international tension pressed heavily on German finance. It is rather surprising that the rate of interest on long loans was maintained at 4½ per cent. The strict control of the capital market would have enabled the Government to borrow at a lower rate. The high rate, which was probably meant as an inducement to saving, helped to alter the distribution of the national income favourably to property and adversely to labour. It was an example of precisely the opposite type of redistribution advocated by British economists as a remedy for oversaving. The rates paid for short loans were also very high compared with what the British Government was paying in the same period.

The earliest Nazi borrowing was effected by tax remission certificates and work-creation bills. Tax remission certificates could be converted into cash or held as credits for future tax payments. These certificates carried interest at 4 per cent. and were rediscountable at the Reichsbank. Work-creation bills were bills drawn by private contractors on public authorities. When endorsed by the authority on which they were drawn and accepted by certain public-owned financial institutions, they were treated as ordinary commercial bills and were discountable at the Reichsbank. The Government undertook to redeem these bills at a fixed date never exceeding five years from their issue. As rearmament gradually replaced public works as the principal object of Government expenditure, a new type of bill was issued called " special bills ". These were six months bills issued by any Government department, bearing interest at 4 per cent., renewable without limit and discountable at the Reichsbank. The banking reforms already described had among their objects the preparation of the capital market for long-term public borrowing. In 1935 and later years large amounts were borrowed at 4½ per cent. The issue of bills however still continued, in amounts which, though not statistically ascertainable, are known to have been large. At the annual meeting of the Reichsbank in March 1938 the President stated that the issue of bills would be discontinued and that the Government would thenceforth rely for its revenue on taxation and long-term borrowing. These good intentions were never carried out. The deterioration of the international outlook and the approach of war encouraged more short borrowing for which a new type of bill, the Treasury delivery bill, proved a useful instrument. The inflationary effect of this new expansion of credit was damped down by the expansion of production in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. The published statistics indicate that the debt of the Reich increased from 12·3 billions of reichmarks in 1933 to 30·7 billions in 1939. These figures must be regarded as an underestimate, as they do not include large parts of the short financing by bills.

Few changes were made in the pre-Nazi system of taxation, which

was flexible and productive. It must be remembered that in a planned economy taxes are not necessary for certain purposes which they serve in a free economy. The volume and direction of production, consumption and investment can be directly controlled without employing the round-about methods of taxation and subsidy. The three aims of Nazi taxation policy were the stimulation of employment, the increase of the population and the facilitation of rearmament. Employment was encouraged by special depreciation allowances and tax abatements to encourage investment. Special tax abatements were given to encourage the employment of domestic servants. The exemption in respect of children reduced the cost of rearing larger families. Rearmament was helped by the encouragement of agricultural production with a view to self-sufficiency. Special tax reductions could be granted to firms producing substitutes for imports. The high rates of taxation that had been imposed through necessity during the depression were retained and in some cases increased. New taxes, for example the Defence Tax and the Income Increment Tax, were imposed. Although the yield of taxation increased, the burden of taxation remained remarkably stable. The great expansion in the national income enabled the additional taxation to be easily borne. The percentage of total tax and customs receipts to national income was 22·6 in 1932–3, and 23·3 in 1937–8. Throughout the whole period the share of the national income taken in taxation was higher than in the pre-depression years. In 1928–9, for example, the figure was 18·9 per cent.

The statistics of the public debt and of taxation do not tell the whole story of the German citizen's contribution to the expenses of the State. The Nazis transferred many, partly old and partly newly-created, public tasks to special quasi-public organizations, either to the Nazi Party and its affiliates or to other bodies. Education, for example, was partly shifted to the Hitler Youth, public welfare to the N.S. Public Welfare and the Winter Help. Public functions were also performed by other affiliates of the Party such as the S.A. and S.S. and the Labour Front. Other quasi-public organizations with official functions were the Reich Food Estate, the Supervisory Agencies and the Office for Employment Exchange and Unemployment Insurance. All these organizations derived most of their income from contributions, collections and fees outside the public budget. They often collected funds in excess of their own needs, which were available for the Reich Treasury. Contributions to these organizations were nominally voluntary, but a good deal of pressure was exacted to secure support. The income of the Reich Food Estate and of the Organization of Industry was obtained by membership fees. As membership was compulsory, it is hard to distinguish these fees from a tax. The Unemployment Insurance Fund built up huge surpluses as employment increased. These surpluses were used for public expenditure or the redemption of short-term debt. The finances of the Nazi Party

and its affiliates are obscure, but there is no doubt that their income was considerable. The total revenue derived from these non-budgetary sources amounted to about 20 per cent. of the yield of taxes and customs.

Finance is concerned with transferring resources from private to public ownership. The question of how these resources came to be available involves a discussion of the size and distribution of the national income. In spite of many statistical obscurities and difficulties it is possible to reach conclusions which are broadly true. The real national income of Germany in 1938 is estimated to have been 70 per cent. greater than in 1932 and 30 per cent. greater than in 1929. This was the result of the utilization to the full of all the factors of production. As the result of the increase in the population, of the absorption of the unemployed and of the working by many people who had previously not worked the number of wage and salary earners in 1938 was about 60 per cent. greater than in 1932 and about 14 per cent. greater than in 1929. Daily hours of work and the average productivity of labour also increased. Consumption did not expand at the same rate as production. Had it done so, the programme of rearmament could not have been carried out. Various methods were used to control civilian consumption. The controls of raw materials, manpower, credit, investment, imports and prices were all used to reduce consumption and to steer it into desirable directions. Forced saving was a recognized feature of German economic policy.

German wage and salary earners did not benefit proportionately in the increase in national income. The share in the national income of all wage and salary earners declined from 77·6 per cent. in 1932 to 63·1 per cent. in 1938. In 1929 it had been 68·8 per cent. This change in distribution was favourable to saving. There is evidence that the wage-earning classes increased the amount of their voluntary savings. The production of capital goods increased more than that of consumption goods. Between 1929 and 1938 capital goods increased by one third and consumption goods by one fourth. When allowance is made for the increase of population, the per capita output of consumers' goods and agricultural commodities was about 10 per cent. higher in 1938 than in 1929. Consumption did not increase by this amount because large reserves and stocks were accumulated. Consumption per head of the population was certainly not less than in 1929 and was probably slightly greater. Deterioration in quality doubtless occurred in some commodities, and the pattern of consumption was materially changed as a result of the policy of self-sufficiency. Improvement took place in housing, and the sales of durable consumers' goods—for example furniture and radio sets—expanded. Entertainment, travel and sport were enjoyed on an increasing scale. It would appear that the standard of living of the German worker improved in spite of the rearmament. It did not, of course, improve nearly so much as it would have done if the same

amount of labour and saving had been devoted exclusively to the production of consumers' goods. The real cost of the rearmament was not a decline in the standard of living but a retardation of its rate of advance.

The essential ingredients of the German peacetime expansion were those which are found in the upward phase of the capitalist trade cycle and in every country at war, namely, increases in the volume of labour, saving and investment. It was the existence of these three constituents of activity in unusually large quantities that rendered the expansion possible. The German worker gave of his best. Although real wage rates fell, total earnings increased. Conditions of work were good. The worker's welfare was safeguarded. The removal of the fear of unemployment gave a feeling of security which was thought worth the sacrifices of liberty for which it was obtained. Workers were animated by a feeling of national enthusiasm. Skilful propaganda produced an atmosphere of revivalism. Military metaphors were used to inspire exertion. Labour, especially manual labour, was exalted and held in honour. All the non-pecuniary incentives to hard work were fully employed. At the same time the workers were not allowed to enjoy the whole fruit of their labour. Saving on a large scale was an essential part of the plan. The necessary saving was secured by taxation, by the regulation of consumption, by high rates of interest and by a redistribution of income favourable to the saving classes. Voluntary and forced saving both increased. Investment was maintained at a high level by large government expenditure on public works and on rearmament. Private investment was encouraged by guaranteed prices calculated to yield an adequate profit. As profit could be increased only by reducing costs, efficiency was encouraged. Cartels were used as instruments of abundance rather than of restriction. A large part of the growing production was turned over to the Government. This was the task of finance. The conditions for a considerable financial expansion were very favourable when the Nazis assumed office. Large quantities of resources were idle. It was therefore possible to expand credit without inflationary consequences. As conditions of full employment gradually approached, the Government attempted to finance its expenditure out of genuine savings. The continued expansion of credit that took place in the period of full employment was prevented from producing inflationary effects by the elaborate mechanism of control of prices, wages, production and consumption. The exchange control was skilfully operated to isolate the German economic system from the surrounding world, to prevent the internal expansion from adversely affecting the balance of payments, and to obtain imports on very favourable terms. The experience of every belligerent has proved that it is possible to expand credit within very wide limits, if all the available anti-inflationary weapons are actively used within a system protected from external repercussions by a powerful exchange control.

It was the gradual extension of the field of regulation that made the Nazi experiment successful. It must be remembered that the German plan developed gradually. The control of investment and labour was very loose at first and tightened with the approach of conditions of full employment. The most important early measures were a few bold steps in relation to agriculture and banking. But from the very beginning of the experiment political democracy was suspended and the power of independent labour organizations was destroyed. This was the framework within which the plan, first for full employment and afterwards for rearmament, was pushed ahead by men who knew their objectives and were able to pursue them free from public criticism. The extent of the changes that were taking place was disguised by the legalism and apparent conservatism of the Government. Existing mechanisms, for example the exchange control and the cartels, were put to uses for which they had never been designed. Old forms took on new functions ; old names took on new meanings. Conditions in Germany were very suitable for planning. The State had always played a leading part in the organization of economic life. The highly experienced civil service had for generations received a training in economics as part of their education. The plan was executed with great technical skill. Compared with the half-baked and half-hearted bemuddlement that passes for planning in some countries, the German experiment was a model of consistent action based on consistent thought. It is sometimes suggested that the success of the Nazi plan has banished to oblivion the conclusions of academic economics as taught in capitalist countries. Nothing could be further from the truth. The authors of the German plan possessed a thorough knowledge of academic economics which they skilfully used to further their designs. The incentives of capitalism were relied upon to produce the desired results in a novel environment. The existence of an unusually high degree of centralised authority reduced the political and economic liberty of the German citizen. But, within this constricted framework, economic life continued to be guided by the traditional incentives of capitalism, the correlation between effort and reward. The economic forces in society were harnessed, but, in order that they might be harnessed, their nature had to be understood. The progress of aviation has not disproved the law of gravity. The directors of a planned economy who were ignorant of the laws of economics would resemble an aircraft engineer who ignored the law of gravity. The Nazi experiment proves, not that the conclusions of academic economists should be thrown on the scrapheap, but simply that the forces of capitalism can, in an appropriate political and psychological environment, be directed to maintain full employment in times of peace.

GEORGE O'BRIEN

BICENTENARY OF FONTENOY

1745—1945

BY REV. P. CANON POWER, D.LITT.

THE subject of the present paper has been suggested by the recent appearance of a small volume, *The Art of War on Land*,[1] in which a British military writer, Lt.-Col. Alfred H. Burne, D.S.O., analyses the strategy and tactics of some twelve great battles, ranging in date from Kadesh, near the dawn of history, to Megiddo of 1918. Among the famous contests studied is Fontenoy, to which the writer devotes about twenty pages—within which, incidentally, he denies the commonly-reputed Irish contribution to the Gallic victory. The common account in question he credits solely to French courtesy which prevented contradiction of a fantastic Irish legend ! The short account winds up with the gallant writer's protest against Irish insolence in erecting, on the battlefield, a memorial to fallen Irishmen.[2]

Like his predecessors generally, Lt.-Col. Burne stresses the alleged numerical superiority of the French. Undoubtedly the English fought under difficulties ; but they were not outnumbered by their opponents. It might even be argued, on the evidence furnished by Lt.-Col. Burne himself, that if there were inferiority of force it was not on the English side. Let us, for the nonce, admit the writer's figures ; the total allied strength was only 45,000 (60,000, however, is the French estimate). The French were 76,000 strong, but of the French force 18,000 were engaged in the siege of Tournai some miles distant and took no part in the battle ; an additional 6,000 had been detached to hold a bridge over the Scheldt and ten battalions (7,000 men) to strengthen Mont-de-la-Trinité and Maubeuge. This, on the English writer's own figures, left the opposing forces about equal in number. On the other hand the French had choice of position and the advantage likewise of some hastily prepared earthworks ; but they ran short of ammunition before the end and were taken by surprise at the strange form of attack.

Thanks to Davis's stirring ballad—one of the best of its kind in the English language—every Irish schoolboy knows something of Fontenoy.

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[1] Methuen. 1944. 10s. 6d.

[2] The gallant Colonel writes :—

" I can find no foundation for the legend that the Irish Brigade broke the English square and were mainly responsible for the French victory. Probably the French, with their motto *Toujours la politesse*, did not care to ruffle the feelings of their allies by refuting the claim when first made." (p. 123).

" The only monument to mark the battle-field is to the memory of the Irish Brigade. The inscription contains an insulting reference to Perfidious Albion. Perhaps the day will come when the peasants of Fontenoy will tear it down with their own hands and erect with the stones one to their true friends " (p. 131).

What, however, the schoolboy and the schoolboy's father do not know are exact details of the battle and how Irishmen, in the mid-eighteenth century, came to be fighting on the plains of Flanders and for a King of France.

Two centuries have now rolled by since, on a fair day in May 1745, a thousand brave countrymen of ours left their bones to whiten on the green slope of Fontenoy far from the land that bore them. The story of the gallant charge in which they fell has a perennial interest for Irishmen and will bear retelling, especially as the tale has seldom, if ever, been fully and fairly told. Its retelling is specially appropriate at the moment in view of the approaching bicentenary, this year, of the battle. As John Mitchel observes, the French have been loth to acknowledge their debt at Fontenoy to foreigners whom they regarded as semi-barbarians. The English, on the other hand, for all their vaunted fairness, have been unwilling to admit their defeat by Irishmen. Voltaire, on the French side, hardly alludes at all to the presence of an Irish force at Fontenoy, while the English Froude writes as if he had never read, or heard, of the Brigade. Unfortunately, we have no Irish account of the battle; if such version there ever was, it has not come down to us. By aid of such materials as are available let us endeavour to reconstruct the battlefield and, in part, the battle itself—one of the most extraordinary in the annals of warfare and the first Irish victory in the field since the day of Benburb and Owen Roe, a century earlier.

Mention of Owen Roe suggests the passing remark that the Irish leaders at Benburb and Fontenoy had a good deal in common. Both O'Neill and Lally were foreign-born Irishmen, both had an inherited distrust and dislike of the Saxon and both were plain-spoken, blunt and honest soldiers—little versed, or not versed at all, in the devious ways of diplomacy. O'Neill died in arms (popular belief ascribed his end to English poison); Thomas Arthur Lally died—to the shame of France be it told—on a French scaffold.

The Irish student of Fontenoy will find his study beset with difficulties; the most obvious is lack of printed authority. No available account is full enough to be quite coherent and alive. John Mitchel's (*History of Ireland*) is vivid, but too brief. O'Callaghan's (*Irish Brigade*) is longer, but none too accurate. Skrine's (*Fontenoy*) is the work of an Englishman and, as such, decent enough if somewhat grudging. Another good account by an Englishman (Dixon) appeared in *Temple Bar* for February 1896. Vincent Sheen, an American, devotes many pages of his fine novel *A Day of Battle* to a realistic description of the great fight; the account is historically accurate, but—like a first-class war correspondent's report from the front—perhaps over dramatized.

For our present purpose the war of which Fontenoy was an incident is of little consequence. The Irishmen's chief—indeed almost only—

interest in it was the opportunity which it gave them of a return-blow to the spoilers of their native land. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the campaign was part of the conflict known in history as the War of the Austrian Succession, that the year was 1745 and that the French besieging Tournai in Belgium were threatened by a combined English, Dutch and Austrian army marching to the relief of the besieged. To oppose the advancing allies a French force was detached from the besiegers and, under command of the greatest soldier of the day, was posted in a line, over seven miles in length, along a gently sloping hillside between Tournai and Brussels. Maurice Saxe, though commander-in-chief of a French army, was himself no Frenchman but a German by birth; in religion he was colourless and, generally speaking, he was rather contemptuous of courts, cabinets and kings. Saxe in 1745 was broken in health as a result of too free living; his great and ungainly body was swollen by dropsy, so that he had to be carried in a wicker pannier slung between six horses and at the expense of great physical pain, as hour after hour he was carried up and down and in and out the lines according to the exigencies of battle. Irritable from pain, habitually coarse—often blasphemous—of language, he yet retained his mental vigour and continued to direct and modify his plans as the fortunes of the day changed from hour to hour—and sometimes from minute to minute. Though often rather brutal of bearing, Saxe had a kind heart and thought for his men and a real concern for their lives and comfort, and he habitually eschewed all rash and merely spectacular enterprises. Hence he held the confidence of his soldiers. Hence, too, he had managed, up to this late hour of his life, to avoid pitched battles—as things peculiarly liable to gang agley of a commander's design and hope. Saxe's opponent at Fontenoy was a young man of equal bravery, but of less experience and sense of responsibility, the Duke of Cumberland—who subsequently, for his part at Culloden and after, was called " the butcher ". Son of King George II of England, he led at Fontenoy a hitherto unbeaten army of which the backbone was a superbly trained and seasoned British force. His army was, on the whole, less homogeneous than Saxe's: besides English he had Hanoverians, Dutch, Austrians and some northern Irish. Serving under the flag of France were five regiments of Irish infantry in addition to Fitzjames's Irish regiment of horse. Associated with the Irish—as it were volunteers in a common cause—was one Highland-Scottish regiment, Berwick's.

Readers will hardly require to be told that the Irish Brigade in the service of France was originally composed of the Irish soldiers of Sarsfield who, after the defeat at Aughrim and the surrender at Limerick, were offered the alternatives of service under the King of England or emigration to France; they chose the latter. Of the six thousand present on the field of Fontenoy there cannot have been many who had fought under Sarsfield

half a century earlier. The Brigade had in the meantime been filled partly by French-Irish, that is the French-born sons of Irish soldiers, but mostly by recruits smuggled out of Ireland—the famous " Wild Geese ". French fishing smacks and similar craft embarked them by night at such strange places as the Backstrand of Tramore and a dozen other secluded inlets of the Waterford, Cork and Kerry coasts. The Brigade in the service of France was noted for its outstanding bravery. At Cremona the Irish, in their nightshirts fought and won a midnight battle. " Among French infantry regiments," writes Skrine, the English military historian, " the Irish stood first. Their desperate valour was a factor of great importance in our disaster " (at Fontenoy).

Saxe's forces, officered by the gilded youth of France, were skilfully disposed by their astute commander ; they occupied the brow and gentle slope of an elevation which overlooked a flat broken by old water-channels and other natural hollows. This broken ground the English would have to cross in case of a frontal attack ; the likelihood of such an attack was, therefore, ruled out. On the French left was a tangled wood (De Barri) which gave protection on that side, and within the angle of this wood batteries had been placed. On the right were the villages of Fontenoy and Antoing defended, at Count Lally's suggestion, by strong redoubts—and with the river Scheldt behind. At the extreme left, behind the redoubt in the wood and almost hidden from the field, the Irish were posted—evidently for service as a last resource. On the French side, as on the English, the infantry was placed in front and the cavalry behind. The King of France was himself present on the field and with him, on an elevation which afforded a good view, a concourse of useless officials who, in the event of a defeat, would have been an immense encumbrance. We can imagine the region to which Saxe, for the time being, wished them.

" By our camp fires rose a murmur at the dawning of the day
And the tread of many footsteps spoke the advent of the fray.
And as we took our places few and stern were our words
While some were tightening horsegirths and some were girding swords."

By night of May 10th all dispositions had been made on the French side, and the troops bivouacked in their places. The ever vigilant Lally of the Irish was in no hurry to rest. Experience had taught him vigilance, if not caution. Making a round of the French camp, he was dissatisfied with the defences on the right—towards Antoing and Fontenoy, and it was at his suggestion that the redoubts at Fontenoy, which saved the situation on the morrow, were thrown up during the night. A similar weak space in the centre was left without special protection because Saxe and Lally agreed that no commander outside Bedlam would attempt so stiff a place—raked as it could be by the guns of Fontenoy and Barri wood. They did not reckon on Cumberland's daring and the response

of the English to his order. For all Saxe's certitude the attempt was actually made the following day and, what is more, went within an ace of success.

May 11th broke bright and clear on the plains of Flanders promising a warm sunny day for the bloody work ahead. Shortly after sunrise the whole French army was astir and the field kitchens were providing hot breakfasts—his last meal for many a man of that gallant company. From ten thousand points polished steel flashed in the morning sun. In the Irish station behind the angle of the wood the chaplains had said Mass in front of the lines, when at 5.0 a.m. the English were seen to be on the move. French drums beat to position. At 6.0 a.m. the French guns opened fire, which they continued for three long hours while the British deployed their forces. The plan of battle soon became clear: contrary to all expectation the enemy meant to attack mainly in the terrible centre. So far, so good, no doubt mused Maurice de Saxe; these fools are attempting the impossible and their daring will cost them their destruction. But the English steadily advanced, while the French guns spat grape-shot and (the English say) iron nails and broken glass through their ranks.

On the right the Dutch, advancing simultaneously with the English, attacked in two divisions—on Fontenoy and Antoing respectively, but the fire from the redoubts staggered them and sent them back in disorder. They reformed and advanced again, but once more they were repulsed—in greater confusion than before. For the rest of the day there was little fight left in them; so they disappear from our story.

By 9.0 a.m., and notwithstanding the difficulties of the British advance, the opposing front lines had got so close that the drums beat for the assault. An English officer named Ingoldsby had been despatched by Cumberland to silence the earthwork in the wood (known as the redoubt of Eu), but this service the officer, for some reason, did not perform. For his failure to carry out this order poor Ingoldsby was afterwards courtmartialled and "broke," although he had been Cumberland's personal friend.

The French command got the surprise of their lives and could scarce believe their eyes as the indomitable British column—Cumberland in the midst—rolled steadily up the slope in front of them. Cannon from both sides had swept it and blown alleys through it; but, automatically as it were, it had repaired the breaches as it flowed on. Never before, in the annals of warfare, had a greater feat been recorded—so daring and in face of such odds. The dauntless column had actually penetrated and broken the foremost French line—where, of course, it was out of range of the redoubts. A second line, the French Guards (cavalry), now confronted it. A story, circulated, and probably fabricated, by Voltaire and more romantic than convincing, tells that at this point an English divisional commander, Lord Charles Hay, rode forward and addressing the French invited them to fire first. And we are asked to believe that the polite Frenchmen declined, saying the French never fire first. What

actually took place was something far less courteous; taking a pull at his flask the noble English commander expressed the hope that the French would not run away again as they had done at Dettingen and the Maine. The red line punctuated their commander's address with an applauding cheer, and once more and for the last time the wonderful column strode on. When it had got to within thirty yards of the French the latter were ordered to fire. The volley did not, however, shake the British line which, at another ten paces, delivered a fusilade so devastating that the French broke in disorder. By the way, Davis is in error (or is it his editor?) in stating that the English column was 6,000 strong; the actual number of men was 16,000 (13,000 says Lt.-Col. Burne).

To all but Saxe the day seemed hopelessly lost. Nothing could stay those apparently superhuman British; French cavalry and infantry, carabineers and guards had barred their path in vain. The invincible column had broken the battalions of Aubeterre, Biron, des Vaisseaux, de la Couronne and others. Saxe, with no gentle phrases, rallied and led many of his soldiers back, but it was only to see them break again. The astounding column now proceeded to reform and to prepare itself for a final and decisive charge. Deliberately it reshaped itself into a sort of hollow square (three sides only) with its hand-drawn cannon in the centre. Standing up to it now was only French cavalry in front, with French reserves facing the column's flanks. At this juncture the ubiquitous French commander, now on horseback and riding along the lines, stopped for a word with Lally. More than once during the fateful day the impatient Irishman had sought Saxe out amid his entourage and had, almost with tears in his eyes, besought the Commander-in-chief to loose the restless Irish. The explosive Marshal was all gentle with the impetuous Irishman whom he strove to humour like a wayward child, assuring him that the Brigade was not forgotten and that in due time he would have work for it to do. Lally too reminded Saxe that there was a battery of guns standing unused and apparently forgotten in the wood. A second time Lally had saved the situation, though credit for the incident of the guns has been given to Lowendahl, Saxe's second in command. The providentially-found battery was a real *deus ex machina* to the French; it was the very thing the Marshal required at the moment. In a few minutes it was on the move and, being placed right in front, it opened at short range a murderous fire on the British column. At the same moment the reserves, including the Irish, were ordered to attack at the sides.

Our countrymen at Fontenoy were as imperfect exemplars of patience as their leader. Most of the long forenoon—and it had been very long—they had been confined to their obscure station where they could neither see nor be seen, screened as they were by the wood. From the cannonade and the drums they could follow the fight in outline; they sensed that the battle was no "walk-over" for the Fleur-de-lis. With their own

eyes they had seen the Guards in wild retreat—their own regiment of horse among them—and they had heard that their commander General Dillon, had been killed. And here they are themselves, all day long pent up in a corner, while they might have been paying Seán Buidhe back his wages over-due! Their leader gave them no high example of soldierly *sang froid*. When not pestering the commander-in-chief to bring the Irish up, he strode up and down in front of the Irish line muttering prayers and imprecations.

At last the Irish hour had come—the last hour indeed for one man of them out of every four. A little before 2.0 p.m. a general officer, Richelieu, is seen galloping across the field with an order for the Irish to advance. From regiment to regiment the order was repeated *in Irish*; and Saxe, from afar off, watched them with admiration as in a jog-trot they rounded the angle of the wood to the strains of "The White Cockade". "With magnificent courage," the Marshal wrote in his despatch, "they led the attack". The Irish were men of grand physique—and so, indeed, were their opponents; but the former were mostly fresh to the field, while the British had been marching and fighting since dawn. Rounding the wood the Irish, for the first time, caught sight of their red-coated opponents, who in turn recognised them by their uniforms and their light complexions. The Irish uniform was scarlet like the British and difficult to distinguish from the latter. A picturesque incident, reminiscent of Cuchullin's day, is recorded at this point. As a burly Irish officer, Antony McDonogh of Clare's, strode ahead of his men he was singled out for mortal combat by a daring young English guardsman. Five seconds' breathless pause while the encounter lasted; then the young Englishman went down beneath McDonogh's sword and the Irish wave swept on. At twenty paces it was met with a volley from the British line; but, filling its gaps automatically, it did not stop to reply—depending entirely on the bayonet charge. Some Munsterman of stentorian lungs was heard above the din: "Cuimnighidh air Luimneach". The English had heard that wild cry before—at Cremona and elsewhere—and they half divined its meaning. It lashed the regiment to fury—to the grim satisfaction of Lally fighting on foot among his men. Like fighting dogs—but with steel instead of teeth—the exiles threw themselves upon the invincible square and under the terrific execution the English front line commenced to sag. It recovered itself just in time, but soon sagged again, swayed like a tree undercut and about to fall, and then broke at a dozen points as friend and foe were beginning to get hopelessly mixed up. The desperate charge had lasted just eight minutes, but that was sufficient to change the fortune of the day.

The Irish position in the assault was against the column's right—near its head. The Irishmen had, as their immediate neighbours in the attack, French cavalry—the Carabineers who, at one moment of the charge, mistook them for British and mauled them somewhat. On their immediate

left were the infantry regiments of Normandy and Hainault, one of which had already been in action and been routed. The particular English division against which the Irish found themselves immediately pitted was the Coldstream Guards, backed by a couple of cannon. As the English occupied slightly higher ground, the Irish charge was up a slope. In order, from left to right, the regiments were Clare's, Rothe's, Lally's, Berwick's Highland Scotch, Dillon's and Bulkleys'.

The honour of France was saved, but at awful cost in killed and wounded. The British abandoned their cannon ; and this with, it is said, a couple of standards was captured by the Irish. Davis's insinuation that the English fled in confusion is hardly warranted. Fly they certainly did, but scarcely in utter disorder, beaten though they were. To their disgust the Irish were not allowed to join in the pursuit ; their trumpets summoned them back to their old station behind the wood.

The moral effect of the French victory was greater than the material. It temporarily restored Gallic prestige and proportionately lessened the British. England's reaction to it in Ireland was some relaxation of the Penal Laws. The English King was driven to curse the laws in question—not, however, for their wickedness but for their awkward consequences. Then Ireland faintly perceived—what she saw clearer subsequently—that England's difficulty was her own opportunity.

To give France her due she liberally rewarded the survivors of the Brigade—by promotions, pensions and gratuities. Later on, when a great quantity of English stores fell into French hands, the scarlet cloth found in the British depot was distributed among the Irish—who, in their elegant new uniforms, were able for a while to make a loud splash in the French capital. The next year the Brigade, or rather part of it, was sent to Scotland in support of Prince Charles Edward. Only portions of it—Dillon's, Rothe's and Lally's regiments, with a squadron of FitzJames's Irish horse—reached its destination ; the others were captured at sea and those who landed fell, later, at Culloden ; very few of them ever saw again the fair hills of their native, or adopted, land.

Fontenoy was not quite without its moral effect even in the moribund and helpless Ireland of the mid-eighteenth century. Besides putting some check on active persecution, it shot something like a ray of hope into the hapless land. There were no newspapers in those days—no wireless to blazon the story ; yet the news did filter in. It was carried—no doubt magnified many times—by smugglers, sailors and disbanded men of the Brigade. Returning clergy from the Irish colleges abroad confirmed it. The local blacksmith retailed it in his forge ; the intinerant schoolmaster spread it ; the Egan O'Rahillys and Seán Clarachs enshrined it in verse. Treason or no, it was sung at fair and pattern and, unfortunately, it made further recruits for the Wild Geese.

P. Power

E. Œ. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS

BY B. G. MACCARTHY

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SIGNIFICANT moments are of various kinds. There are those which dramatically stress their own meaning; and those which delusively seem commonplace. How much more strange and subtle the unobtrusive weaving of fate which is recognisable only in after years! That two young women—second-cousins—should meet one Sunday morning at an Irish country church might appear unimportant, yet it was the beginning of a friendship and a literary collaboration which lasted until death.

On January 17, 1886, Edith Œnone Somerville and Violet Florence Martin met for the first time at the Parish Church, Castlehaven, Co. Cork. Violet Martin was the youngest daughter of James Martin of Ross House, Co. Galway. Edith Somerville, the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Somerville, was born at Drishane House, Skibbereen. Each could claim as great-grandfather the incorruptible Charles Kendal Bushe, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, who had voted against the Union. There was little difference in age between the cousins. Violet Martin was twenty; Edith Somerville four years older. Both had already appeared in print. *The Argosy* had published a short story by Edith Somerville. Violet Martin had had an article in *The Times*. But similarity of age, of social and political background give little basis for a fusion of minds—still less does the writer's craft, in which every man's hand is against his brother. Something else is needed than a community of interests or of values. Perhaps one might call that imponderable essence a balancing of traits—some shared, some sufficiently opposite to act as flint and tinder. Long afterwards, when the death of Violet Martin had seemed to end the comradeship, Edith Somerville spoke of that morning at Castlehaven as " the hinge of my life—the place where my fate and hers turned over ".

Very shortly after this meeting, Edith Somerville suggested to her cousin that together they should write a book, for which she would draw the illustrations. By October 1887, they were in secret conclave over a work which they called " The Shocker " and which their families, with amused tolerance, designated " that nonsense of the girls ". This was *An Irish Cousin*, published in 1889, under the double pen-name of Geilles Herring and Martin Ross. When the second edition appeared, Edith Somerville discarded her pseudonym forever. Thus was launched an association which remained unbroken for almost thirty years. The cousins were rarely separated. They made their home either at Ross

or at Drishane House. They hunted together. They travelled extensively on the Continent and spent long periods in Paris, where Miss Somerville continued her artistic studies. Best of all, they went gypsying—through Connemara in a governess cart; through Wales on horseback; through Bordeaux to investigate the vintage of that district. All the time they poked fun at themselves and at everyone else, and all the time they wrote.

This literary partnership C. L. Graves has called " The most brilliantly successful example of creative collaboration in our times." Such pooling of effort had for the critics, as for the general public, the challenge of a mystery. Miss Somerville describes an occasion when Andrew Lang made tentative enquiry :—

> To me then Andrew Lang with a sort of off-hand fling, " I suppose you're the one who does the writing? " I explained with some care that it was not so. He said he didn't know how any two people could equally evolve characters, etc.; that he had tried, and it was always the other who did it all. I said I didn't know how we managed, but anyhow that I knew little of book-making as a science. He said I must know a good deal.

On another occasion, Miss Somerville explained that she and her cousin worked by a conversational method :—

> One or other—not infrequently both, simultaneously—would state a proposition. This would be argued, combated perhaps, approved, or modified; it would then be written down by the (wholly fortuitous) holder of the pen, would be scratched out, scribbled in again; before it found itself finally transferred into decorous MS.[1]

But this description solves nothing. In the words of Quiller Couch : " Miss Somerville has not let us into the secret, probably because she could not—it is incommunicable. Nor does she more than tease our wonder, which is everybody's, at the unity of style she and Martin Ross achieved." And he adds : " All the secret would seem to lie in a sympathy of close friendship . . . and of blood relationship."

The books which Somerville and Ross wrote together are like a seamless coat. In an effort to reduce to component parts the mingled characteristics of this dual authorship, one may turn to Miss Somerville's writings after the death of Martin Ross. These are mainly memoirs. There is one autobiography. There are three novels. If there seems to be a preponderance of non-fiction at this period, one can point to a considerable number of non-fictional works during the period of collaboration. To compare the weakness of such a novel as *Mount Music* (written by Miss Somerville alone) with the stories of the Somerville and Ross heyday, would scarcely be fair. Even had Martin Ross lived, the odds would be strongly against a sustained standard of excellence. The best of writers become " written out ". If one admits that *Mount Music* is a poor production, one must remember that *Naboth's Vineyard* (a novel written

[1] *Irish Memories*, p. 133.

by both the cousins) is equally poor. Again, one may hope to solve the riddle by turning to *Strayaways*, published five years after the death of Martin Ross. In this volume, which consists of essays and short stories, Miss Somerville has indicated those which were written by Martin Ross. Again one is foiled. The subjects, the method, the style appear the same throughout. There is the same acuteness of observation ; the same economy of means ; the same fastidiousness ; the same insularity ; the same withering appraisal of others ; the same delight at a joke at the expense of self.

Is there no clue then to any differentiation in ability? We find, by Martin Ross, a little essay, half gossip, half idyll, called *At the River's Edge*. Here perhaps we can trace that lyrical note, that sense of pity and oppression which make themselves felt sometimes in *The Real Charlotte*. *At the River's Edge* contains, for example, this passage :—

> In the grass between the window and the river the young spikes of the daffodils were grouped like companies of spearsmen, resolute in the cold opposition of January. A thorn tree leaned stiffly over the hastening water, and the robin that had been drinking near its roots shot up, as if tossed from the ground, accomplished a lofty curve, and sank again, in exquisite transitory yielding to the earth-force that would some day defeat it forever. The low wind gathered purpose, and a mist began to thicken the sky. It went and came, as though it must return to press the house to its bosom, and tell those within of its love and its despondency.

Was this what Martin Ross left behind to go careering over hedges and ditches with Florry Knox? This note we never really hear again. How could we, with the loud bayings of hounds and riders? One is tempted to think that, when two minds collaborate, only what is common to both can be retained.

An Irish Cousin, the first novel of Somerville and Ross, is curiously unlike the type of fiction in which they scored such a notable success. There is no humour in this immature effort, but there are in it elements which developed into *The Real Charlotte*. *An Irish Cousin* purports to present a west Cork neighbourhood as seen through the eyes of a Canadian girl, who comes to stay with her uncle (a wicked uncle, who broods over a past crime which he endeavours to nullify by scheming to marry her to his son Willie—Florry Knox in embryo, if one can imagine Florry Knox in love). The Jackson Crolys are the prototypes of all the aspiring bourgeois who bounce pretentiously through the later stories. (" I'm thinking of taking the girls to Southsea. There's such nice military society there. I always like to take them to England as often as I can, on account of the accent. I loathe a Cork brogue. My fawther took me abroad every year ; he was so alormed lest I should acquire it ".) The servants speak the native idiom, but without the pith and poetry which was subsequently to be theirs. There is hunting, but it lacks the vivid, even lyrical joy of the chase which expresses itself so fully in

Dan Russel the Fox. Verve—the greatest characteristic of these writers—does not show itself in *An Irish Cousin*. The atmosphere is subdued. The mystery is handled so awkwardly that we guess the truth almost in the first chapter. An innocuous madwoman roams the corridors at dead of night and steals into the bedroom of the Canadian heroine—faintly in the manner of *Jane Eyre*. In this novel we meet for the first time that detached and dilettante hero who so curiously haunts the pages of Somerville and Ross. He begins his existence as Nugent O'Neill, is reincarnated in Ulick Adare (*Dan Russel the Fox*), and makes his most notable appearance as Christopher Dysert (*The Real Charlotte*).

An Irish Cousin, whatever its faults, is immensely superior to *Naboth's Vineyard*, a dull novel published two years later. *Naboth's Vineyard* is a melodrama which centres around the villainies of the Land Leaguers. Harriet, married to an elderly gombeen man but still enamoured of the dashing Rick O'Grady (who loves another), finds rest at last in a convent. " Tomorrow she was to become a cypher in a great system, and to sink into the anonymity which the Church of Rome offers to those who have found their own part in life rather more than they are able to play."

One may ask why the second novel is so much inferior to the first. One reason, at least, is clear. In *An Irish Cousin* the action is set in " the Big House ", and the only countryfolk are servant and retainers. In *Naboth's Vineyard* the entire action is sustained by the country-folk—not in their relation to the gentry, but within the orbit of their own lives. This was a subject which Somerville and Ross never again attempted, whether because of this initial failure or because it no longer interested them. It does not seem, however, that they came to realise exactly why they were unable to reveal the inner life of the simple people whom they claimed to know so well.

If Somerville and Ross had never written anything but the rollicking R.M. stories, it would perhaps be needless to consider, in any detail, the background from which they observed ; but their other experiments in fiction, their essays and autobiographical works propound questions which induce reflection. There is a good Irish proverb which deprecates the uselessness of flogging a dead horse. Everything that might be said of the background of these two writers is so apparent, and has been said so often, that one hesitates to state it again. But since this background is implicit in all that Somerville and Ross wrote of Ireland, one cannot ignore it in an evaluation of their work. It was the fate of the collaborators to be born in a country which had then a caste system surely unique. In England the caste system consists in social distinctions originally decided by the possession of property. In Ireland the dividing sword of caste was triple-edged : social distinctions, based on religious or political affiliations by which distribution of property was decided. This triple barrier was really an extension of the Pale, which it was beyond the power

of the native Irish, as it was beyond the wishes of the settlers, to remove. It was maintained by those whom it protected. To renounce it would have been to impugn the justice of their own profits and privileges. When, with the passage of centuries, military and legal force had deprived the Irish of effective power, walls and ramparts were no longer needed to maintain the security of the possessors against the dispossessed. Still, these barriers remained, real and insuperable, in the minds of both classes. In England one can speak of upper, middle and lower classes—a subdivision of the same people, irrespective of religious denominations. In Ireland there was an alien Protestant Ascendancy, and an Irish impoverished class. Somewhere between the two, there was a hybrid class—the hangers-on of the Ascendancy. These are the classes shown in the novels of Somerville and Ross.

Landlordism in Ireland was a maintenance, by the nine points of the law, of what had been won by fire, sword and favouritism. That there were some good landlords is obvious. That these were the exceptions is obvious also. That landlordism was based on a flagrant historical evil is most obvious of all. But it is difficult to be logical when tradition and emotions tug the other way. Miss Martin and her cousin could certainly claim that their families had been, in their relation with their tenants, not merely just but generous. It would be too much to ask that they would question the system by which ownership was retained. "As a system," wrote Martin Ross in *Irish Memories*, "it was quite uneconomic, but the hand of affection held it together, and the tradition of centuries was at its back." One does not doubt that there were warm and generous hearts on both sides—yet, as Stephen Gwynn has so finely said :—

> War, famine, pestilence—all these are capable of summoning forth splendid impulses ; but society should not be organised to give play to these hazards of feeling. The fundamental truth about yesterday in Ireland is that everybody accepted as natural a state of affairs under which Irish gentry were taking rents that could not be earned on the land which was burthened with them. Landlord and peasant alike were really dependent on what was sent back by the sons and daughters of poor people from America to prevent the break-up of homes. The whole situation was false from top to bottom. At top, a small class, physically and often mentally superb, full of charm, extraordinarily agreeable, fit for great uses, but by temperament, habit and education unequipped for its proper task of equipping and directing the labour out of which ultimately it had to live or perish. At bottom, a multitude with marvellous constitution, under-mined by age-long under-feeding, friendly, most lovable, most winning, but untrained and unequipped, half-hearted in its business of rolling the pitiless stone up the never-ending hill.

The indulgence of a landlord might, in trying times, grant a respite in the payment of rent, but naturally it did not permit the tenant to call his land his own. Still less did it permit him to call his soul his own. His allegiance, both of heart and mind, must be given to "the Master", in just return for the privilege of being allowed to push forever the stone

uphill. Miss Martin has testified that " it was a matter of course that the Ross tenants voted with their landlord ". The persistence of the feudal belief in the divine right of landlords is strikingly exemplified in Miss Martin's description of the Galway election of 1872. Captain Trench, the son of Lord Clancarty, was the Conservative candidate. Captain Nolan stood for Home Rule. Miss Martin's father naturally supported the Conservative candidate. On his way in to vote at Oughterard, Mr. Martin saw a company of infantry keeping the way for Mr. Arthur Guinness (afterwards Lord Ardilaun), who was conveying to the poll a handful of his tenants, he himself walking in front with the oldest of them on his arm.

> During that morning, my father ranged through the crowd incredulously, asking for this tenant or that, unable to believe that they had deserted him. It was a futile search ; with a few valiant exceptions, the Ross tenants, following the example of the rest of the constituency, voted according to the orders of their Church, and Captain Nolan was elected by a majority of four to one. It was a priest from another part of the diocese who gave forth the mandate, with an extraordinary fury of hatred against the landlord side ; one need not blame the sheep who passed in a frightened huddle from one fold to another . . . A petition against the result of the election brought about the famous trial in Galway, at which Judge Keogh, himself a Roman Catholic, denounced the priestly intimidation that was established in the mouths of many witnesses.

There is no record of any trial to determine whether the tenants of Mr. Arthur Guinness had been intimidated by the military escort so thoughtfully provided by their landlord. The Galway election lived in the mind of Miss Martin only as the occasion when her father's heart was broken by the treacherous defection of his tenantry.

It would be idle and false to say that Ireland owed nothing to her privileged class. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Tone, Emmet, Parnell (to name no others) would give the lie to such an assertion. Both Miss Martin and Miss Somerville have expressed their pride in Charles Kendal Bushe : the one in *Irish Memories* ; the other in a delightfully written biography, *The Incorruptible Irishman*. This latter book stresses the iniquity of Castlereagh and his minions, and speaks with admiration of the United Irishmen. Of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Miss Somerville, quoting Moore, says : " The Government that could drive such a man into resistance . . . is convicted by this very result alone, without any further enquiry into history ". Yet, with acid contempt, she speaks of Parnell's followers as " his wolf-pack ". In *Wheeltracks* she puts into the mouth of a farmer's widow a comparison between the Fenians and the men of 1916–23 : " Ah, they [the Fenians] were gentlemen to these men." *Strayaways*, written in 1920, contains this passage :—

> It is hard to believe that these immature Republicans represent the well-loved Ireland, the " dear Isle in the Waters ", whose place is hidden deep in our hearts ; harder still to believe that they are sincere in the faith they proclaim . . . The

Irishman is an idealist, a worshipper of idols, of things higher than himself. Beyond all men he can adore a cause, a religion, a party; yes, and if he be of the order of "The Common People", the family under whose sway he has first known life. Miss Edgeworth and Barrington alike testify to the devotion that has so often in the past flamed into self-sacrifice for the beloved master, and that, even in the present, has still some seed of fire in it. But it was a flame that the "Half-mounted" had no power to light. The peasants of the eighteenth century were of the true order of idealists, and asked only that their God should be consistent and act as a God; he must stamp upon them rather than stoop to them.

And again, she returns to the charge: "A story is told of the Rising in Dublin in Easter Week, 1916. An English visitor, deploring its results, spoke of it as a rebellion. 'Ah, that wasn't a rebellion at all!' said the Irishman—'That was no more than a row. Sure ye couldn't call that a Rebellion. There was no gentry in it!'" Miss Somerville, with an admiration verging on idolatry, has dramatised the scene when Bushe, during the Union debate, addressing his last words to a corrupt Parliament, cried: "Gentlemen, will you give up your country?" But she never ceases to sneer at those who, in subsequent generations, refused to give up Ireland. How is one to reconcile these contradictions? One must conclude that to shed the heart's blood is valueless unless that blood is blue.

A few years ago Miss Somerville published a well-written and interesting volume entitled *Notions in Garrison*. In a sense that title might be given to everything written by Somerville and Ross. They lived in Ireland, but were not of it, enclosed as they were within that Pale of inherited ideas which forbade the application of logic to their position in relation to "the Common People". Too English for the Irish, too Irish for the English, they were poised between two worlds. "What such fellows as I do," said Hamlet, "crawling between heaven and earth?" And the answer is: "Take the best of both worlds." Somerville and Ross had the instinct, and a true ability, to write. It seemed that they were impelled to write of the Ireland that they loved. This was the Ireland which consisted of charming, witty and kindly gentry; and of loving and witty peasants. Once, as we have seen, they essayed to show the peasant *per se*. They failed. It was inevitable that they should, since their knowledge was confined to observations from above. "Whilst thou keepst looking down at me," said Robert Bage, "and I up at thee, what wonderful obliquities of vision may we not contract!"

Somerville and Ross had a genius for listening. They caught the authentic idiom of the people; and realised with fine intellectual insight in what that idiom consisted. They had not merely a strong delight in incongruous situations, but also a deep and sensitive gift of humour. They loved the unpredictable in human behaviour and the limitless scope of Irish individualism. All this was to be found in their kitchens, in the kennels, at their gates, in the hunting-field where gentlefolk and

squireens and farmers took their fences together or, perhaps, in decent order of priority. One would say that the cousins, their senses sharpened by the strong contrast between the life of the garrison and that of the natives, saw the ever-changing scene as in a play.

The inner life of the country-people was outside their ken. The life of the garrison was not interesting to them. Garrison life can scarcely be held to provide colourful material, since—whether in Galway, Castletownsend or India's coral strand—it remains essentially the same. It is indeed particularly noticeable in Somerville and Ross fiction that the garrison people are never alive. Major Yeates is amiably vacuous; Christopher Dysert is ineffectually high-brow; Christopher's mother is charmingly absentminded. The officers conform to two types: hard-bitten misanthropes or gay young sprigs. All are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of conventionality. They seem inbred—etiolated through the confinement of garrison life. It is curious to observe that they never seem to act of themselves or to give rise to action. Rather they are involved in a mad and riotous succession of adventures which are precipitated by their robust inferiors, to whose intricate scheming they submit with genial passivity.

Perhaps it is for this reason that so often, in the R.M. stories, the machinery of action is so complicated and excessive that one is dazed and deafened by its operation. For example, in *The Pug-nosed Fox* Florry Knox's foxhounds are to be photographed in a natural setting. While they pose before the infuriated photographer, the pug-nosed fox suddenly appears and the hounds dash across country in full cry, with the riders hallooing wildly in their wake. Major Yeates is thrown, and his horse lamed. He decides to seek help at the house of one McRory, a retired coal-merchant, whose sons and daughters drive the neighbourhood mad with their frolics. The McRory house seems deserted. Groans from the loft bring Major Yeates to the rescue of Mr. Tomsy Flood, who is sewn up in a feather-bed. The Major is leaving by the front door when he is borne down by a hilarious avalanche—the wedding party which has come to celebrate the nuptials of young McRory. The hall fills with the swiftness of an evil dream. There is a turmoil of hoofs and carriages without. Faintly in the distance the huntsman winds his horn. Major Yeates comes to, to find himself at table proposing the health of the bride. It is really very funny. The pace is breathless. Fineness of touch prevents it from becoming broad farce. But even a whirlwind stops blowing sometime. The demoniac energy of the R.M. stories never abates. Florry Knox, the jolly Irish squire, seems to be exempted, by his nationality, from the negativism which afflicts his Ascendancy friends. But what did he do when he was not hunting? What did the country-folk do when they were not being droll? In the words of Stephen Gywnn: " Take the hunting out of it (with all the

humours of the hunt)—take the shooting and fishing—and what is left but a life (to borrow a phrase from Mr. George Moore) ' as melancholy as bog-water and as ineffectual '? "

But, if the gentry lack purpose, at least they serve a purpose. They provide, as it were, the neutral canvas on which may be splashed the rich colours of vital Irish life. Farmers, beggar-women, horse-jobbers, tinkers, ballad-singers, thimble-riggers, the child shyly wriggling his bare toes in the mud, the slattern at the public-house door, the keeners at the graveside—you find them all somewhere in Somerville and Ross. Alive, alive O ! There they are, laughing, crying, wrangling, dancing, cursing, coaxing—all pouring forth unceasing floods of pungent eloquence.

Somerville and Ross, like many another Irish writer, addressed themselves to an English public. Their stock-in-trade was that of their predecessors : Ireland, a picturesque ruin. In this they followed the established custom of looking to Dublin and eastward across the Irish Sea for understanding and applause. Maria Edgeworth had written for England ; so had Lever, Lover, Gerald Griffin, Lady Morgan, Jane Barlow, Emily Lawless. So indeed had Carleton. Carleton always addressed " My English readers," and pontificated in footnotes about the quaint phraseology and customs of " the lower orders in Ireland ". Somerville and Ross, however external their view of Irish character, had a sensitive ear for the speech of the people and a clear conception of how it ought to be presented. In a chapter in *Strayaways*, entitled " Stage Irishmen and Others," they give an acute exposition of views. They rightly despised phonetic spelling, that abasing disfigurement which obscures even what is valuable in, for example, the work of Carleton.

> It is a difficult point to decide if a peasant dialect offered . . . by the hogshead is more tedious to the foreigner or to the compatriot. The foreigner flounders from page to page, seeking rest and finding none, accepting, with humility born of ignorance, the floods of elisions, of misplaced vowels, of supernumerary h's, that weary the conscious reader without bringing him " the scent of the hay across the footlights ". The compatriot, approaching the task from a different angle, asks himself in bewilderment if these extravagances and violences, these (to an Irishman) humiliatingly exaggerated buffooneries, convey any genuine suggestion of the Irish farmers and workmen who, with decent self-respect and sobriety, now walk this lower earth.

Miss Somerville goes on to say that, if there is any quality which marks the recitals of a Southern and Western Irish peasant, it is " a species of reticence, of sardonic under-statement, of intensity indeed, but of intensity implied and withheld. Their stories have something of the pregnant simplicity of Old Testament narrative. There is the same confidence in the intelligence of the hearer, the same unerring selection of the structural facts of the case." That Carleton lacked artistic restraint is a truth that will be conceded even by his most enthusiastic admirers. Passing from the question of his long-winded dialogues (which appear

more like alternated monologues), Miss Somerville examines the particular dialect which he used. She points out that Carleton's local colour was acquired in parts of Ireland where an alien civilisation had, even in Carleton's day, coarsened the Anglo-Irish tongue. Ulster and the counties of the Pale suffered from a hybrid vocabulary vulgarised by Scots and English settlers of the lower class ; whereas, in the greater part of Connaught and Munster, the people learned English by contact with the well-bred.

The problem of Anglo-Irish dialect deserves a fullness of treatment beyond the scope of the present subject. One would need to consider Dr. Hyde's *Love Songs of Connaught*, the idiom of Synge, of Lady Gregory, of Yeats, so as to see the Irish mind moulding the English language to its own purposes, keeping as near as possible to the speech of the people who think in Irish through the medium of the English language. And, behind the dialect, there is the Irish mind which uses the English language to express its highly characteristic pattern of thought. In *Some Irish Yesterdays* Somerville and Ross develop this theme, showing that the stage Irishman is fabricated by writers who try to set down the sounds of dialect without realising the mind behind the dialect. There is some truth in this, but it is only a half-truth. Carleton the Irish (indeed the Irish-speaking) peasant should have known the peasant mind, yet he gave us a detestable stage Irishman in *Phelim O'Neill*. The reason was that he was writing for a public which wanted stage Irishmen. Somerville and Ross had too fine an artistic sense to fall into this pit. What they give us of the country folk is real, even if it is only a small part of the reality. However much they may have exaggerated their machinery, they never exaggerated their dialogue.

The best work of Somerville and Ross, as they themselves unerringly knew, was *The Real Charlotte*, a novel which appeared in 1894. It was badly received by reviewers and was detested by the authors' relatives. " Diseased imagination," " sordid story," " vulgar characters," " shocking imprecations "—these were some of the laurels which were offered to deck their brows. The cousins laughed, albeit wanly, and held to their own opinion, which time confirmed.

The Real Charlotte is a grim character-study, which emerges from the trifling pattern of life in a small western town. The *dramatis personae* are ranged on the three tiers of caste already mentioned, but circumstances force them to rub elbows, if not to mingle. Gentry and " Half-mounted " are woven together in petty intercourse, which finds its apotheosis in a tea-party or a picnic. This flotsam, drifting aimlessly on the surface, is driven by the force of a dark under-current, gyrating in obedience to that secret power which sweeps it to destruction. That power is the bourgeois Charlotte Mullen, whose ruthless will, unimpeded by conscience, sets itself to accomplish sordid ends. Charlotte " is not sweet—and twenty, but tough and forty." She is squat and rather

masculine. Her ugliness causes her to adopt a rough-shod *bonhomie*. She is intelligent; interested in politics and in the better periodicals; is a fine judge of horses or of land. She can tell a good story, and hold her own with the men in good manly fashion. She faces life with a broad smile creasing her granite countenance. She is an aspiring snob, yet she uses as pawns in her game the gentlefolk whose amiable spinelessness she secretly despises. She schemes for property, for power. She is proof against the suffering which she brings on others. Yet she is human—one would say hideously human, when one considers her detestable characteristics—because she is in love. She loves Lambert, the shoddy land-agent, who is married to a plain and harmless wife; and Lambert loves Francie, Charlotte's cousin, who loves Hawkins, a vapid officer.

Francie was the character most dear to her creators. They gave her " a vivid and spring-like youth ". " Her high spirits were as impenetrable as a coat of mail; her ignorance of the world was at once sublime and engaging." She was superbly vulgar, but " there was something about her—some limpid quality that kept her transparent and fresh like a running stream ". Francie lives in her every word and gesture. Volatile, guileless, not self-seeking, she is the perfect contrast to her cousin Charlotte, who hates her bitterly. When Francie refuses the offer of marriage made to her by Christopher Dysert (the " catch " of the countryside), she keeps silence as to this unexpected conquest. Somerville and Ross did well to ascribe to her this delicacy of feeling. They did well also to solve her difficulties by violent death. It has been said that their decision to " kill " Francie was due to a snobbish refusal to settle her for life in a class higher than her own. But surely there was more than mere accident in Francie's death. Evil works itself out in a curious pattern, falling in vengeance even on the innocent. As Julia Duffy, hounded to death by Charlotte, is borne to a pauper's grave, the keeners frighten Francie's horse. Francie dies at the moment when she is trying to decide whether to choose a life of guilty happiness or of blameless misery.

The Real Charlotte is a novel which repays several readings. It is powerful; and yet the technique is that of minuteness, with a starkness of detail which reminds one of Crabbe. When Charlotte lights a candle in the room of her dying aunt, she gives the fire a frugal poke and catches a flame from the sulky coals :—

> In doing so, some ashes became embedded in the grease and, taking a hairpin from the ponderous mass of brown hair that was piled on the back of her head, she began to scrape the candle clean. Probably at no moment of her forty odd years of life had Miss Charlotte Mullen looked more startlingly plain than now, as she stood, her squat figure draped in a magenta flannel dressing-gown and the candle light shining on her face. The night of watching had left its traces even upon her opaque skin. The lines about her prominent mouth and chin were deeper than usual;

her broad cheeks had a flabby pallor ; only her eyes were bright and untired, and the thick yellow-white hand that manipulated the hairpin was as deft as it was wont to be.

The dust and turf ashes on Norry the Boat's eyebrows ; the blue-bottles buzzing their loudest in the cobwebby window ; the washerwomen's lane with its goose-nibbled grass, its puddles that stagnated under an iridescent scum of soap-suds—by such touches we are made really to see. But it is not merely a realism of the sordid. There is much that is graceful and lovely ; much that is strange. Who, for example, can forget the lime tree on whose lower limbs a flock of black turkeys had ranged themselves in sepulchral meditation ?

The non-human beings in this story are always invested with their own point of view. Susan, the male cat, and the goldfish in the pond equally make their reflections on the curious behaviour of trousered bipeds. Through the mind of the cockatoo, one is given a picture of the old days at Tallyho Lodge and the previous history of Charlotte. Mrs. Bruff and her kittens, boiling with rage under a laurel bush, register every phase of the ruthless spring-cleaning which heralds the coming of Francie.

To an Austenite, comparison is blasphemous, yet there is more than a little of Jane Austen in this novel. True, Jane Austen deliberately avoided the clash of passions. Somerville and Ross as deliberately chose this theme ; but, having chosen it, they elected to present it on " that little bit (two inches wide) of ivory " which gave such scope to the English novelist. Like her, they find " three or four families in a country village the very thing to work on," because " people themselves alter so much that there is something new to be observed in them forever ". Like her, they achieve their effects by suggestion, by restraint, by fastidiousness. If, unlike Jane Austen, they choose violent emotions, they prefer to enclose them within the deadly rigidity of small events. They are interested in confronting an inexperienced girl of dubious social background with the usages of a society higher than her own. There are echoes of Jane Austen in this, but there is active similarity in their disdain for any splashing of colours ; in their severe economy, simplicity and detachment ; and there is similarity also in the ironic understatement by which they secure so great an impact.

Why, with such powers, did Somerville and Ross never again attempt such writing as *The Real Charlotte?* There is no answer. Certainly, had they made this their chosen field, it would have been vain to praise and useless to blame them.

B. G. MacCarthy

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF X RAYS

BY REV. PROFESSOR P. J. MACLAUGHLIN, D.SC.

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RÖNTGEN was born on 27 March 1845 and he discovered X rays in 1895. This year, therefore, sees the world celebrating a jubilee of note and a related centenary. In an age of outstanding inventions and striking generalisations of science, some of which have changed the forms of civilisation, but not always for the better, all men are agreed in honouring the memory of the German scientist whose grand achievement has been for fifty golden years a blessing to the human race. What the X ray has meant in medicine is pretty well known. What it has meant in industry and technology and pure science is also an interesting story. The story grows year by year with fresh applications. It concerns a radiation so new and wonderful that not even Jules Verne in his inspired flights of fancy dreamed of its existence.

I

Few discoveries have ever stirred up world-wide interest as quickly as did that of Röntgen. He detected the strange rays on 8 November 1895. In December he described them to the Würzburg Physico-Medical Society.[1] By January the marvel of the new rays was known in every continent. A month later many eminent men of science were experimenting with them, and by the first of March Henri Becquerel had been provoked by the news of them into discovering Nature's spontaneous X rays, or radioactivity as it is now called. Within a year the rays had become a regular and important factor in surgical operations. They were the first of the sensational discoveries in physical science for which the last half-century has been remarkable. Other investigations have, perhaps, more deeply modified our view of nature, but none so readily strikes the imagination as that which reveals the bones within the living flesh. To-day no hospital is worthy of the name unless it has an X ray department. No dentist's surgery is complete without an X ray unit. The use of Röntgen's discovery has become so widespread that not a moment of the day passes but somewhere in the world an X ray tube is in action to save a life or diminish the sum of human suffering.

The discovery, which ranks in importance with Lister's antiseptics as a means of saving life, was not the result of pure chance. Wilhelm Konrad von Röntgen was just over fifty when he detected the invisible radiation, and his discovery was chiefly the fruit of trained observation.

[1] The discovery was given to the world in Röntgen's paper *Über eine neue Art von Strahlen*. "November 8, 1895," said Silvanus Thompson, "will ever be memorable in the history of science. On that day a light, which so far as human observation goes never was on land or sea, was observed."

Born at Lennep to the west of Düsseldorf in the Ruhr, he laid the foundation of his career as a scientist by studying in Holland and Switzerland. In the latter country he obtained his doctorate of natural philosophy. The year following his degree he assisted the well-known physicist, Kundt, at Würzburg. Later appointments took him to Strasbourg, Hohenheim and Giessen, and then back to Würzburg, where he succeeded Kundt as professor of physics at the Royal University in the quaint old Bavarian town. Würzburg is known for its numerous churches, one of which is the Neumünster church containing the relics of the Irish patron saint of the town and diocese, St. Kilian. Here, where an Irish missioner first brought the gospel and ruled as first bishop, Röntgen worked for ten quiet and industrious years. He gave himself to unspectacular problems connected with elasticity, the conduction of heat in crystals, polarised light, fluorescence. At length in Würzburg he discovered X rays. In a bare little laboratory, part of a modest two-storey building, he carried out the experiments which made him famous. From Würzburg he went out, when the world heard of him, to receive the praise of his emperor. To Würzburg he returned when the decorations had been pinned on his breast. He departed from Würzburg only when academic circles, to mark their appreciation, called on him to fill the chair of natural philosophy in Munich. He spent the rest of his life at Munich, and he died there on February 10, 1923.

It is sometimes said that Röntgen's discovery of X rays was a lucky accident. If so, he knew how to take advantage of fortune's smile. Like many another scientist of the day he had been producing X rays in abundance for weeks without knowing it. He had been studying fluorescence,[1] the phenomenon of " cold light ", in which a body emits light without sensible heat. This is a beautiful phenomenon, and we have a familiar instance of it in paraffin oil emitting a bluish light when exposed to sunlight. The phenomenon was a perplexing one to the scientist of half a century ago. The Irish-born physicist and mathematician, Stokes, was the first to make any sense of it, and Röntgen was wondering if Stokes's law of fluorescence could help him with a problem of his own, the mystery of his fogged photographic plates. For some weeks now, batch after batch of sensitive plates, wrapped up in black paper so that no light could get at them, were being spoiled in his laboratory just as if they had been exposed to light. They had been lying near a vacuum tube through which he had sent a high-pressure electric discharge

[1] Fluorescence differs from phosphorescence in that the latter persists even after the exciting radiation has ceased. A watch-dial which shines in the dark after exposure to light is phosphorescent. Luminescence is the name covering both phenomena.

There has been a great development of luminescent materials during the last ten years, chiefly in connection with fluorescent lighting and television. Besides being applied to convert X rays into visible radiations, luminescent substances are used to luminise aeroplane instruments and ships' compasses. Further applications are in radiolocation and in new methods of gun-laying.

from a Callan or Ruhmkorff coil. The glass of the tube fluoresced brilliantly under the action of the discharge. Was the action of the discharge producing something else besides fluorescence, a something that could pass through black paper and fog a sensitised plate? If so, how prove it? Perhaps the something could pass through black paper and cause fluorescence? Röntgen put in place of the photographic plates some crystals of a fluorescent substance, and covered up the tube with black paper so that it could not emit a chink of light. When he turned on the current the crystals began to glow in the dark. He had, therefore, found a new kind of radiation.

Röntgen quickly extended his investigations. He found that the new radiation could pass through many materials opaque to ordinary light. Dense bodies, like metal or bone, absorbed the rays more fully than lighter substances, such as leather or flesh, and Röntgen at once used this discovery to photograph the coins in his purse and the bones in his hand. Spreading some luminescent material, barium platinocyanide, on paper, he obtained a fluorescent screen which he put in place of the photographic plate, and immediately objects, usually hidden from the eye, were made visible. He found also that the rays have the remarkable property of turning air into a conductor of electricity. In ordinary circumstances air is an almost perfect insulator, but when Röntgen radiations are passing through the air near an electrified body, the charge rapidly disappears. Scientists make use of this property in many investigations. Röntgen was unable to obtain the reflection and the bending of the rays which were to be expected if the radiations were of the same nature as visible light or ultra-violet or infra-red light. The nature of the radiation being uncertain, he called it the X ray. It was not until 1912, when von Laue showed it could be diffracted like ordinary light, that it was recognised as a light-wave of very short wave-length. And so the original mystery about the nature of Röntgen's rays has been pushed back until it is merged in the greater one concerning the nature of light itself.

II

The remarkable penetrating power of X rays, used in conjunction with their effect on a photographic plate or on a fluorescent screen, has revolutionised medical diagnosis and has supplied the physician as well as the surgeon with a new sense. No longer need damage be done by probing for bullets or needles or other foreign body in the flesh. Their exact position is revealed by the radiograph as clearly as are the nature and extent of a break in a bone. With advances in technique, it is possible to obtain good radiographs of parts of the body differing but slightly in their transparency to the rays. It has become the rule to use film coated with emulsion on both sides. In contact with each side is a sheet of

cardboard coated with a fluorescent substance, which, becoming luminous under the rays, greatly decreases the time of exposure, so that the patient undergoes as little inconvenience as in the taking of an ordinary photograph. The method has been made wonderfully delicate. Growths, and even pronounced change in the organs themselves, are shown by the shadow density of the radiograph. Abnormal conditions of the lungs are revealed, and the physician is supplied with a sensitive and trustworthy means for the speedy detection of tuberculosis. In the hands of the experienced radiologist, the X ray unit is a powerful weapon in the war against a terrible scourge.

Röntgen's rays are used extensively by medical men for purposes of treatment. They have proved valuable in many forms of skin disease, especially those of a chronic character. They have a favourable influence upon glandular tumours, and they have been found to be beneficial in the treatment of ringworm, rodent ulcer and certain cases of cancer.

The idea of using the rays to cure disease arose as early as 1896 when Freund of Vienna noticed that injurious effects followed the prolonged application of the rays for diagnostic purposes. Many pioneers remarked an inflammation of the skin, or a falling out of hair, in parts which had been exposed for long periods to the radiations, and several of these observers became martyrs to science. In Ireland one of the earliest investigators of the therapeutic effects of X rays was Maurice Hayes, who paid with his life to make the rays safe weapons against death and disease. The two-edged power of the rays having been recognised, patients and radiologists are protected by enclosing the X ray tube in an impermeable box furnished with suitable windows.

A definite action of the rays upon the skin having been observed, their employment in the treatment of skin disease followed as a corollary. Such treatment is still in the empirical stage. The detailed actions are not fully understood. The effect of the rays on healthy tissue is in the main a destructive one, but some of the cells are more sensitive to the rays than others : this permits of a selective effect being obtained, with the destruction of some cells and not of the whole tissue. It is possible to influence the glands of the skin with a dose that will not destroy the skin itself. The art of curing with rays, or radiotherapy, as it is called, is based on a careful adjustment of the dose so as to destroy the morbid elements and avoid wholesale damage to the part treated.

The results obtained in the treatment of ringworm are nothing short of wonderful. The rays do not act directly upon the ringworm fungus, but they attack the hair and make it fall. The fungus then dies out from the hair follicles, and in due course the hair begins to grow again, healthily and with all traces of the disease gone. The X ray treatment of ringworm marked the first great advance in radiotherapy. It required very precise measurement of dosage. If the dose of X rays is too small,

the hair does not come out and there is no cure. If the dose is too great, the hair comes out but does not grow again. The margin is quite a narrow one, but is well within the powers of the modern radiologist.

In the disease known as rodent ulcer, which presents features allied to cancer, X ray treatment can bring about a complete cure in the majority of cases, provided the disease has not advanced too deeply into the tissues, As for cancer itself, there is now no doubt that it is one of the most readily curable of the major diseases, its weakness being that, in its beginning, it is almost always local. In a series of investigations that are classical, scientists of the Paris Radium Institute[1] tried the effect of rays with every kind of cancer. The results have made medical men cautious, and they conclude that tumours of the stomach, intestines, lungs, kidneys and bones should be treated by surgery, and that X rays and radium are safe for patients and deadly for accessible cancers such as those of the skin, lip, mouth and throat.

An account of a new technique for dealing with cancer of the larynx, the organ of speech, has been given recently by Paul de Kruif.[2] Very high voltage X rays are used. The installation was supervised by the Nobel prize-winner, A. H. Compton, eminent for his researches on Röntgen radiations. The X ray tube has been turned into a life-saving cannon. Instead of bombarding sick and healthy tissues at random, the up-to-date radiologist is a marksman aiming at the bull's-eye of the cancer. The range is set exactly, by a blend of biology and engineering, at the point where the rays will take effect on the cancer and not on the surrounding tissue. There results a delicate dissection of the cancer cells—far more precise, it is stated, than that of any surgeon's knife. The radiation is painless, and patients can hope for cure without fear of mutilation, radiation-sickness or burns.

III

The use of X rays in both heavy and light industries is considerable. Two of the methods employed are similar to those used in medicine. Shadowgraphs are produced by sending the rays through the specimen on to a photographic plate. Flaws in quite large metal castings can be detected by this method, which is also useful for the inspection of welds. Aluminium structures up to a foot and a half in thickness are readily radiographed in this way. If a fluorescent screen is put in the place of the photographic plate, inspection can be carried out quickly. The moving parts of heavy machinery can be examined while they are in action. By a combination of both methods, every part of an aeroplane from the nose to the tail can be tested and proved before a flight is

[1] Sometimes called the Curie Institute. Many readers will recall that it is just round the corner from the *rue des Irlandais* and the Irish College.

[2] See article " Fifty thousand could live " in *Reader's Digest*, December 1944, p. 43.

attempted. Both methods are employed to detect faults in the fibrous structure of wood and the presence of foreign matter in coal. The luminescent screen method has become very common in the light industries. Among the variety of applications may be mentioned its use for showing the position of a foot in a shoe, for testing insulated cables or the sphericity of the core of a golf ball, and for proving wireless valves or complicated apparatus during assembly.

A third method of using X rays in industry depends on Laue's discovery that a crystal interacts with the rays and gives patterns on a photographic plate which reveal the intimate structure of the crystal. Often the patterns are like the haloes that at times surround the sun and the moon. They are caused in much the same way, by a process called diffraction. Everyone is familiar with the diffraction rings or haloes formed when light from an electric lamp is scattered by minute drops of water in a fog. Allowing for a difference in scale, the diffraction of X rays by crystals is similar. Laue's discovery has led to an important and ever widening field of investigation—examining the crystalline nature of materials. X ray diffraction photography has opened up a new and singularly fertile era in crystallography, and it merits a place apart in modern science. It is one of the most beautiful applications of Röntgen's rays, and it has given us new ideas about the crystalline state. X ray workers find that the crystalline, as opposed to the amorphous, state is the rule rather than the exception in solid bodies. This is an outstanding reversal of old views. Most substances prove to have an intimate structure marked by marvellous simplicity and order. The results are of interest for Christian apologetics, and one can imagine Pascal basing a powerful argument on them.

Industrial applications followed closely upon the cystal-structure researches of the Braggs in England, Thibaud in France, and Goldschmidt at Oslo, to mention a few of the great schools of X ray workers.[1] Their methods are made use of in such varied branches of the industrial arts as metallurgy and plastics, pottery and textiles, paints and enamels. Materials hard to fuse are indispensable in the making of pottery or porcelain or glass, and the properties of such refractories as well as the covering power of paints and enamels are found to depend on their crystalline components rather than on their chemical composition. X ray diffraction photos are of special value in investigating the qualities of these materials, as they yield information that cannot be gained from chemical analysis or microscopic examination.

Besides revealing whether a substance is amorphous or crystalline, these methods make it possible to measure the size of minute aggregations or grains of material. Grain size is a subject of vast importance to the industrialist, as many properties depend on it—for example, the spreading

[1] Some of Thibaud's work was done at Louvain.

power of paints and the magnetic qualities of steel improve with the fineness of the grain, while the strength of electrolytically produced metals and the activity of chemicals deteriorate if the constituent grains are coarse.

X ray diffraction methods are of great value in metallurgy. Under the microscope a metal looks like a spread of crazy pavement, a conglomeration of irregular slabs. Study of these chaotic pieces involved older metallurgists in confusion and contradictions. Thanks to X rays the contradictions are being removed. Each bizarre slab is shown to have a structure as regular as a lattice window, or a bit of trellis work, or a honeycomb. The nature size and shape of the lattice elements are being related to the properties which make metals valuable in the sciences and crafts, and the art of working metals is becoming a science. The technologist is winning spectacular successes with new alloys,[1] progress in this field being stimulated by the war. Fresh light has been thrown on old processes. Structure analysis enables the metallurgist to understand why alloys may be stronger than the pure metals that compose them, why a little carbon can turn weak iron into mighty steel.[2]

Some materials are found to crystallise in several forms which depend upon their life-story, notably the kind of thermal and mechanical treatments they have experienced. Their properties are found to vary with the crystalline form. At once practices like annealing or tempering and rolling or drawing become intelligble. We see the point in all the hammering and reheating the blacksmith gives a horseshoe. Strange phenomena like recalescence lose much of their mystery.[3]

IV

One of the most remarkable applications of X ray structure analysis is in the field of textiles, where scientists of the industrial arts have succeeded in making protein fibres to rival the products of the sheep and the silkworm. The development is a direct consequence of the researches of Fischer and his pupils, which inspired the American chemist, Carothers, with a desire to imitate as closely as possible the natural protein

[1] This is a vast field, as the commoner metals alone could give rise to more than 70,000 alloy systems.

[2] A foreign atom in a metal spoils the regular structure of the metal in a striking way. It upsets the perfection of the crystalline order all around it and affects quite a large volume, but thereby strengthens the metal. A single perfect crystal of a metal is extremely weak. Very little force is needed to make it peel off or split along its crystalline planes—the planes of cleavage. A foreign atom, pressed in between these planes, puckers them and stops gliding motion, after the fashion of grit between one's shoe and the floor.

[3] The phenomenon of recalescence was first observed by Prof. W. F. Barrett at the College of Science, Dublin. (*Phil. Mag.*, 1874, p. 56.) It is part of the secret of the strength of steel. A steel wire cooling from a white heat has a moment of reglow. At the temperature of reglow, or recalescence, a change occurs in the crystalline form of the steel. Steel, quenched above the point of recalescence and annealed, acquires great strength. Quenched below this temperature and annealed, it is gravely weakened. Serious accidents, due to the breaking of steel axles of vehicles, have been traced to neglect of recalescence.

fibre, wool. The guiding idea came from the X ray discovery of the relation between fibrous and corpuscular proteins. The most important application is the industrial production of the synthetic protein, Nylon. Just how important it is will be known when the story comes to be told of vast numbers of parachutes made during this war without any help from the silkworm.

Proteins are vast complicated molecular compounds ten thousand times more massive than the lightest atom. They are essential parts of plant and animal cells, and without them there can be no life. More than fifty kinds have been isolated and studied. X ray analysis reveals three classes of protein fibres, the straight as in natural silk, the kinked as in wool hair and muscle, and the corpuscular as in egg-white and the red corpuscles of the blood. The straight cannot be much stretched without breaking. The kinked lengthens under tension, but recovers when the stress disappears. The corpuscular is highly folded as well as kinked. The science of making protein fibre consists in unfolding a corpuscular protein and drawing out the coiled chains without destroying the kinks. The milk protein, casein, was one of the first to be converted empirically into fibres in this way; but following X ray elucidation of the process scientists have found in the pea-nut and in the soya-bean other corpuscular proteins that are suitable, not only for fibre-making but for the plastics industry generally. The change from milk to wool, from hard proteins to soft fibres, is dramatic in its nature, and it is a striking testimony to the unity of the physical, chemical and biological sciences on the one hand, and of science and industry on the other.

In the biological world fibrous structures are of the very nature of things. Certain fundamental chain-molecules constitute the fibres, and they are spun in marvellous fashion into molecular yarns, which in turn are woven into the textures that are pre-eminent in the make-up of living tissues. Study of the forms and combinations of the basic chain-molecules by X ray analysis is laying the foundations of a new biology. X ray fibre-diagrams are already giving the thrill of high adventures. In the pictures they present of the fibrous state, they disclose in wool and muscle the same job of chemical engineering as in cellulose. They reveal a basic fibrous structure which is common to vegetable and animal fibres, to cabbages and kings. This is not all. Hammering a metal is found to impart to it a fibrous structure analogous to that of cellulose, the chief framework material of the vegetable world.[1] The X ray thus brings to light a structure that is common to the three great natural kingdoms.

[1] A natural fibre consists of a bundle of ultramicroscopic crystals. These microcrystals are joined end to end and run the length of the fibre. In a metal free from internal as well as external stress, the constituent microcrystals lie at random. Hammering orients the crystallites in a particular direction, and so produces a fibre in the metal.

It should be noted that the above picture of the fibrous state is that of the chemical engineer. Naturally it has the limitations of his outlook and purpose.

Laue's discovery, which led to crystal-structure analysis, has given rise to an even more delicate method of examining matter, called X ray spectrography. A crystal, interacting with a beam of mixed X rays, sorts them out according to their wave-lengths or " colours ". There is produced an X ray spectrum analogous to the rainbow tints obtained in various ways with ordinary light. The X ray spectrum is simpler than the optical one. X ray spectroscopy takes its place with all spectrum analysis as an extension of chemical analysis, since each element, when suitably excited, emits a distinctive group of rays characteristic of the element. The comparative simplicity of the X ray spectrum makes it valuable for investigating the structure of atoms in conjunction with Einstein-theory and quantum conceptions. It is inferred that X rays are due to disturbances within the atom. Characteristic X rays bring us news of these upheavals. In this view, X rays are analogous to the seismic waves following an earthquake, the study of which yields knowledge about the interior of the earth unattainable by classical geology. X rays are the waves that are born when an atom quakes. The waves speak of Niagaras of energy terraced up inside the atom, and they tell of forces that have the power to shake matter to the very core.

V

Before closing this account of the vast body of knowledge and craftsmanship that has grown from Röntgen's discovery of half a century ago, I shall refer to some other Irish links with the path-finders in this branch of science. There are still alive two Irishmen who were students of Röntgen's at Munich. From one of them I have a few details about Röntgen's personal appearance. He was " a tall, loosely built man, with a thick beard and long hair rising straight up from a high forehead. In moments of deep concentration he would run his fingers through this mass of hair. He had a kindly face with penetrating eyes. His voice was full and deep, and he spoke with the rapidity of enthusiasm. His whole bearing breathed energy and vigour. One of his students used to liken him to an amiable gust of wind."

The first in Ireland to experiment with X rays to any purpose, so far as I have been able to trace, was Mgr. Gerald Molloy, Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, well known in his day as an exceedingly gifted lecturer. Brother Potamian O'Reilly, distinguished for his work in electrical science, is credited with having made the first X ray photograph in this country. Prof. Barkla, an outstanding pioneer in X ray studies, had several ties with Ireland, as he examined many of the present generation of Irish physicists for their degrees. My last mention is Prof. John A. M'Clelland, founder of the Physics department in University College, Dublin, who carried out researches on X rays in collaboration with the atom-splitting knight, Sir J. J. Thomson.

P. J. MacLaughlin

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

LXXIV

To MÁG SHAMHRADHÁIN .i. NIALL + 1362

MATHGHAMHAIN Ó hUIGINN cc

1. Ar ghuth éinfhir anaid Bréifnigh,
—báidh lem chroidhe an cleas ra-niad—
neart is na [h]ógaibh gor éirigh ;
do thógaibh ceart éinfhir iad.

2. Ríoghraidh Bréifne na mbrat gcorcra,
curaidh uallcha nar ob gleo,
foireann gach cláir fhéarmhaoith [eagair]
re gráin éanlaoich leagair leo.

3. Niall mhac Tómáis na [. . .]
[. . .] an t-aoinfhear d'éag
ní ghabhann fear díbh [. . .]
[. . .] gríbhe Gréag.

4. Mág Shamhradhán [. . .]
[. . .] cruaidhfhear chorcras rinn
géabhaidh gríobh Ghaola go gealBhóinn
dá shíol Aodha fleadhmhóir Finn.

5. Fa Chonmhaicnibh [le] cath mBréifne
béaraidh sidhe le sleigh ngéir ;
fuath Bréifnigh im airear n-Eithne
téighfidh claidheamh neimhthe Néill.

6. Dá shleigh leathna leomhain Teamhrach
tús na ngaithleann ghéabhas siad ;
tosach troda dháibh ó dheoraidh
dá láimh bhoga leomhain Liag.

7. Gá bhfios dúinne nach dó treabhthair
Teallach n-Eachach an fhuinn ghloin ;
ní thabhair Niall dóibh a dílse,
do fhóir Brian an tírse thoir.

8. Tús imreasna ó fhearaibh Bréifne
ag baidhbh Chruachna an chomhráith shuairc
flaith Beannchuir ag boing re tachraibh
teanchair do chloinn rathmhair Ruairc.

9. Teallach n-Eachach na n-arm líomhtha
ag léim bhearna [bíd] re chois
gé robh ar sódh iad nó ar anshódh
ní brón do-niad rashlógh Rois.

10. Croidhe fiadh ag faisgin chuanart
ag cath bhiodhbhadh bíd re Niall;
bídh ag bile Dhor go [diaghair]
cridhe chon [fiadhaigh] go fiadh.

11. A pheall taoibh ar dteacht ón chliathaigh
cotún uaine [. . . .]
[is í i] n-uair cagaidh a chearchaill
a thruaill sgabuil [bhearntoill] bhláith.

12. Deargthair leis ar láthair chliathcha
croidhe [saobh re sáidhear] sgiath
do-niad ar bearna [a] luing lubhair
buinn a fheadhna im churaidh gCliach.

13. Ag so an drongsa a dhreagon Uisnigh
uathadh tír nach téigh a nós,
do chroidhe fial, a bharr Bréifne,
crann im nar iadh féithle fós.

14. A Mhéig Shamhradháin ó Shionainn
nar sheol [boidhre] do [bhreith] cheall
[. .] brughaidh do bhuadha
Ulaidh, a fhir Chluana [id cheann].

15. Deirge agus gile id ghnúis tibhrigh,
a thuir Bhréifne re mbím cois,
an dá dhath ba dual ar foirinn
id ghruadh a sgath roibhinn Rois.

16. Rugais geall ó ghné na gcorrchraobh
[. . .] meic mheic Bhriain;
geall, a sgath Banbha [. . .]
re dath t'abhra [. . .].

17. Fuarais dealbh nar dhorchaigh míorún
a mheic Thomáis na dtaobh seang,
léir ar dhath do ghruaidhe gairthe
nach smuaine, a sgath Aichle, fheall.

18. Tuar ratha do ríoghraidh Bhréifne
beith go mín dod mhalaigh shuairc;
fóbra dhod léim, a fhlaith Íle,
maith do bhéin ríghe d'íbh Ruairc.

19. Ceinéal mBréanainn na mbrugh ndaoineach
dream as fhéile do fhuair sionn;
ar dtriall ót fhéin, a fhir Bhaoille,
gar dtigh féin bhadh aoidhe ionn.

20. Nír sgibh croidhe churadh Saingil
re sonn gcorcra craoiseach réidh;
troigh an fhir agus [a] abhra
ní sgibh re goin ngallgha ghéir.

21. Ruathar feirge flatha Manann,
a mheic Thomáis, ro chuirfeadh sgáth;
glór ro bhéaradh éad ar Oilill
a-déaradh géag roibhinn Ráth.

22. Ball einigh nar urmais Guaire
do ghabh ar bhronnadh bhó laogh,
togbhaidh barr Cearna ar [ar] gcongnamh
ball nach dearna Conghal Claon.

23. Nír ghrádhaigh [Niall] naidhm a chlaidheamh
ná a chuach mbreac ná a [bhrat ná a laogh];
sairghidh rí Duibhe re daidhbhreas;
duine gá mbí saidhbhreas saobh.

24. Mág Shamhradhán shíodha an bhrogha
bhriseas [cliathach re cró] sleagh;
is lór do thoirmeasg a theichimh
slógh coimhleasg re beithir mBreagh.

25. Tearc im Bóinn baile nar thaisdil,
tearc im Chruachain críoch nar airg,
ionmhuin le Niall adhaigh fhada,
faghail chian aga ar gach n-aird.

26. Fuil Éibhir fa a aighidh fháiltigh,
fuil na gColla tre chrú Néill,
siad n-a n-eanglais im thuir dTeamhra
fuil Fhearghais fuil Fhearghna fhéil.

27. Mac Nualaidhe do-ní a shluaigheadh,
síodh dá cheangal, creach dá deilbh ;
táth na sluagh ar bile mBanbha
tuar [mire] tuar faghla an feidhm.

28. Rinn gliadh beodha ag brisiudh chliathcha
ag cleith Éirne an earrla bhuig
[. . . . .]
[. . . . .]

29. Deireadh feadhna ag fágbháil tachair,
tosach inn gá abhra dhubh,
tús do iarr ar a fhear chomtha
is Niall i dteagh ndorcha ag dul.

30. Ní hé uamhun a arm séanta
slóigh Dhanar do dhruid re Niall ;
acht méid ghairge con í Cholla
airde dá cor orra ós fhiadh.

31. [Laisgidh] searrach slat i ndeabhaidh,
drúcht mar mhónainn i meor bhug ;
cuiléan lonn ag léim go damhraidh
bonn Néill go talmhain ní thug.

32. Borb re comhursain cleath Mhalann
mín re héigsibh árus geal
[. . .] glaislinn [Gaillmhe]
croidhe fairsing bhaidhbhe Breagh.

33. Teallach n-Eachach nar ob cliathach
cródha an tionól téid fa bhreith ;
ag flaith Ráth ní róigh a fhulang
[tóir] i n-Áth Culann gar gcreich.

34. Cotún uaine im airgneach gCruachna
coiléan buailteach bhriseas ghliaidh ;
buarach trom ma onchoin Uladh
folchaidh bonn curadh i gcriaidh.

35. Ní thréigfe mé ar mhaithibh Connacht
ceinéal mBréanainn bhriseas maidhm ;
m'aire ar n-ól na dighe dearmaid
ar slógh bhile sheangbhuig Shainbh.

36. Deargaidh sneachta snuadh a leacan
nó an lá bruithneach bhíos re gréin
fleachadh ag garadh a ghealbhall
aghadh leathan neamhghann Néill.

37. Is áireamh réaltann i reo gheimhridh
guth ar onchoin Átha Cliath ;
is obair dhuine ar mbreith bhreithe
bheith ag tuibhe chleithe Cliach.

38. Obair shamhraidh sheabhaic Bhréifne
buaidhreadh Uladh an fhuinn réidh ;
adhbhar eagla an obair gheimhridh
freagra chogaidh neimhnigh Néill.

39. Niall mhac Tomáis na dtreas minic,
mac mheic Bhriain na mbratach ndearg,
is blagh do rath dreagain Dealbhna
eagail le cath nEamhna a fhearg.

40. Ar ghuth Athracht anfas Muire
ag móradh cháigh cuma dhamh ;
géabhaidh linn Luan na n-anman
sinn dá gruadh glanbhall go gar.

Ar guth

Translation

1. There is but one man with whose word (*i.e.* rule) the Bréifnigh are content—I love them for this !—and so their warriors' strength is grown great ; the rightful cause of one man has exalted them.

2. Bréifne's purple-cloaked princes, proud warriors shirking no fight—by them, owing to its dread of this one hero, the host of each soft-grassed well-ordered plain is overthrown.

3. Niall, son of Tomás . . .

4. Mág Shamhradháin, hardy warrior, reddener of spears, Gaol's Griffin, will, with the two seeds of banqueting Aodh Fionn, arrive at the bright Bóinn.

5. He will dash, sharp spear in hand, against the Conmhaicne, he with Bréifne's host ; the hate felt for Niall, Bréifne's Hero, owing to (his holding) the land of Eithne will heat his cold sword.

6. The two broad-bladed spears of Teamhair's Lion will be cast before any others ; his soldier lets the two generous hands of Liag's Lion begin the fight.

7. Perhaps 'tis for the benefit of bright-grassed Teallach Eachach that the land to the East (*i.e.* Mág Uidhir's ?) is being tilled. Brian spared it, but Niall does not leave it independent !

8. The blithe-spoken Raven of Cruachain (ó gCubhrán) leading Bréifne's folk started a contention (with Ó Ruairc ?) ; Beannchor's Prince, entering the fight, proved a very pincers for Ruarc's prosperous race.

9. Teallach Eachach of the polished swords breaks gaps (through the foes) all around ; Ros' great host in success or in failure never loses heart.

10. Any foe's troop facing Niall feels like stags at sight of dogs ; this Tree of Dor in eagerness (for fight) has the heart of a hound seeking a stag.

11. As he leaves his shieling, his only body-covering is a green cotton tunic . . . ; while war is on, his only pillow is his shining coat of hacked armour.

12. The foolish heart of a foe by whom his (Niall's) shield is pierced is left on battle-field all bloody ; the feet of his troop around Cliu's Hero dash into the gap made in a battered ship (?).

13. Behold this folk, O Dragon of Uisneach,—rare is the land its glory has not warmed ; thy generous heart, O Chief of Bréifne, is a tree which no honey-suckle has ever straitened.

14. O Mág Shamhradháin from the Sionann, thou who art not guided by disobedience to the Church's decrees . . . . . Ulaidh facing thee, O Hero of Cluain.

15. Red and white contend with each other on thy smiling face, O Prince of Bréifne with whom is my home ; these two colours proper to chessmen are ever in thy cheek, O sweet Flower of Ros.

16. O son of Brian's son, thou surpassest the hue of round branches ; O Flower of Banbha, thou excellest also in thy eye-brows' colour.

17. O graceful son of Tomás, thou hast beauty undarkened by evil desire ; 'tis clear from the hue of thy glowing cheek, O Flower of Aichill, that thou thinkest never of false deed.

18. Presage of fortune for Bréifne's princes is obedience to thy bright brow ; to attack thee, O Prince of Íle, would be a good way for Í Ruairc to have their rule taken from them !

19. Bréanainn's race of the crowded castles is the most generous we have seen ; when I leave thy folk and return home, O Hero of the Baoill, I feel myself a stranger.

20. The heart of Saingeal's Hero quailed not before the red line of smooth lances ; his foot and face shrank not in fear of wound from sharp foreign spears.

21. The angry raid of Mana's Prince will ever strike terror, O son of Tomás ; the sweet branch of Rátha could utter a boast that Oilill would envy.

22. In the bestowal of cows in calf he reached a point of generosity at which Guaire never aimed ; in defence of us, Cearna's Chief attains a point (of glory) which Conghal Claon never attained.

23. Niall likes not to tie up his swords or speckled cups or cloaks or calves ; the Prince of the Dubh (. . . ?) poverty ; wealth oft drives men astray (?).

24. Mág Shamhradháin of the Hill of the Brugh breaks down bulwarks with his array of spears ; to find a foe stubborn is enough to keep the Bear of Breagha from retreating before him.

25. Rare the land about the Bóinn which he has not traversed, rare those around Cruacha which he did not harry ; Niall likes a night to be long ; lengthy his plundering in each place.

26. Éibhear's blood is in his pleasant face and the Collas' blood mingles with Niall's ; the blood of Fearghus and generous Fearghna mingle in the lineage of Teamhair's Lord.

27. Nualaidh's son goes on hosting, binding peace, planning raids ; on this Tree of Banbha depends the union of the peoples ; that means much rushing (?) and struggling.

28. The rushing vanguard of soft-haired Éirne's Prince breaks the troop. . . .

29. The rear of the troop is the place of dark-browed Niall when leaving a fight, the vanguard his place during it ; he always asked his companions to let him go first into any dark house.

O

30. 'Twas not terror of his blessed arms that drove the Danair to join Niall but the great fierceness of the hounds of Colla's scion, they being thus made to seem taller than their quarry.

31. His riding-crop lashes the young horse as he charges ; sweat stands as berries on his soft finger ; Niall, bounding (as) eager hound to attack ox-herd, puts not his foot on the ground.

32. Mála's Pillar is rough to neighbours, his bright house welcomes poets ; . . . . . the big heart of the Raven of Breagha.

33. Undaunted Teallach Eachach—gallant the muster at its summons ; with Rátha's Prince the thought is unbearable that any force should plunder us at Áth Culann.

34. A green cotton tunic is worn by Cruachain's Raider, that snapping (?) hound victorious in every fight ; heavy harness covers Ulaidh's Wolf and (by its weight) presses the hero's foot into the earth.

35. I will not exchange Bréanainn's dashing race for Connachta's nobles ; 'tis only after an intoxicating cup that I ever think of the host of Sanbh's generous graceful Tree (the Í Conchobhair).

36. A snow-storm, or a hot sunny day, the sweat warming his white limbs, reddens Niall's cheeks, that full generous face.

37. To tell the qualities of Áth Cliath's Wolf is to count the stars in black winter-sky ; one would be hard set to criticize the Pillar of Cliu when he has uttered a judgment.

38. The Summer-work of Bréifne's Hawk is to harry the Ulaidh of the plain ; terrible too is our Winter-work, answering fierce Niall's war-summons.

39. Ever-battling Niall, son of Tomás, grandson of red-bannered Brian, Dragon of Dealbhna—a part of his good fortune is that Eamhain's host dreads his anger.

40. Were Athracht to commend—I venture to say this—every man in the world, Mary would abide by her (Athracht's) word ; 'twill profit me on the Monday of the Souls that I have kept close to her, that shapely-cheeked maid.

NOTES

Mag. MS. p. 53. 1-4 *indist.* ; *O'Longan's copy used* 1*a*. gu. (*dot doubtful*) *b*. cradi *c*. h-*abest* 2*a*. bifh. (e *over* b) *c*. eagair *abest* 3. *illeg.* 4*a*. tisdamidir (?) *b*. mongan (?) *c*. -boing 5*a*. re *b*. sighi *d*. teicfigh glai. neimteith 6*c*. -leang *d*. bo. 7*a*. fis *b*. neath. *c*. thobair *d*. da oir ; dirse 8*a*. bifhni (e *over* b) *b*. cach. (u *over* c) ; rath tsu. *c*. ri 9*a*. neath. *b*. bhid *c*. rob *d*. da 10*a*. craeidhi *b*. bidhbha *c*. deadfaibh *d*. chon fealcaid 11*a*. deacht *b*. *illeg.* *c*. *illeg.* ; *leg.* cha ? *d*. *indist.* 12*b*. *indist.* *c*. a *abest* *d*. gliach 13*b*. teid *c*. craeidi 14*a*. me tsa. *b*. baighni (?) ; braith (?.) *cd*. *illeg.* 15*a*. tibrraich (?) *b*. bifhni (e *over* b) re mim cois 16 *a*. corcraobh (?) *b*. o crudhimdharg (?) ban (i *over* b) *cd*. *illeg.* 17*b*. tho. (*dot doubtful*) *c*. da 18*a*. bifhni (e *over* b) *b*. gu *c*. laith 19*a*. cin. ; mbrudh naineach *c*. triall ; bhuille *d*. taigh ; aidhidh 20*b*. gorcra ; reigh *c*. a *abest* *d*. ri guin gha. ghe. 21*a*. fhl. *b*. to. (*dot doubtful*) *d*. gec 22*b*. da ; bnudh (o *over* b) bo (*dot doubtful*) laedh *c*. ar a gognam 23*a*, riamh naighm *b*. na cu. ; bhradamnedh (?) *c*. righ *d*. gami 24*a*. amr. ; tsi. *b*. *indist.* *c*. -isg 26*a*. emhir ; fai (dot doubtful), *leg*. bhfai. ? *c*. te. 27-33. indist. ; O'Longan's copy used 27*d*. inni (?) 28*a*. ind gl. ; -atha *b*. bu. *c*. ar los na dechathuadh tarso (?) *d*. inbhuailneachach tarsno a troid (?) 29*a*. faghail *b*. dhubh *c*. chumtha 30*b*. da. *c*. acht (?) meig (?) gairgi 31*a*. faisgidh, *leg*. Fáisgidh ? ; slait i dea. 32*a*. ri *b*. ri *c*. *illeg.* ; gailmhe (?) *d*. bai. (?) 33*d*. *indist.* ; *leg*. Chulann ? 34*a*. cach. (u *over* c) *c*. bureach *d*. griaidh 35*a*. -fea ; mhathaibh *b*. cin. 36*c*. a ga. 37*a*. ro ghei. *c*. duini 38*a*. bifh. (e *over* b) *b*. reigh, *d*. chog. 39*b*. m (c *above*) m (c *above*) ban (i *over* b) 40*c*. nanmand *d*. gl. ; *leg*. ghla. ?

THE ULSTER SCOTS IN COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY AMERICA

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Part II*

THE American revolution was a complex movement, spread over quarter of a century from 1763, in which two essential conflicts may be discerned. One was the conflict between colonists and mother country, which, beginning with disputes over the respective powers of the British parliament and the colonial assemblies, culminated in complete repudiation of British authority and a war for American independence. The second conflict was between the governing class in the several colonies and the classes below them that, in varying degrees, aspired to a larger share of political power. From about 1763 onwards, the history of nearly all the colonies exemplifies this struggle between the local aristocracy—landed gentry, wealthy merchants and lawyers, state officials, clergy of the established churches—on the one hand and, on the other, the rising middle class of small farmers, lawyers, shopkeepers, and master workmen, in alliance with the unenfranchised mass of peasants, artizans, fishermen, labourers, and servants.[1] The two conflicts were interrelated. The atmosphere of crisis that accompanied the controversy with Britain enabled the democrats to come out into the open. The most extreme ' patriots', on the home rule issue were also the most advanced radicals on the issue of who should rule at home.[2] Those who were conservative on the former issue to the point of becoming loyalists in the war of independence were usually among the die-hards on the latter issue. A majority of the old ruling class went over to the side of independence ; but in so doing they committed themselves to an ideology that justified the claims of the democrats just as effectively as it justified the secession of the colonies from the British Empire. The ' laws of nature and of nature's God '—which, according to the declaration of independence, entitled the colonies to assume a separate and equal status among the powers of the earth—logically entitled all citizens to an equal voice in the government of their country. The revolution did in fact bring a substantial measure of success to the democrats throughout the colonies ; but only in Pennsylvania was their victory complete. It was in connection with the democratic movement that the Ulster Scots appeared in the forefront of the revolution.

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[1] For an admirable analysis of this subject, see S. E. Morison and H. S. Commager, *The growth of the American republic* (2 vols, N.Y., 1942), i, ch. VIII.

[2] Cf. C. L. Becker, *The history of political parties in the province of New York, 1760–1776* (Madison, Wis., 1909), p. 22.

I

The stronghold of the democratic movement was the frontier, and, in Pennsylvania and the southern colonies especially, the division between democrats and conservatives tended to follow the division between the old established society of the seaboard and the new and expanding society of the frontier. In the colonies as a whole, Ulster Scots formed the largest body of immigrants to arrive in the eighteenth century ; and among the backwoodsmen they were the most numerous and distinctive group. The frontier population was a medley of newcomers from Europe—Scots from Ulster, Scots from Scotland, Palatine Germans, French Huguenots, and discontented colonials from the coast—men of the small farmer, small trader, and servant class. The back-country cut across the old boundary-lines of the colonies and formed a new economic and social region. In the old settled areas on the coast, the people of each colony kept very much to themselves ; the frontier zone, separated geographically and socially from the lowland settlements, served as a melting-pot in which heterogeneous elements mingled and a common frontier type was produced. 'Here . . . the American character seems to have been born'[1] ; here the sense of American unity developed far more rapidly than on the coast. The most powerful unifying agency, apart from the physical environment, was the Ulster Scots.[2] The Germans, who came next to them in numbers, had nothing like the same influence among the colonies as a whole. The German settlers were split up among many protestant sects and tended to share the Quaker renunciation of war, having had all too bitter experience of warfare in Europe. They were inclined to avoid the more exposed parts of the frontier and to leave Indian fighting to the Ulster Scots. Concentrating their attention on good husbandry and on preserving the language and folk-ways of their homeland, they were on the whole a passive factor in politics. In contrast, the Ulster Scots, preeminently combative, took the lead in the chronic frontier-wars with the Indians and in asserting the rights of the frontiersmen as citizens of their respective colonies. In presbyterianism they possessed an organization which linked up their settlements and fostered a sense of solidarity among them in a way that was unique in colonial America. For example, presbyterian congregations in the Carolinas looked for their ministerial supplies to the synod of Philadelphia, and after 1748 sent their candidates for the ministry to the college of New Jersey—a presbyterian foundation, later to be Princeton University.

The new society of the frontier was very different from the established colonial society of the coast. It was a turbulent, land-hungry, self-sufficient, primitive society of small farmers and hunters, among whom

[1] F. L. Paxson, *History of the American frontier, 1763–1893* (Boston, 1924), p. 7.
[2] Cf. J. R. Commons, *Races and immigrants in America* (N.Y., 1907), p. 37.

the democratic spirit flourished in association with a chronic sense of grievance—grievance against the ruling class in the colonies on such grounds as unfair representation in the colonial assemblies, inequitable taxation, economic exploitation, administrative neglect, religious discrimination; grievance against the British government for attempting to curb their expansive energies in the interests of justice to the Indians. In North Carolina, where the back-country was peculiarly isolated, the backwoodsmen became so roused against the government of the colony that they organized themselves into associations 'for regulating public grievances'.[1] Beginning with concerted refusal to pay taxes, the 'regulators' were presently mobbing court-houses and generally taking the law into their own hands. The movement was smashed by Governor William Tryon, with militia from the seaboard led by the gentry whose privileges were in question, in a pitched battle at the Alamance, near Hillsboro (16 May 1771).[2] Ulster Scots played a leading part in this 'regulator' movement. In the other notorious clash between frontier and seaboard prior to the revolutionary war, that in Pennsylvania, they were still more prominently involved.

In Pennsylvania the Ulster Scots formed something like a third of the white population. From their first entry in force, their aggressiveness had caused alarm among the wealthy Quakers who dominated the Pennsylvania assembly. These Quaker aristocrats were devoted to the maintenance both of their own ascendancy and of the pacifist tradition of the founder and original proprietor of Pennsylvania. They refused to sanction any military organization, and relied for security from Indian attack on friendly relations with the Indians, grounded on conciliation and good-faith. The successors of William Penn were themselves more interested in profit than pacifism, but had to keep on good terms with the Pennsylvania assembly. They were willing enough that the Ulster Scots should flock to Pennsylvania, there to form a buffer between the Indians and the lowland settlements, provided that they paid their dues and did not disturb the established order in the colony. But the Ulster Scots offended the proprietors as well as the local Quakers. James Logan, agent of the Penn family and himself an Ulster Scot from Armagh, wrote in 1729, when shiploads of immigrants from Ulster were arriving weekly :—

> The common fear is that if they thus continue to come, they will make themselves proprietors of the province . . . The Indians themselves are alarmed at the swarms of strangers, and we are afraid of a breach between them—for the Irish are very rough to them.[3]

Next year he wrote :—

> I must own, from my experience in the land-office, that the settlement of five families from Ireland gives me more trouble than fifty of any other people.[3]

[1] A statement of these grievances is printed in S. E. Morison (ed.), *Sources and documents illustrating the American revolution* (Oxford, 2nd ed., 1929), pp. 83–7.

[2] F. J. Turner, *The frontier in American history*, pp. 118–10.

[3] C. A. Hanna, *The Scotch-Irish*, ii. 63.

They squatted without leave on unoccupied land, including the Penns' own manor of Conestoga, and when challenged declared that 'it was against the laws of God and nature that so much land should be idle while so many Christians wanted it to labor on and to raise their bread'.[1]

It became a settled policy of the rulers of Pennsylvania to facilitate the movement of Ulster Scots to the outer edge of the frontier, where they would be least troublesome to the Quaker aristocracy and might serve as a defence against Indian attack. The long immunity from Indian war which Pennsylvania had enjoyed broke down in the imperialist rivalry between English and French for possession of the Ohio valley. The interior of Pennsylvania became the main theatre of the so-called French and Indian war of 1753–63, during which the frontier settlements were constantly exposed to the ravages of the Indians, in alliance with the French. In face of this situation, the Quakers clung to their pacifist tradition, remained as far as possible neutral, and left the frontier population to defend itself. The Ulster Scots consequently took the lead in organizing volunteer companies, called rangers, and made themselves notorious as the deadliest enemies of the Indians. It was they also who formed the hard core of the Pennsylvanian contribution to the struggle against the French, which ended with the cession of all French North America to England in 1763.[2]

For the bloody guerilla warfare with the Indians that raged on the frontier, the Pennsylvania assembly tended to lay the blame on the frontiersmen. The latter, in whose eyes the Indians were a race of skulking, murderous savages, accused the colonial government of neglecting its plain duty of frontier defence, and of showing far more sympathy with the Indians than with their own afflicted subjects. The exasperation of the frontiersmen was reinforced by economic grievances—quit-rents for the lands they had purchased; taxation by poll instead of on profits of land and business; excessive interest on loans; excise duties on spirits. The failure of repeated petitions to the assembly on such subjects drove home the lesson that the frontiersmen were cheated of their proper share in the government of the colony. In the assembly, the three Delaware counties of Philadelphia, Chester, and Bucks, which formed the Quaker stronghold, had 26 representatives; whereas the five western counties of York, Lancaster, Berks, Northampton, and Cumberland, with a far larger population, had only 10.

The conflict here indicated between back-country and seaboard received lurid illustration in the Conestoga massacre—one of the earliest examples of lynch-law in America. The Indians of Conestoga, a tiny remnant of the tribe that had made the original 'treaty' with William Penn, lived

[1] Ibid.

[2] W. F. Dunaway, *The Scotch-Irish of colonial Pennsylvania* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1944), pp. 145–52.

peaceably in Lancaster county under the protection of the government. In the autumn of 1763, when the frontier was convulsed by the formidable Indian rising headed by the Ottawa chief, Pontiac, they were charged by frontiersmen with secretly aiding the enemy, and their removal from the neighbourhood of the frontier was demanded. After the governor, John Penn, had refused to comply, a party of Ulster Scots from about Paxton descended on their village, killing six of them (13 December 1763). Fourteen surviors found refuge in the county jail at Lancaster. A fortnight later (December 27), the jail was stormed by the ' Paxton boys ' and all the Indians—3 men, 3 women and 8 children—were murdered. With augmented numbers, the ' Paxton boys ' then marched to the capital, with the object apparently of overawing the assembly into compliance with their demands. The diplomatic intervention of Benjamin Franklin, who was well thought of on the frontier, caused them to stop short of Philadelphia and agree to let their demands[1] be presented by two spokesmen, the rest returning home. The first of these demands was for representation of the frontier counties in the assembly proportionate to their population, the existing system being denounced as ' an infringement of our natural privileges of freedom and equality '. The remaining demands were for a vigorous and ruthless policy towards the Indians; and they contained an indictment of the existing policy as spineless, inconsistent, and futile. The assembly temporized, and in the end neither were the murderers punished nor was anything done to satisfy the grievances of the frontiersmen. There seems little doubt that, on the whole, public opinion in the frontier counties was behind the ' Paxton boys '.[2] The antagonism between frontier and seaboard grew more embittered till, in a new and more momentous crisis in 1776, the frontier imposed its will decisively on the seaboard.

II

The outbreak of hostilities between British and Americans in April 1775 was not at first regarded by Americans as an irrevocable breach. It was not till fifteen months had passed that the congress of delegates from the thirteen colonies, sitting at Philadelphia, adopted the epoch-making declaration of independence. In those fifteen months the great question of separation from Britain was debated with thoroughness and passion. The delegates from New England and Virginia, headed by such men as John Adams, Patrick Henry, and Thomas Jefferson, were empowered to work for independence; the other colonies shrank from so drastic a step, and as late as the autumn of 1775 the assemblies of New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina

[1] Printed in Morison, *Sources*, pp. 9–14.

[2] Hanna, *op. cit.*, ii. 58–66; H. J. Ford, *The Scotch-Irish in America*, ch. X; C. Van Doren, *Benjamin Franklin* (London, 1939), pp. 303–9.

instructed their delegates to oppose independence. The heart of the conservative opposition to independence was the Pennsylvania assembly, in which the old Quaker tradition was equally opposed both to the war and to separation. The fate of the independence movement turned on the attitude of Pennsylvania, which was probably the richest of the colonies, and it seemed at one point as if it might lead a secession from the union. But the whole situation was transformed by the intervention of the back-country democrats, in conjunction with the urban working-class of Philadelphia.

The reaction of the frontier to the independence issue had been strikingly indicated by resolutions of a convention at Charlotte, Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, as early as May 1775. These declared that all authority under the British crown was now null and void and that the constitutions of the several colonies were suspended. The convention, whose leading spirits were Ulster Scots, went on to provide for the government of the county pending the enactment of new laws by congress.[1] The policy here implied was exactly to the taste of the Ulster Scots in Pennsylvania, who clamoured for the overthrow of the existing constitution and with it the assembly and the proprietary government of the Penns. The agitation was capably organized and directed by Benjamin Franklin and two Ulster-Scottish politicians, Thomas McKean and Joseph Reed, working in league with the radical chiefs in congress. The conservatives were strongly entrenched, and were led with spirit and distinction by John Dickinson. But in March 1776 the assembly felt obliged to yield to the demand for 17 additional members, 4 from Philadelphia and 13 from eight western counties.[2] The elections for the new members resulted in a radical majority of 13 to 4 (May).

The radicals in congress now succeeded in carrying a resolution urging colonies which lacked adequate governments to adopt such 'as shall in the opinion of the representatives of the people best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular and America in general' (10 May 1776).[3] The Pennsylvania democrats took this as a signal to intensify agitation for the supersession of the existing assembly. Among those who, at this eleventh hour, did their utmost to save the old constitution of Pennsylvania was the scholarly Charles Thomson, a native of Maghera, who was secretary to the congress. The Pennsylvania assembly surrendered on the issue of independence on June 5, and adjourned itself on June 14, never to reassemble. So the Penn regime was extinguished and a brand-new democratic constitution set in its place.[4]

[1] E. Channing, *History of the United States*, iii (N.Y., 1912). 161; Ford, *Scotch-Irish*, pp. 474–6, 588–92.

[2] Two each from York, Lancaster, Berks, Northampton, and Cumberland, and one each from Northumberland, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

[3] Morison, *Sources*, p. 148.

[4] A. Nevins, *The American states during and after the revolution, 1775–1789* (N.Y., 1927), pp. 98–108.

This triumph of the radicals reacted immediately on congress, which, with Pennsylvanian support, decided for independence on July 2 and adopted the declaration of independence two days later.

The Ulster Scots thus won the internal conflict in Pennsylvania and in so doing contributed decisively to the repudiation of British authority by congress. But the consequences of their reckless overthrow of the old regime were, in the opinion of such contemporaries as Charles Thomson and of sober historians of our own day, heavily detrimental to the American cause. One American scholar has summed up the matter as follows:

> The price paid is hard to compute. The division in the state had far-reaching results. It prevented Washington from receiving the full aid of the most important state of the union at Long Island, at White Plains and in the campaign of the Jerseys. It alienated the richest city and the best grain and beef region from the American cause. It made tories [*i.e.* loyalists] of many and rendered Howe's eventual occupation of Philadelphia almost the occupation of a friendly country. It so weakened the government of Pennsylvania that for months, at the most critical period of the war, it not only was powerless to aid the continental side but had actually to rely on the congress for support. It created a lawlessness in the people that led to riots and confusion equalled in no other state, to the mutiny of the Pennsylvania line, the driving of congress from Philadelphia and the later civil insurrections. Finally it built up a powerful 'popularist' party, opposed to commerce, to sound finance and to federal union, that for many years hung like a dead weight on all attempts tending to advance those measures.[1]

In no other colony did the cleavage between seaboard and interior so nearly parallel that between conservatism and radicalism on the imperial question as in Pennsylvania. Elsewhere the old governing class in varying degree supported independence—in Virginia especially they took the lead in the separatist movement. As a general rule—there were important exceptions—the backwoodsmen were all for separation; and through the identity of interests thus produced, many frontier grievances were remedied or mitigated under new constitutions none of which was so democratic or broke with the past so drastically as that of Pennsylvania. But neither in Virginia nor the Carolinas did the back-country obtain representation in the legislature proportionate to its population, and everywhere, save in Vermont, there was some form of property qualification for the franchise. Though many of the reforms demanded by the North Carolina 'regulators' were secured, some of the former 'regulators' turned loyalist and others moved westwards out of reach of the North Carolina government. Everywhere better administrative arrangements were provided for the back-country. Quit-rents and other relics of feudalism were abolished and, in consequence of the confiscation of crown lands and the estates of loyalists, large quantities of land were put on the market at low prices. Outside of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, established churches were disestablished and religious liberty secured. In New England one frontier district, that

[1] P. L. Ford quoted in H. J. Ford, *Scotch-Irish*, pp. 497–8.

of the Green Mountain, long in dispute between New York and New Hampshire, set up in 1777 an independent state under the name of Vermont and with a constitution more democratic than that of Pennsylvania.

Ulster Scots had a hand in bringing about these victories for the democratic cause, but their contribution was not the deciding factor as it was in Pennsylvania. It has been claimed by the principal chronicler of the Ulster Scots in America that the separation of church and state in Virginia was due mainly to their efforts ;[1] and as evidence of this he cites a memorial of the presbytery of Hanover county, Virginia, to the assembly of that province, which sets out with force and dignity the case for complete religious freedom. It is true that the presbyterian church in America, the church of the Ulster Scots, identified itself prominently with the cause of religious freedom. But that cause was an integral part of the liberal tradition on both sides of the Atlantic, and of that tradition in Virginia Thomas Jefferson was the most outstanding spokesman. He made the winning of religious liberty in Virginia one of the major tasks of his life, and achieved it only after ten years of arduous campaigning.[2]

III

On the issue of independence, as distinct from the democratic issue, Ulster-Scottish influence was in no sense distinctive. Ulster Scots everywhere, I think, were quick to take the patriot side—unlike the highland Scots on the Mohawk and in interior North Carolina, who supported the British ; unlike the Germans and Dutch, who were divided in opinion. The organization of the presbyterian church doubtless helped to knit together the forces of revolt in the critical years between 1763 and 1775. Joseph Galloway, the most distinguished of American loyalists, regarded the presbyterian interest as a sinister confederacy working for revolution throughout the colonies before 1775.[3] This is certainly an exaggeration, though it may well be that the presbyterian system proved serviceable in the building up of that inter-colonial network of patriot clubs and committees that prepared the way for united revolutionary action in 1775. Again, the Ulster Scots are usually represented as the most Anglophobe element on the patriot side.[4] One comment on this is implicit in the phrase by which the ' Paxton boys ' described themselves in their petition to the Pennsylvania assembly (13 February 1764)—' His majesty's faithful and loyal subjects '. Probably the Ulstermen who arrived just before the war were glad enough to revenge themselves on a government that, in Ireland, upheld such landowners as the marquis of Donegal. But in anti-British fervour the Ulster Scots were excelled

[1] Hanna, *Scotch-Irish*, ii. 157–62.

[2] Morison and Commager, *American republic*, i. 241–3 ; Virginia statute of religious liberty, October 1785, in Morison, *Sources*, pp. 206–8.

[3] Ford, *Scotch-Irish*, pp. 466–9, 583–7.

[4] *E.g.* in J. A. Froude, *The English in Ireland in the eighteenth century* (1881), i. 436.

by the men of New England, and they, for the most part, were of the purest English strain in America.

To the ideology of the American revolution the Ulster Scots contributed nothing. The statement of Col. McClure which I quoted earlier, that without the Ulster Scots the declaration of independence could not have been thought of, is just egregious nonsense. The preamble to the declaration, the part that has been of abiding importance to the world, was simply the quintessence of eighteenth-century liberalism. The penman of the declaration, Thomas Jefferson, said of it : ' All its authority rests . . . in the harmonizing sentiments of the day, whether expressed in conversation, in letters, printed essays, or the elementary books of public right '. [1] The American declaration of independence was in fact no more specifically Ulster-Scottish than was the French declaration of the rights of man. The Ulster-Scottish contribution to American independence was in the field of action, not in the field of thought ; and it was the work of plain, ordinary men, none of whom achieved the fame of a John Adams, a Thomas Jefferson, a Benjamin Franklin. The statesmen, like the thinkers, of the American revolution, were nearly all of English, or direct Scottish, origin.

Extravagant claims have been made for the military effort of the Ulster Scots in the war of independence. W. F. T. Butler has said that they ' formed the backbone of the armies that put an end to the rule of England in what is now the United States '.[2] It is, I think, idle to try to apportion merit among the various national stocks represented in the armies of congress. They all tended to merge into Americans and to exhibit similar virtues and similar vices as soldiers. The characteristic military talents of the Ulster Scots in America lay in frontier warfare, which was essentially spasmodic, guerilla warfare. They did not take kindly to continuous military discipline and the conditions of life in a regular army. Thousands of backwoodsmen—Ulster Scots among them, we may be sure—emigrated beyond the mountains to escape military service and war-taxation.[3] Still it can be claimed for the Ulster Scots with some assurance that they supplied a high proportion of the Pennsylvania troops in Washington's armies, and that in general they took an active part in the frontier warfare of the revolution.

The readiness of the Ulster Scots of Pennsylvania to fight is illustrated by the action of a number of the inhabitants, mostly Ulster-Scottish, of the trans-Alleghany county of Westmoreland on hearing the news of Lexington. Assembled at Hannastown, the county seat, on 16 May 1775, they resolved to resist the oppressive act of Great Britain with their lives and fortunes and, for that purpose, to form themselves at once into

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[1] C. L. Becker, *The declaration of independence* (N.Y., 1922), pp. 24–7.
[2] *Confiscation in Irish history*, p. 253.
[3] Morison and Commager, *American republic*, i. 205.

companies and to undergo military training.[1] This example seems to have been widely followed. Most of the regiments of the 'Pennsylvania line' were preponderantly Ulster-Scottish both in officers and men, and these forces took an important part in the war of independence. Among the more distinguished of the revolutionary generals were the following Ulster Scots of Pennsylvania:—John Armstrong, William Thompson, Edward Hand, James Ewing, William Irvine, James Potter, Ephraim Blaine, Joseph Reed, and Andrew Porter. But all this is what we should expect in the colony in which the Ulster Scots were most numerous and where they formed the most combative element.

When the war of independence penetrated into the frontier zone, as it did most notably in the Saratoga campaign (1777) and Cornwallis's operations in the Carolinas (1780–1), Ulster Scots were conspicuous in the fighting. In the former, a raiding force sent into Vermont by Burgoyne on his invasion-march from Canada was almost annihilated near Bennington by a small force of Vermonters led by Col. John Stark (13 August 1777). Stark was a native of Londonderry, New Hampshire, his parents being Ulster Scots. He had already distinguished himself in the war of independence, but had resigned his commission and retired to his New Hampshire farm in disgust at not receiving an expected promotion. The threat from Burgoyne recalled him to action. His troops were a scratch crowd of volunteers and local militia, drawn largely from Ulster-Scottish settlements. The victory of Bennington, though in itself inconsiderable, gave great heart to the resistance of northern New England and contributed appreciably to Burgoyne's disastrous surrender at Saratoga (17 October 1777). In the Carolinas, the advance of Cornwallis into the back-country in 1780 was due to the presence of strong loyalist elements among the frontier population. After an initial, shattering success near Camden (South Carolina, 16 August 1780), Cornwallis pushed deep into the piedmont to rally the loyalists. The Ulster Scots of the Carolina uplands answered the challenge. Forces hastily gathered from all the neighbouring frontier counties defeated a section of Cornwallis's army at King's Mountain (South Carolina, 7 October 1780) and Cowpens (South Carolina, 17 January 1781). These actions proved to be a turning-point in the southern campaign, and Cornwallis's retreat, which was to end only at Yorktown (19 October 1781), set in soon afterwards. The American commander at King's Mountain was Col. William Campbell, son of one of the early Ulster-Scottish settlers in the Staunton district of the Virginia Valley; at Cowpens, Daniel Morgan, a presbyterian elder and a native of Ballinascreen, county Derry.

Apart from these isolated incursions of the British into the uplands, the war in the west was fought between patriots and loyalists (principally in the Mohawk valley, New York) and between pro-American frontiersmen

[1] Dunaway, *op. cit.*, pp. 155–64.

and pro-British Indians—and most of the Indians were that. They had good reason to be so, for since 1763 the imperial government had attempted to close the trans-Appalachian territory to further settlement and had instituted a unified Indian administration instead of leaving Indian affairs to be dealt with haphazardly by the several colonial governments. The scheme had not been consistently carried out, but enough had been done to rouse the bitter resentment of the outer layers of the frontier population. By the Quebec act of 1774, the whole of the country north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi had been annexed to the province of Quebec, an arrangement which disregarded the western claims of four colonies and frustrated the plans of land speculators, great and small. In the war of independence, the British took care to stir up the Indians of the Ohio valley against the Americans by warnings that an American victory would mean the extension of white settlement north of the Ohio.[1] The frontiersmen were already thrusting out into this territory, and it became a major objective with them, as with their respective states, to wrest it from British control. In the guerilla operations that resulted from this situation, Ulster Scots were deeply involved. The most dashing and ambitious exploit of this sector of the war was the expedition of George Rogers Clark down the Ohio into the Illinois country (1778–9), which resulted in the capture of its key-forts from the British. Clark was of Scottish descent, but a large proportion of his 150 men appear to have been Ulster Scots. His spectacular successes in 1778–9 marked the beginnings of the future state of Illinois.

It is appropriate to end on this note. The Ulster Scots in America were fundamentally frontiersmen, as in a sense they had been in Ulster. Energies that were doomed to frustration under the paralysing regime of protestant ascendancy in Ireland were given full scope on the American frontier. Ireland's loss was America's gain. In the founding of the American republic, the influence of the frontier was a determining factor, and in the frontier population in the eighteenth century the most pervasive and dynamic element was Ulster-Scottish.

T. W. Moody

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[1] Paxson, *Frontier*, p. 36.

BYRON RECONSIDERED

BY ARTHUR LITTLE, S.J.

RELIGIOUS truth being fundamental influences all other truth. And so, since literature is in some way concerned with truth, the loss of religion must be a loss, though not necessarily a fatal loss, to literature. A recent book by Mrs. Constance Julian[1] attempts to estimate the loss to English literature of the loss of the Faith. She shows how Chatterton and his later following of mediaevalists, Emerson and the American rebels against puritanism, Gordon and the Australian opponents of materialism, acquired new qualities as writers whenever they approached the Catholic way of thought and new uneasiness of conscience at failure to adopt it permanently. She is better when she trusts to vision rather than reasoning; many will regret especially her effort to find a moral lesson in *The Ancient Mariner*, indubitably Catholic though much of its symbolism is. But her book as a whole does illuminate her chosen aspect of English literature as, not *vox et praeterea nihil*, but as the expression, rooted in their characters and surroundings, of human persons. Also it is moving for its deep religious conviction and apostolic fervour. Nevertheless the complete omission of Byron's name is significant.

It is significant of the persistent belief in a half-truth, which is the essence of successful calumny. Byron has come to be accepted as self-idolater, poseur, and libertine, without any redeeming qualities. At most he is allowed to have shown generosity occasionally under the stress of emotion; but his considered religious opinions were sceptical and his moral principles corrupt. Bellchambers's Biographical Dictionary of 1835, containing the earliest study of Byron that I have at hand, already suggests the picture. So does the parody in *Rejected Addresses*. The latest view, to which my notice has just been drawn, fills out the picture: "Pursued by creditors and amorous women, he took up the pose of being the Great Man Misunderstood and, as has been unkindly observed, trailed over much of Europe the pageant of his bleeding heart. There was much of the star actor in him and something of the poet; much of the cad and a little of the hero." The increasing number of those who defend his relations with his wife do only a little to qualify this reputation for selfish humbug. And, since his magnetism has created a cult not yet dead of the Byronic manner, the popular view of Byron has not been without its social influence.

Suspicions, however, of this popular view arise when we recall the circumstances of Byron's exile. A friendless man, he had been driven from his country by the abuse of a swarm of enemies, goaded indeed by the matchless wit of his lonely retaliations. The easiest and com-

[1] *Shadows over English Literature*. By Constance Julian. Milwaukee: Bruce. 1945. $1.50.

monest reaction of such enemies when the opponent has retired is to perpetuate his obloquy by keeping alive only the memory of his faults. Bias in the popular view is thus just what one would expect. Again his habit of infusing his own personality into the fictitious heroes of his poems, the chief ground for the charge of posing, may have been the only unobtrusive and dignified way of pleading the truth about himself. Lastly there is the strange anomaly of the Byronic manner itself. It essentially includes not only the melancholy of one unjustly frustrated, but also the care-free gaiety, not to say ribaldry, of most of the letters and the most Byronic of the poems, *Don Juan*. Therefore, we ask, as what precisely did Byron pose? If he posed as a *moqueur* to hide his broken heart then his pose was a brave action. If he posed as the wronged victim of society then his jokes rendered his action a very ineffective pose. Nothing is so fatal to pity as to find its intended object in good spirits. So, thirdly, perhaps he did not pose at all, but was naturally and spontaneously merry and melancholy by turns.

There is a fourth possibility and I believe it to be the truth: Byron posed indeed, but as what he was in truth, pretending nothing. He thought himself a sufficiently interesting and impressive spectacle to be put on European exhibition. There is nothing either uncommon or disgraceful in a man posing as what he is. Yeats and Tennyson posed as poets, but they were poets. Descartes posed as the discoverer of truth, but he did discover a few truths—at least in mathematics. Gladstone posed as the paternal statesman and the Grand Old Man, and was both. Napoleon posed humbly as Julius Caesar when he was actually a mightier than Caesar. Every Roman general posed as a conqueror at his triumph, but because he was a conqueror. Every tram conductor poses as a tram conductor and every priest as a priest when the one puts on his uniform and the other a Roman collar.

I must admit more than this, however, for evidently Byron had things to conceal, qualities or faults he was unwilling to acknowledge either to himself or the world. Moreover his penitence, if any, was certainly not effective for any long time in reforming him. But we can yet ask of him the first important question to be asked of any man: had he good principles opposed to his evil practice, aspirations, however ineffectual, to reform? This article is to examine the question whether in the midst of his mixture of motives there did not lie a disinterested conscience, not too smothered to give him any uneasiness, not too woolly to prevent him from mistaking expediency for morality. A very few have discerned in him such a conscience. For instance, Mr. Algernon Cecil in a letter to *The Times Literary Supplement* last January quotes with approval Charles Kingsley's opinion as follows: "Byron has the most intense and awful sense of moral law—of law external to himself. Shelley has little or none; less perhaps than any writer who has ever meddled with moral questions."

I propose to consider the evidence for the first sentence of this quotation. It may be imprudent to do so. For nowadays an oracular statement made without argument generally commands belief on the sole ground of the speaker's apparent confidence. Whereas once one begins to cite and sift evidence, people begin to suspect something " fishy " in a case that needs to be so closely argued. One's contention begins to look to people more like the ingenious whitewashing of a defending barrister than the reasoned and disinterested verdict of judge or jury. Nevertheless let us take the risk, for it is by evidence not by " hunches " that truth or at least likelihood can be expected to appear.

One good rough-and-ready test of a writer's recognition of external law is to observe whether he defines irregular behaviour as a brave assertion of human freedom (" living one's own life " for instance) or simply as sin. Now Byron, even in his moments of mockery, always calls a sin a sin. Indeed his keen appreciation of the sense of personal guilt does distinguish him amongst English writers and forces us to recall Villon for a parallel. The curse of Manfred is his own action, the murder or other crime that he has committed against the woman who appears to him. In *Cain* (surely the greatest of the non-satirical works) we have a study, in brusque and firm lines, of the growth of guilt. The point is that Byron here shows, what he could never have learned at second-hand, a realisation of sin as an experience of the conscience, what it is like to know oneself degraded by sin. It may be objected that *Don Juan* reveals an amusement, a delight, in sins of the flesh that ill accords with a recognition of their ugliness. But such delight itself ill accords with Byron's expressly stated intention to pillory in the poem the sins of his generation. Indeed one feature alone in the poem is enough to prove that to interpret it as an *Encomium Moriae* is to mistake its accent. That feature is that Don Juan, sardonically called its hero, nowhere appears as great or admirable, but everywhere as an ignoble little runt, humiliated precisely by his underhand vices. Byron's laughter is laughter not of approval or indulgence, but of derision ; it is directed at the sinner, not at his virtuous victims. Already in *Beppo* he had defined his attitude :—

> I fear I have a little turn for satire,
> And yet methinks the older that one grows
> Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
> Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

And another circumstance shows us both the bitterness of soul that lay behind that derision and the reason for his adoption of this *way* of indicting society. This way of indictment is not that of vehement condemnation, but of describing sin with a superficial toughness, a more or less inscrutable nonchalance, that only gradually allows the writer's reprobation to be felt. The reason for the method is that it must have

been evident to Byron that there was too much of his own biography in Don Juan's to escape the recognition of others. The sins of his generation were also his own. And a man who knows his own faults and does not expect to correct them will always be reserved in blaming the same faults in others, even in a fictitious symbol of himself. Byron passed off the confession of his own errors with a laugh that did not quite hide his self-loathing. Thus when a downright condemnation escapes him he will turn it in the nick of time with a joke, as he does in the last of these lines :—

> And secondly I pity not, because
> He had no business to commit a sin,
> Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws ;
> At least 'twas rather early to begin.

But how frankly he can accuse himself, even when he makes light of what he condemns :—

> Oh Pleasure ! You are indeed a pleasant thing,
> Although one must be damned for you, no doubt ;
> I make a resolution every spring
> Of reformation ere the year run out ;
> But somehow this my vestal vow takes wing,
> Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout ;
> I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
> And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaimed.

But Kingsley has only uttered half the truth. Byron saw in sin not only a breach of external law but a breach for which the sinner was personally responsible, since he was free to keep the law had he chosen. He acknowledged his own unworthiness to Dr. Kennedy during his last days in Greece with the words : " I believe in the depravity of the human heart in general, and of my own in particular " ; and again in his letter to Sheppard, where he adopts as his own the confession *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*. But he frequently insists that his depravity is his own doing. In *Childe Harold* he cries : " The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree I planted." In the *Epistle to Augusta* he writes : " Mine were the faults and mine be their reward ", calling himself " The careful pilot of my proper woe." And if direct repudiation of the Protestant systems, that virtually put the blame for sin on God or declare it blameless in one of trustful faith, is needed it is found in these lines :—

> Shall those who live for self alone,
> Whose years float on in daily crime,
> Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
> And live beyond the bounds of Time ?

Still more abhorrent to Byron must have been the logical consequence of all doctrines that render predestination independent of personal merit

and free achievement. It is a common temptation with all ascetics not moved by charity to compel others to practise their austerities, even if these are not obligatory. Just because a man cannot have the legitimate indulgences of others because he will not allow them to himself, he will often grudge them to others. But with the puritan ascetic this temptation easily becomes a principle. The doctrine of Calvin goes far to justify his resentment of pleasure in others and even his active interference with it. For once we admit an aristocracy of grace, a sharp distinction between the elect and the reprobate independent of their respective actions, then we must admit that God has made them two different supernatural species. And, since the lower natural species are meant to serve the higher, as brute animals serve man, it will seem in keeping with Divine Providence that the reprobate should be under the thumb of the elect. The elect are not merely aristocrats; they are born commissars, tyrants by divine right.

But those who, like Catholics, repudiate this ineluctable predestination must logically reject also the right to tyrannise. And those who, like Byron, hate tyranny will be repelled by the Calvinistic predestination. For Byron did hate tyranny, even though his intellectual interests were too wide to allow its hatred to become in him such a monomania as in many others from Shelley onwards. His membership of the Carbonari, though it was rather that of a dilettante, shows his loyalty to the principle of political freedom. Without such loyalty he would certainly never have made his last journey to the aid of the Greeks. Quotations in praise of freedom are not plentiful in his works, but they are found. In the Chillon sonnet his mention of an " appeal from tyranny to God " plainly signifies his conviction. And in his *Ode to Napoleon* he shows appreciation of the malice of oppression :—

> Ill-minded man! Why scourge thy kind
> Who bowed so low the knee?

Byron therefore, despite his Scottish upbringing, certainly repudiated any form of predestination that denied man control of his moral actions. One would, therefore, expect him to have been attracted to the Catholic Church. And in fact he was so attracted. True, he once declared that he preferred the Church of England to all other Christian bodies because of its " liberal sentiments "; but he seems to have meant no more than that at that time, if he called himself an Anglican, he would have the best chance of being left undisturbed in his yet unsettled beliefs. But Scott once told him with the kindly and disinterested insight characteristic of him that he would find no peace outside of the Catholic Church. And Byron himself told Medwin that he wished that he had been born a Catholic in order to believe in the comforting doctrine of Purgatory. He also admitted that the sacramental system of the Church gave an

unequalled sense of reality to religion. That he found the Catholic spirit congenial is indicated by his willing residence at the Franciscan Convent in Athens during his first visit to Greece. Most significantly of all, he had his little daughter Allegra brought up a Catholic in an Italian convent (where she died). His alleged reason was that the Catholic religion was " by far the most elegant form of worship, with the possible exception of the Greek mythology ". But he loved Allegra so dearly that his real reason must have been far less flippant, must have been a discernment in Catholicism of a higher value than mere elegance of ceremony. Nor does he ever attack or scoff at the Church. Sometimes he will amuse himself by narrating the human weaknesses of the Italian clergy, but without malice. Certainly he never emulates Keats's paganism or Shelley's hysterical and uninformed abuse of " the triple tyrant ". Not Wordsworth, nor Coleridge, nor Tennyson, nor Browning, nor Arnold, nor any other non-Catholic writer of the century is more free from disrespectful allusions to the Church. And in *Childe Harold* he has this revealing address to Italy :—

> Parent of our Religion ! whom the wide
> Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven !
> Europe, repentant of her parricide,
> Shall yet redeem thee, and all backward driven
> Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

It seems to me impossible to doubt, in face of all this evidence, that Byron had sincere inclinations to religion. It is just as certain that they were ineffectual. To classify him according to the parable of the sower, his was not the rocky ground in which the good seed can take no root ; the common opinion of his character must to that extent be abandoned. Neither was his the good soil in which the seed flourishes. His was the soil in which the seed takes root but is choked with thorns. The psychological penetration of that parable into the possibility of conflicting motives influencing the behaviour of the same person at the same time is proved by Byron. All his life he remained a Christian merely in a vague sense, without giving the allegiance of his mind and heart to any particular church or body of Christian doctrine. The problem is to find what prevented those sincere inclinations to religion from leading him at last to faith, what made him so supine and apathetic to the search for truth that he already knew to be of supreme importance.

I think that Byron himself has indicated the answer in an early poem, part of which has been already quoted in this article :—

> Father of Light ! Great God of heaven !
> Hear'st thou the accents of despair ?
> Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven ?
> Can vice atone for crimes by prayer ?

The explanation is in that word "despair". Byron did not despair because of any belief in ineluctable predestination, for we have seen that he believed his salvation to be in his own hands. No, his despair arose from his belief that he lacked the moral strength to move his hands. He was a libertine nearly all his life and a constant slave to his passion. The inefficacy of his occasional aspirations to reform argued for him an experimental proof of his incapacity to slip his bonds. And yet he recognised obedience to the moral law to be just as necessary for leading a religious life as faith. *Both* faith and good works were essential. Why then should he trouble to solve his difficulties about faith if his apparently unconquerable passion should render his discernment of the true religion insufficient and in that sense useless? It may even be true that he feared the truth lest it should only render more explicit his knowledge of his own guilt.

So then it was his very conviction of the reality of moral law that was the root of Byron's unsettled beliefs. His lack of faith in his own strength to be constant in the struggle for good convinced him of the futility of seeking a faith in Christ that only constancy in action could make fruitful. His intellectual clarity and honesty might have resolved his doubts and shown him his goal. His deep desire of good might have given him the first impulse towards earning it in act. But only the clenched resolve of the will to persevere, which he allowed himself to believe was beyond his power, could have secured its possession. And so, unlike Moses, he chose to forgo that sight of the Promised Land by faith that would have rendered only more bitter the supposed interdict upon his entrance. Doubtless the one invariable reason why any man continues to sin with his eyes open, fear of the sacrifice entailed by reform, was also Byron's. And admittedly it robbed his good desires, almost till the end, of any practical results. There is only one action of Byron's that perhaps shows that his will to reform was something more in his eyes than the desire of the moth for the star. That fatal last episode in Greece still awaits examination.

In April 1823 Blaquiere, a friend of Byron's on a special mission to Greece[1], called on the poet at Genoa. This visit suggested to Byron the step of volunteering his aid to the Greeks in their War of Independence against the Turks. He wrote to the Greek Committee in London putting himself unreservedly at their service and was promptly elected a member. And shortly afterwards when the Greek patriots themselves urged him to join them he chartered a brig and sailed for Greece.

What was his main motive in this adventure? Note that he probably had many motives, deriving perhaps from quite inconsistent desires.

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[1] He seems to have been the son of John Blaquiere recalled by Fr. M. Bodkin, S.J. (*Proceedings of Royal Irish Academy* 1942); the family name (though perhaps not its pronunciation) is commemorated in Blaquiere Bridge, Dublin.

One of them, however, was certainly not love of the Greeks. They were already well known to him, and he once stated that he agreed with St. Paul in holding Jews and Greeks as equally vile. Nor was his main motive an abstract love of freedom. His love of it was real and it was a real motive inducing him to go to Greece. But we have given evidence to show that it was not a master passion such as by itself alone would spur him to desperate action. Byron knew himself a rebel not so much to tyranny as to conscience. Nor probably was his main motive to pose as the self-sacrificing hero. If the evidence has shown that his pose was free from hypocrisy, then the *mere* pose, the mere advertisement of virtue that he did or did not possess, cannot have been his main motive in anything.

Again Byron had a persistent foreboding that he was to die on the expedition, which is worth analysing. It is not reasonable to claim that such forebodings have a supernatural origin unless in very exceptional cases. The presumption therefore is that, when no external grounds are discernible for them, they derive either from wishful thinking or from fearful thinking—equal causes of our divinations and our delusions. Since therefore Byron can be acquitted of fear, it follows that something at this time made him desire death as one of the results of his adventure. But that he was not to be alive to taste the admiration must have diminished the attraction of shaping as a hero in the public eye. Finally, the Greek war had already lasted for several years. If Byron had wished to exhibit his chivalry, why did he postpone his action until now? The most satisfactory answer is that some other motive, some change in the conditions of his life, had needed to be added to bring his resolution to a head.

If we think ourselves back into Byron's mind at that time we shall find only one motive, I think, to explain his deed adequately. It is the motive assigned by William Anderson in his biography of the poet prefixed to his edition of the poems in the middle of the last century. It is the motive suggested by Byron himself (as Anderson points out) in the lines written in Greece on his last birthday. (These lines also indicate some success in self-conquest at this time; the absence or slightness of the evidence for any amorous adventures during his year in Greece indicates the same conclusion). Here are two significant stanzas :—

> Tread those reviving passions down,
> Unworthy manhood! Unto thee
> Indifferent should the smile or frown
> Of beauty be.
>
> If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?
> The land of honourable death
> Is here :—up to the field and give
> Away thy breath.

The motive is expiation ; he was sick of his evil life and meant to make amends by sacrificing it in the cause of good. Partly by his own faults, partly by the even less lovely spite of his enemies, he had been ostracised from his own world. The little world that he had fashioned himself for his refuge was comprised chiefly in his liaison with the Countess Guiccioli, now of six years standing. Though it was externally more respectable because less fugitive than his previous connexions, its very stability had enabled him to sense more clearly the shame of it and the humiliation. Other circumstances had proved the precariousness of the things on which he was seeking to found his happiness ; Shelley was drowned, Byron's journal *The Liberal* had failed, his work misunderstood was condemned as licentious and blasphemous. The outward conditions of his life were conspiring with his conscience, perhaps with grace, to force upon his awareness the very evil of his evil deeds. Yet revulsed from evil, he knew not where to look for good, for the scepticism in which he had persistently acquiesced had kept him ignorant and blind. He had only an obscure conviction that every good and just cause must contribute ultimately to that of the Supreme Good of all things, however That was to be precised. So he determined to devote himself to some cause in which he could believe with his whole heart and, regardless utterly of his own interests, to surrender all his possessions, his wealth, his ease, his very life, to its service. It chanced that the cause of Greek independence was the first to fulfil the conditions that attracted his attention, and to Greece accordingly he sacrificed himself without reserve.

How far such a motive (if indeed we are right in concluding that it was his motive) could have served to make amends in the next world for his wasted life is not for us to discuss. Certain it is that, if Byron's principal aim in joining the Greeks was military glory, he was ironically baffled. After months of importunity he was put in command of 3,000 Suliotes with a commission to storm the fortress of Lepanto. But the Suliotes, though the fiercest and most relentless fighters in the world, were not inspired by patriotism alone. Most of them had been Klephts, bandits for the love of Hellas. All of them were still determined to make a good thing out of their patriotism by an adroit use of blackmail and the defence of each one by the others against all but Suliote knives. It seemed to them therefore fitting that Byron, whose wealth was fabulous (as indeed it was in the sense of not being true), should buy his commission from them as well as receive it from their superiors. Twice they mutinied when he attempted to lead them to Lepanto ; and no third attempt was made. Presently Byron fell ill of meningitis contracted by exposure to the weather. His chief desire now was no longer to fight but to make amends to human beings for whatever wrongs he had inflicted on them. And so he died like a civilian in his bed.

ARTHUR LITTLE

THE FUTURE OF PROTESTANTISM IN IRELAND

BY JOSEPH E. CANAVAN, S.J.

ON the first page of a pamphlet entitled *Irish Protestantism To-day and To-morrow*,[1] the authors, Rev. R. P. McDermott and D. A. Webb, have modestly determined their purpose by writing: "Je ne propose rien; je constate seulement." They describe their work as a demographic study; their aim to provide "an accurate and objective description of facts by means of statistics, diagrams and maps, and to assist in elucidating their significance." In the following article, the facts presented in the pamphlet are accepted as accurate.

I

The questions are: Are Protestants decreasing in numbers in Ireland? And what may we infer from statistics about their fortunes in the future?

In the term "Protestant" we include those religious groups originating in the doctrinal and disciplinary disputes of the 16th century which regard the Scriptures as the word of God but deny various dogmas held as statements of revealed truth in the Catholic Church, chiefly in regard to Grace, the Mass, the Real Presence, the Sacraments and the prerogatives of the Bishop of Rome. In Ireland the groups known as the Church of Ireland (which recognises episcopacy) and the Presbyterians are the largest, with the Methodists a long way behind.

Relatively to the whole country the Episcopalians have not lost much in numbers since 1861, when they formed 12 per cent. of the total population; to-day they are 11·5 per cent. The Presbyterians have increased their ratio from 9 per cent. in 1861 to 9·8 per cent. in 1936–1937. The Episcopalians had 54 per cent. of their members resident in the Twenty-six Counties in 1861, but to-day less than 30 per cent. live in what we may conveniently call the South. In 1861 12·5 of the Presbyterians lived in the South, to-day roughly 7 per cent. Though the Protestants are as numerous relatively in Ireland in 1937 as they were in 1861, a much larger proportion of them live now in the Six Counties.

The Presbyterians have occupied in force the same territory or pretty much the same territory all the time, and in 1937 93 per cent. of them are to be found in the North. The Episcopalians have emigrated from the South to the North and abroad. Though the exodus is not as large as it appears to be at first sight because the census figures for 1861 include the English military forces garrisoned in the country as well as the resident Irish, still it has been considerable and continuous, especially since 1901. The trend set in and gathered momentum long before the political troubles of 1916 and 1922, so that the Episcopalians

[1] Dublin: Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1945, 1s. 6d.

have decreased in the South from 372,702 in 1861 to 145,030 in 1937, whereas they increased during the same period in the Six Counties from 320,634 in 1861 to 345,474 in 1937, though it would be hard to say how much of this increase is natural and how much came through immigration. The broad fact is that since 1901 the Episcopalians have fallen rapidly and continuously in numbers in the South and have grown slowly and, on the whole, continuously in the North.

Furthermore, in both South and North the Episcopalians are leaving the countryside and moving into the cities and towns. In the North their rural population has fallen by 3·5 per cent. since 1926, in the South by 13·3 per cent. In the South, the urban decrease has been 9·7 per cent. in the same period, but in the North the urban population has increased by 5 per cent. Even where the Episcopalians are increasing in the North—for instance in Antrim and Down—the rural districts show a decline. To-day 60·7 per cent. of the members of the Episcopalian church are urban, and 43 per cent. of them live in Dublin and Belfast. The Episcopalians are more urban in the North than either the Catholics or the Presbyterians. Of their total rural population, 15·7 per cent. are in the South, 23·7 in the North.

The second fact established by the census returns since 1861 is that the Episcopalian Church has seen its members not only drifting away from the South but becoming, in both South and North, predominantly urban. In Ireland as a whole the decrease has been sharp in the rural districts, ranging from over 20 per cent. to 10 per cent. In the towns, also, they have decreased often by over 10 per cent., whereas they have increased in a few towns by 5 per cent. Out of forty-six towns studied in the 26 Counties they have increased only in five, one of them being Dublin; in the North out of 20 towns studied they have increased in eleven, mostly in Antrim and Down.

Over large rural tracts of the South—in Munster and Connaught principally—they are less than 2 per cent. of the population; in others they are less than 5 per cent. and never more than 15 per cent. except in Dublin. In only one portion, the stretch of land running from Belfast through Portadown to Enniskillen, do they form more than 25 per cent. of the total. Over the whole of Munster and Connaught they are less than 2 to the square mile.

In certain dioceses in the Twenty-six Counties—especially in Cashel, Limerick, Killaloe and Tuam—the problems of organising the small and scattered members of the Episcopalian Church are almost insoluble. Church-goers are so few that churches have had to be sold, schools closed and clergy withdrawn. In such circumstances it is well nigh impossible to maintain a creed. The adherents become fewer and fewer, and finally disappear either because they have left the districts or because they have fallen away through lack of contact with their religion and its practice.

It is extremely difficult to feel alien from those about you and still hold to a creed through generations without the support of an established institution. If this trend continues much longer, it looks as if the Episcopalians will die out in the Twenty-six Counties as an organised body, and the closing stages of the decline will be rapid.

Things have come to this that the Episcopalians, like the Presbyterians, are crowding into a pocket in the North-east corner ; and the " Church of Ireland " is becoming a sect in Ireland, even in the geographical sense, a part cut off from the whole. It is being put standing in a corner. Time and the march of events are destroying its claim to be the Church of Ireland—one penalty, no doubt, of identifying a church with a territory, for territory changes hands and governments are temporary.

The Presbyterians, never more than a sect anywhere either in fact or in claims, have stood their ground better in Ireland since they are less ambitious and more cohesive than the Episcopalians, content to farm part of a province for themselves. They are so fiercely independent, so narrow and determined in defence of their sectarian interests that they have produced on outsiders the impression that, first and last, Belfast and its envirous are all that matter. They have been strongly posted on the Lagan for 300 years ; but perhaps now they, too, are beginning to show signs of decay.

Like the Episcopalians the Presbyterians are decreasing in the rural districts of the North. If, with the authors of the pamphlet referred to, we divide the North into the East (including Belfast, Antrim and Down) and the West (including the other four counties), we find that in 1861 out of a total of 457,649 Presbyterians 143,825 lived in the West, in 1937 only 80,255 out of 390,838. The decline in the West has been continuous and at certain periods steep—as, for example, the decrease of 5·9 per cent. between 1926–1936. Nearly four times as many Presbyterians live to-day in the East as in the West, and more than twice as many Episcopalians. Though the Catholics also have fallen in numbers in the Six Counties since 1861—though the loss has been entirely in the West (their numbers having risen in the East)—still they are evenly distributed over the two parts with a slight preponderance in the West.

If the North, both East and West, be taken, the Presbyterians are nearly equally divided between rural and urban members, with the balance slightly in favour of the urban. The Episcopalians are far more urban in the North where 60 per cent. dwell in cities and towns, whereas in the Twenty-six Counties half of them is rural. However, of this number, nearly a third live in Cavan, Donegal and Monaghan, counties close to the North into which their inhabitants are easily drawn.

It is well known that urban populations decline unless new blood flows into them from the country. Behind our cities there is always the cradle of the race. Some authorities maintain that urban families

which intermarry die out after three or four generations. They are, on the whole, certainly less fertile than rural ones, whatever may be the precise degree or the causes of it. Now the 1936–1937 census shows that a higher proportion of the Catholics in the North are rural, whereas among both Episcopalians and Presbyterians the higher percentage is urban, the Episcopalians being the most urbanised of all. The Protestants are penned in the north-east corner of the island ; and within this district, inside a thirty mile radius of Belfast, live 48 per cent. of the members of the Church of Ireland, and 69 per cent. of the Irish Presbyterians. The remainder are scattered, often sparsely, through the rest of the country, chiefly in the cities and towns, with their rural members steadily declining in numbers in a marked manner among the Episcopalians in both South and North, in lesser degree among the Presbyterians. In the North the Catholics form the largest single group ; and in the four Western, mainly rural, counties—*i.e.* Derry, Fermanagh, Tyrone and Armagh—they outnumber all others taken together.

II

What conclusions may we draw about the future of the Protestant Irish from the marriage and fertility rates disclosed by the census returns ?

Whatever the age-groups we may choose, we find that the Protestant marriage-rate is higher than the Catholic, sometimes surprisingly higher, especially at the ages when fertility is highest. For instance, in the South, in the age group 20–25, of the total number of marriageable women, 7 per cent. are married, of the men 4 per cent. ; in the North, among Catholics 19 per cent. of the women, 8 per cent. of the men : among Episcopalians 29 per cent. of the women, 13 per cent. of the men : among Presbyterians 22 per cent. of the women, 10 per cent. of the men. In the age-group 25–30, in the South 36 per cent. of the women, 18 per cent. of the men ; in the North, among Catholics 40 per cent. of the women, 28 per cent. of the men : among the Episcopalians 53 per cent. of the women, 40 per cent. of the men : among the Presbyterians 47 per cent. of the women, 35 per cent. of the men.

The causes of the low marriage-rate in Ireland, particularly in the South, are complex. Economic reasons undoubtedly play a decisive part. In the South, when agricultural prices rise, the marriage-rate rises as well. And it is not difficult to understand why marriage is later in an agricultural than in an industrial economy, since each generation has to wait until the previous one has disappeared. On the other hand, in industrial districts, youths are gainfully employed at an early age. So it comes about that in the North marriages are earlier and the rate higher than in the South.

Social and political reasons influence the marriage-rate. The rate began to rise in Ireland in the nineties of the last century because social

and political conditions became more favourable. The Land War was practically at an end by 1890. For some years previously, and consistently after that date, the trend of Land Legislation ran against the Protestants, who, in consequence, turned their attention and skill more and more to industry and commerce ; and the North offered to those of them who did not wish to leave the country chances which the South denied. Industry opened a door in the North when the Land Purchase Acts closed the door on an assured living in the South.

These considerations may explain, in some measure, why Episcopalians increased, especially in the industrial district of Ulster from 1861, and decreased in the South, and why the marriage rate among Protestants is higher than among Catholics in either the North or the South. However, though they marry younger, their fertility rate is lower than that of the Catholics. And this is, perhaps, the most serious symptom disclosed by the Census.

The number of Catholic children in elementary schools in the Six Counties in 1939 shows a higher ratio when compared with the total number of Catholics there than the Protestants can show : indeed the Catholic children are only 21,650 below the combined total of Episcopalians and Presbyterians. Between 1922 and 1939 the number of Protestant children in these schools fell—Episcopalian slightly, Presbyterian sharply—whereas the Catholic children increased. The striking difference in numbers cannot be accounted for entirely by the fact that there are more Catholics ; for whatever advantage they may have in that way over the Protestant groups is offset by the Protestants marrying earlier. The reason for the difference must lie elsewhere.

The fertility of marriage, which is computed by dividing the number of children under three years old by the number of married women between the ages of 15 and 45, varies greatly in the three religious communities. " For every thousand Catholic married women of child bearing age in the North there are 746 children under three, but for every thousand Presbyterian women only 473 and for Episcopalian 497. . . . In this, as in many other respects, there is little difference between Catholics in the North and those in the South." (p. 15).

However, as the authors say, the general fertility ratio is perhaps a better criterion of the probable trend of population. " The general ratio is obtained by dividing the number of children under 3 years old, not by the number of married women, but by the total number of women between the ages of 15 and 45." For Catholics in North and South it is practically the same, 267 and 269 children respectively for every thousand women of marriageable age ; for Episcopalians, in the North 230, in the South 153 ; for Presbyterians, in the North 197, in the South 189. Among the Southern Episcopalians the general fertility rate is highest among the small farmers of Cavan, Donegal and Monaghan, *viz.*, 211,

and lowest in Dublin, *viz.* 120. The rates for the Presbyterians in the three counties first mentioned is 237. Among Catholics the rate in Dublin is not much lower than in the South as a whole, *viz.* 260, and in rural areas much higher—295 in Co. Galway, 282 in Cavan, Donegal and Monaghan. " It would seem," the authors conclude, " that among the members of the Church of Ireland in the Twenty-six Counties prosperity, urbanisation and small numbers all make for diminished fertility " (p. 15). But perhaps these are not the only agents at work.

Among Catholics in the South and the North, in years not affected by war, celibacy is becoming more frequent in all age-groups, and the marriage-rate between 1900 and 1930 was the lowest of any European country. The next lowest was Iceland ! And they marry later than the Protestants. But as their fertility rate is higher, they are increasing more rapidly in the North than the Episcopalians, while the Presbyterians are actually decreasing there.

Does religion affect the fertility rate ? The authors compare two Wards in Belfast, Shankill and Falls, as like as two peas in everything except religion. In the Shankill Ward 5 per cent. are Catholics, in the Falls 92 per cent. The fertility of marriages in Shankill is ·443, the general fertility rate ·210 ; in Falls the corresponding rates are ·684 and ·273. In Shankill 47 per cent. of the women between 15 and 45 are married, in Falls only 40 per cent. The figures show that both urbanisation and religion affect fertility, though it may be difficult to determine precisely in what degree. That religion has some effect is certain.

As a result, " the Catholic church is the most youthful of the denominations with over 39 per cent. of its members under 20 years of age, whereas the Presbyterians with only 33·4 per cent. is the most elderly. . . . Catholics form about 32 per cent. of the adult population of the Six Counties, but they form 38 per cent. of the young children." (pp. 19–20). In Derry the Catholics form 58 per cent. of the adult population (over twenty), 64 per cent. of the adolescents (15–20), and 68 per cent. of the children. In Dublin and the South generally the disparity is even more marked. At the moment, therefore, the Protestants have a larger proportion of old and a lower proportion of young among them than the Catholics. As the old members die, there will be fewer to take their places ; whereas the Catholics are, or were till recently, more than replacing themselves. By 1956 the Protestant population in the South will have shrunk still further because the potential mothers will be fewer.

These, then, are the facts which are causing concern to Irish Protestants : The Episcopalians have decreased alarmingly in the South ; Protestants have become increasingly urban in both South and North ; they are concentrated in a narrow area around Belfast ; their rural members are growing fewer ; their birth-rate is falling ; they have among them a large proportion of elderly people.

III

In the South, Protestants have not been persecuted by the native government. No penal laws have challenged and tested their constancy. The law treats them equally, and they enjoy the full rights of citizenship. Their schools receive State grants on the same scale as the Catholic schools ; and if the schools are some distance away and the children are fairly numerous, the State provides transport at its own expense. It is true that Protestants in the South do not enjoy the political privileges and economic advantages they enjoyed formerly ; but political and economic changes, and not direct attack upon their faith, have caused these losses. The Constitution guarantees to them the right to follow the dictates of conscience without let or hindrance, and the law inflicts no disability upon them on account of their religion.

They have decreased in the South because the law and economic structure of the country do not favour them now as in the past. They have grown dissatisfied with Ireland and have left it. The Big House is crumbling in the country. In towns like Sligo and Limerick they do not control the commerce and the administration any longer. Those who remain may well find it harder to maintain the Protestant tradition, since they will inevitably feel in the altered circumstances an adverse social pressure which will become more unbearable as their numbers fall. They will be drawn to merge themselves more completely in the national sentiments and loyalties and suffer defections from their ranks through the attraction of the large and growing body of Catholics around them. In the South, the tide is running against them, and there seems small likelihood that it will turn or that they will be able to resist its force.

The consequences of decline in the South are serious for the Episcopalians and touch the very heart of their polity. The authors write on page 2 : " The environment of the Church of Ireland has hitherto been the whole island, and its administrative centre has necessarily been Dublin. The environment, the native territory of Presbyterianism has always been the North-Eastern corner of Ireland. It could to-day lose its whole membership outside the Six Counties without any profound alteration of its essential nature, without suffering any organic modification. It would be weakened by such a loss, but not transformed. But the changes in distribution of the members of the Church of Ireland might, if they were to continue, entail very important modifications of its whole character and ethos ; and might profoundly affect that sense of continuity and living awareness of its own past as an inheritance, which is to a society what self-consciousness and the sense of personal identity are to an individual. The Church of Ulster would not be the same as the Church of Ireland." Again on p. 23 : " In the past the Church of Ireland has been a Church of the whole country. But if the present processes were to continue, there would be a danger of it becoming a church of the North

with a Southern appendix. The awareness of all Ireland as its environment and the consciousness of the Anglo-Irish cultural tradition might weaken almost to the point of extinction. In the weakening of that tradition the church might become provincialized, and in shrinking into a Six-County body it might become not even a Northern Church, but an Ulster denomination; one of several co-ordinate, Northern, Protestant denominations, each supposedly manifesting in various slightly different ways a common Protestant character and outlook within the unity of the general Northern post-Calvinist and Unionist tradition. A Church of Ireland that had undergone a mutation so profound would be something very different from the Church of Ussher, Bramhall, and Taylor; of King, Berkeley and Swift; of Salmon, Alexander and Bernard." Perhaps, as a result of this uprooting, the Church of Ireland in the North might be drawn to manifest its Protestant character by merging into the Presbyterians or by asserting its Unionist principles without much attachment to any religious body or creed. The authors foresee the danger of the Church of Ireland being crushed between the upper millstone of Catholicism and the nether of Presbyterianism.

IV

What is the augury even in the North for the permanence and prosperity of the common Protestant character?

If the Protestants throughout Ireland had accepted the Home Rule Act, they would probably be stronger and more secure to-day. As it is they have made a redoubt of the Six Counties, an artificial economic and political thing dressed up to look like a State where the Protestants may continue to taste some of the power and privilege they enjoyed throughout the island for many centuries. But the reinforcement of this redoubt is becoming more difficult; the forces encircling it are growing in numbers and confidence; the external support on which it relies may be withdrawn, so that the future may be precarious even in the corner. The Episcopalians in the North move in a more congenial air and are increasing slowly, though more slowly than the Catholics: the Presbyterians are going down. Perhaps the economy in which they live is not stable; perhaps it is not as solidly wealthy as it seems; perhaps it is too dependent on industry, too lightly rooted in agriculture; so that a sense of insecurity, coupled with a creed which does not restrain sufficiently the desire to limit the size of families, is sapping the courage to face and dominate life in the way of their ancestors. Maybe emigration, if it ever sets in again on anything like the old scale, may help to redress the balance by taking more Catholics than Protestants from the North; and their numbers may be sustained by further increments from the South which will grow smaller with the years. But if the birth rate continues to fall, these aids will slow down the trend but will not reverse it. "The figures," the

authors say on p. 15, " undoubtedly suggest reflections that many in Northern Ireland may find alarming, for if the Protestant inhabitants were to cease to maintain their numbers the future might see important political changes."

If Protestants hold their convictions firmly, if they believe that their creed gives the final anwer to questions about the destiny of man and the nature of the church instituted by Christ, they will survive even in political and economic circumstances turned less favourable or even adverse. No census returns can settle how many are prepared to forgo all this world can offer rather than desert the institutions through which their creed and character are expressed, or how successful they will be in transmitting their loyalty to their posterity. Yet on the answers to these questions the future of the Protestant Churches, both in England and in Ireland, hangs. Otherwise, the hope of survival rests in political developments, on secular politics and systems which see in Protestant religious institutions a means they find convenient to their purpose. It would be a high price to pay ; for the Protestant churches, though they would then count among their members rich and influential persons, would be Erastian and a tool of the State, established in lay ambitions and dependent upon lay approval.

What are the chances of political developments more congenial than even the present political temper of the world to the Protestant churches ?

The fortunes of the Episcopalian church in Ireland are linked with the fortunes of the Church of England, and those of the Presbyterians with the Nonconformist community in England. These propositions are true in the main, even though the Irish Episcopalians and Presbyterians do not follow at every step and at the same pace behind their sympathisers in England. They are true in the sense that the way in which the Protestant temper expresses itself in England will have a deep effect upon the Protestant community in Ireland ; and therefore the trend in England may give a clue to the possible, or even probable, development in Ireland.

Now the Church of England is nervous about the future. A recent book by Dr. Garbett, the Archbishop of York, tells us that large numbers of Englishmen know nothing about the Christian faith, nor do they want to know anything about it ; that the church services are unintelligible to many of those who occasionally go to church ; that the church is growing old. It is becoming so far out of touch with what Englishmen think and believe that one Churchman has even recommended the scrapping of the Thirty-Nine Articles. It is becoming more and more difficult to attract suitable young men to the ministry. The church-goers are few and occasional. The Nonconformists are doing better, and the social stigma which once attached itself to its chapels and ministers has been lived down. The English, it seems, are growing more egalitarian all along the line, more sympathetic to a vague religion of Humanity,

like Comte's, which, as one of Beatrice Potter's sisters said, was "an underbred theology with no Bishops to bless it."

If the Protestant character expresses itself in England and Ireland in other ways than through organised churches, the Catholics may have to face peril and persecution, but the Protestant Churches, as we know them, may decay. They will decay, not necessarily because many of their members have become Catholics, but because, if we read the signs aright, many have deserted or lost interest. The Protestant services in England, we are told, for example Mattins, mean nothing to many worshippers ; they are not part of their lives and respond to no felt need. Would one be going too far in suggesting that these services mean something so long as the Catholic tradition from which they were taken, still flickers about the minds of the people and that now, since the people are moving further away from Catholicism towards hazardous experiments which they call Progress, they are ceasing to find any meaning in the Protestant ritual and establishment? Such people will still refuse to accept the Catholic creed and still deny the claims of the Catholic Church ; but the Protestant Churches will be empty because there are no Catholic sentiments left for which they can offer themselves as a substitute. Can the Protestant Church exist at all except as an aberration from the Catholic Church? Is it possible that it is nothing more than a sport of the Catholic Church, so derivative and accidental that it cannot exist except as the partial and accommodated embodiment of some Catholic beliefs? If this be so, then when men and women have forgotten the prototype, or grown ignorant of it, or so set against it that they want something entirely different, the Protestant Churches and theology will die because there is no profit in simplifying a creed if that creed be denied in all its facts, assumptions and inferences. One cannot simplify any further a total negation.

Even in the North-Eastern corner the Protestants are moving towards a perilous test with steadily depleting numbers and a disabling premonition of failure. They, especially in times of stress, when passion runs high, will not be content with a tepid rationalism which doubts much and affirms nothing with vigour. They look, when their very survival is at stake, for some real or spurious beauty which maddens the heart like wine ; and it is at least doubtful if the doctrines which influence the hearts of modern men, and the vague explosive terms in which their fears are expressed, will find in the Protestant Churches much to attach their interest. The Presbyterians may ride the storm better and longer than the Episcopalians, if they can keep their cradles full and their factories running ; but the Episcopalians are in present jeopardy.

JOSEPH E. CANAVAN

A MAN CALLED PEARSE *

BY KENNETH REDDIN

"A MAN called Pearse" was the contemptuous phrase used by the late Dr. Mahaffy, then Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, to describe the visiting speaker who had been invited to address the Inaugural Meeting of the College Cumann Gaelach. It was October 1914, when the last War to end War was just beginning and the freedom of small nations was becoming the highest ambition of the big Powers. It was Pearse's politics which made him *persona non grata* with the Provost. He was all for the small nations. The bigoted Provost forbad the meeting should Pearse attempt to address it. He demanded that the invitation be withdrawn. Cumann Gaelach stood its ground and the meeting was duly banned. It was, however, held subsequently outside College, in the Ancient Concert Rooms in a street called Brunswick Street. Three years later this street was to be rechristened Pearse Street after "the man called Pearse". The years have, indeed, revenged themselves on the facetious Provost. His own name is unremembered save in the anecdotage of his contemporaries, while that of "the man called Pearse" has passed into history. The epithet, however, provides an apt caption for these notes which I duly acknowledge.

I

In these notes I don't propose to deal with Pearse as a soldier or a politician. That has been done elsewhere. He, Willie Pearse and Thomas MacDonagh died for Ireland, and we are now living the dream they died for. It might be well sometimes to remember this; so that, as we build towards an ultimately united and Irish Ireland, each step can be tested by evoking that dream. As I have said, I don't propose to deal with Pearse as a soldier or a politician, but as the Ard Mhaighister—the Founder and Headmaster of Sgoil Éanna. For this task I feel myself wholly unworthy. I was a very ordinary boy in St. Enda's. Pearse loved Frank Burke and Eamon Bulfin. Either of these would have been far better fitted to speak of Pearse and the history of St. Enda's. I was a Belvedere boy, a Clongowes boy, a Jesuit boy. It was only in the end that I became a St. Enda's boy.

St. Enda's was the product of the Irish Renaissance, the intellectual revolution which preceded the Rising of 1916. At that time bourgeois Catholic Ireland was seónin. Week by week the late D. P. Moran in his gallant little paper, *The Leader*, scourged it with scorpions, but to little avail. All the public schools, with the one splendid exception of the Christian Brothers' Schools, were seónin. St. Enda's College was some-

* Being a lecture delivered recently to Connradh na Gaedhilge, Rath Fearnain, Ath Cliath.

thing new and unexpected. It too was a bourgeois institution, a school for gentlemen's sons; yet its first loyalty was to Ireland and to Irish culture. Surely a paradox in those early days? When I went to St. Enda's, my seónin friends used to pull my coat aside saying: "So you've become a great Irishman? Where are your kilts?" A typical remark of the times. But the idea which impelled Pearse to found St. Enda's had something more in it than the mere externalities of Nationalism. Deep and endemic in Pearse was a love and loyalty not merely to Ireland, but to Irish thought, the Irish way of living, the historic Irish nation. And that loyalty was practical as well as poetic and spiritual. It is difficult to compare St. Enda's with the big Public Schools of that time or of to-day, where four to five hundred boys are educated in classes comprising between twenty and twenty-five students. The total roll in St. Enda's was under one hundred, and the average number of boys in any one class was seven to ten. But Pearse was right, and the big schools were wrong, and are still wrong. How can any teacher, however sympathetic, achieve intimacy with, and direct the activity and growth of twenty-five minds, contacting them only *en masse* and only for five hours each day out of the twenty-four? It is a psychological impossibility. But in the Matriculation Class in Sgoil Éanna—An Chead Cath, as it was called—Pearse knew the seven of us inside out. Our minds were completely open to him. He and his brilliant staff of teachers knew what we could do and what we could not do; what our true proclivities were; what the natural directions of our minds were; and they never failed, with gentleness and tact, to make each one of us follow it. If "educere," the Latin infinitive, means to "lead forth," and the word "education" be derived from it, then Pearse and his small school was again right and the big schools wrong. He was against the Intermediate system and programmes and cramming. I believe he would be against them to-day. "Educere" was his infinitive. He tried to, and did, "lead forth" the capacity and capability indigenous in his pupils, instead of cramming unendemic knowledge into their minds under unnatural pressure, thus blinding or thwarting their natural and instinctive talents. Now, let us be clear. This did not mean that we did not learn Surds and Quadratic Equations and things called Logarithms. It meant that, while teaching us these things, Pearse tried to preserve and develop with them, or in spite of them, the inherent individual gift of each boy. The result was that, instead of producing eight or ten matriculated students each year—or, shall we say, eight or ten animated Leaving Certificates—he produced eight or ten personalities—boys whose growth had been fostered along its own natural lines. And yet boys who held their Matriculation or Leaving Certificates as well.

I have said that Pearse and Sgoil Éanna were part of the Irish Renaissance—the Irish Literary Revival. Pearse himself was a poet and a dramatist. What were his other teachers? His brother Willie was a

sculptor, Thomas MacDonagh a poet, Padraic Colum a poet, Joseph Campbell a poet, Colm O'Lochlainn a poet, and my old friend Feargus Ó Nualainn—a member of this Branch of Connradh na Gaedhilge—a poet and a writer too. What a noble company to be admitted to ! These were our teachers. But what of our visiting lecturers ? The whole literary and artistic Revival is evoked by such names as An Craoibhin Aoibhinn—Dr. Douglas Hyde—the beloved first President of Ireland, the late W. B. Yeats the greatest lyric poet of this age, Standish O'Grady the father of the Literary Revival, that great historian Alice Stopford Green, Edward Martyn one of the founders of Sinn Féin, that noble and very Irish poet Alice Milligan, and the other Alice, Alice Furlong, Dr. Kuno Meyer the Celtic scholar, Senor Bulfin author of *Rambles in Erin*, whose son Eamon was Captain of the School in my time, Nellie O'Brien sister of the President of the Hibernian Academy, and Miss Gleeson of Dun Emer. Pearse himself, as I have said, was a writer of distinction. His prose was so beautiful that one of the great English Universities thought fit to prescribe it for the Arts Degree. Those who have seen his plays—" The Singer," " The Master," " Iosagán "—know the sensitivity of his dialogue, the tenderness of his images and, when he wrote in Irish, the racy idiomatic Irish he wrote.

II

I should like to say something about the discipline of the school. At other schools I had perpetually one eye on a Prefect and the other on what I wanted to do. It tended to give me a squint. The Prefect had one already. That was why he was a Prefect. In St. Enda's there were no Prefects in that sense of the word. You were not watched, or kept under constant observation. You were put on your honour. And on your first transgression Pearse called you to his study ; you gave your word not to offend again, and you usually kept your word. If you didn't, you knew somewhere at the back of your mind that you were doing something shabby on the Ard-Mhaighistir ; that you were letting down him, letting St. Enda's down, and letting yourself down too. And the strange thing about it was that this discipline worked. It was enshrined in the Triple Vow of the ancient Fianna :—

" Strength in our hands,
Truth on our lips,
Purity in our hearts."

How often have I heard Pearse repeat that triplet to us, invoking the heroic pride of the Gael, the heroic pride of Finn and Oscar and Goll, of Cuchulain and Diarmuid and the rest. And, as I say, it worked. The discipline at St. Enda's was good. And we mostly told the truth. Even I did.

One autumn night my brother and I and Jack Earle slipped into the orchard to steal apples. Suddenly we heard the sound of someone approaching, and, knowing that it was Pearse, we bolted. My brother and I made a clean get-away, but Earle ran into a wire stretched between two trees and nearly decapitated himself. We dragged him moaning out of earshot and eventually escaped back to the Library. That night, in the Study Hall, Pearse announced that the orchard—admittedly " out of bounds "—had been broken into. He reminded us of the Fianna's oath of truthfulness and called upon the boys concerned to report to him after supper. Our Council of War didn't last two minutes. There were no dissentients. All agreed that we should have to own up to our offence. After a nervous knock, we entered the Headmaster's study. He saluted us in Irish. We replied in Irish and then asked leave to speak in English. When we had told our story, he walked to the table where there was a large bowl of apples and held it out. A little shamefaced each of us removed one and held it gingerly between thumb and first finger.

" Try them," he said, and there was a malicious twinkle in his eye. " They're grand and sweet."

And then he explained why he didn't want us to steal them. He hoped by careful gathering, grading and packing to make enough money out of them to distemper three of the classrooms, including Matriculation, which was our own. The logic of this argument silenced us. Then Jack Earle made bold to remark that the stove in Matriculation classroom smoked badly.

" Yes, that too might be attended to," said Pearse. " If you will help me to market these apples."

Of course we agreed to help the project; and of course the orchard was never disturbed again. We, Matriculation men, saw to that.

III

All schools have a character and atmosphere of their own. The atmosphere of St. Enda's was completely un-institutional. I have never looked into the Refectory of any great Public School and sensed its bareness and cleanliness without thinking of a prison, a reformatory, or a hospital. The atmosphere of St. Enda's was neither that of a prison, a reformatory, nor a hospital. In fact at night we often went down to Mrs. Pearse for a biscuit or, if that failed, for a slice of bread and a glass of milk, or to Miss Pearse or Miss Brady. That was the secret of the homely and non-institutional atmosphere of St. Enda's. Women had charge of the domestic arrangements. If one wanted an extra blanket, one didn't have to interview an impersonal Lay Brother, one went to Mrs. Pearse, or Miss Pearse, and got it. If you were sick and wanted Cascara Sagrada, you did the same—just as you might go to your mother

for it. And in the Refectory we all ate together, Headmaster, teachers, and students. We lived *en famille*, and in a full family atmosphere. Pearse would have hated to eat in a Residency by himself—surrounded, so to speak, by his H.Q. Staff. Nor did he live in an Ivory Tower. He was one of us, enjoyed the same food, and seemed to relish the shouting and laughter that went on during meals. Could there be a better example of the ancient Irish custom known as " Fosterage "? We were all young princelings—so to speak—at fosterage with a great prince and a great scholar, and were conscious of it.

When we left the Refectory we went out to play hurling or football or to walk down Emmet's Walk into the woods. After that we played indoor games or read. One night I sat in the Library reading a gorgeous book! I think it was *Bardsley the Magnificent* by Sabatini. If not, it was a Stanley Weyman romance. Pearse came behind my chair and laid his hand across the pages of my book.

" Read these books too," he said. " But remember they are a little obvious; they will never harden your mind. One must harden one's mind, harden it to the temper of steel. To do that you must first learn to think." He handed me Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and the Dialogues of Plato, and passed on. I read those two books; I read them still. I know what he meant.

Socially and intellectually we had an exciting and stimulating life. I have already spoken of the famous people who taught in St. Enda's or visited and lectured there. The Abbey Theatre was quite familiar to us. We were sent in to any play of interest there. In what other school was this done then, or is it done now? While yet a schoolboy I played in two plays produced at that same theatre—Pearse's " An Ri " and his very beautiful Passion Play. The production of " An Ri " reminds me of a story. Pearse wanted money for the re-building and extension of the school. He thought of asking Yeats to produce a play in the Abbey to provide the money. My mother and Pearse went in to see Yeats. They were both nervous and pessimistic. It happened that at that time Yeats had discovered the Indian Poet and Mystic, Rabindranath Tagore, and a play of his called *The Post Office*. It was providential. The play is virtually a children's play. Having heard their story, Yeats rose smiling.

" Of course I shall help you and your boys at St. Enda's," he said. " We'll do Tagore's *Post Office*, and I'll give you two-thirds of the profits. And you, Mr. Pearse, will you produce that little play of yours, *The King*? The two plays should go well together! "

When they reached the street, Pearse turned to my mother and said: " It's true, you know. Only a great artist can afford to be greatly generous."

IV

In appearance Pearse was handsome and gifted with extreme personal

dignity. I always thought that the curve of his jaw had tremendous strength. When he stood in the rostrum in the Study Hall, his lips trembling slightly as he waited for his mind to fill and the exactly right words to come for what he had to say, each of us stared up at him fascinated. What he said was always new, dramatic and lit with enthusiasm. His sentences were short. He built up any story he told, any vision he wanted us to see, with short staccato sentences. They were like pieces in a mosaic, and were a perfect reflection of the same beautiful economy which characterises his written prose. I never met anyone more gentle. I never met anyone who loved trees and flowers and animals as much as he. I think it pained him terribly to think that they could be hurt or have to die. When death came to him himself, he thought of these, his dear friends :

> " Sometimes my heart hath shaken with great joy
> To see a leaping squirrel in a tree
> Or a red ladybird upon a stalk
> Or little rabbits in a field at evening,
> Lit by a slanting sun."

I have two stories which may illustrate that gentleness in Pearse. The scene of the first was at the back of the Gymnasium, a nook sheltered from the wind. I lay there at full length, my head against the wall, dreaming. The time was a mid-week half holiday in June : a sky blue as the sea, blue as the sky in a Japanese print, blue as the mantle of Mary, and the sun enervatingly hot.

Some of the boys had got leave to go into the City to see a Shakespeare play ; others to attend the Schools' Hurling League Meeting. There was no football match. As I lay, the trees lining the lane looked like gigantic figures in a pageant ; as I lay, came softened, cries of those in the handball alleys—familiar voices ; from afar, the high-pitched bellow of cattle ; from near beside, the low note of a blackbird. An hour passed, then I grew restless and rose. As I came round the stables, I saw the ducks and the big choleric turkey-cock crowding about the gate. It seemed an odd hour for feeding them. Then I saw the Ard-Mhaighister leaning over the gate with a hunk of bread in his hands, chuckling to himself. I didn't know what to do, whether to bolt or to give a warning cough. Every now and then he'd break a bit of bread, throw it out, and chuckle when the same little black duck out-did the turkey-cock and ran off with it. It made him glad to see the big bully thwarted.

The sun was lighting the feathers into flame. I slipped back to the gymnasium and waited.

The time of my second tale is winter. The snow had ceased, leaving a startling white world. Escaping from the clattering sweaty-windowed refectory, I reached the football field and joined those potting at goal.

The kicking came muffled; even our cries blunted on the frozen air. It was exhilarating following the black ball across the snow; but Burke wanted to warm himself too, and Doherty was in goal, so that it was hard to get work to do. I lost interest, left the field and turned down Emmet's Walk into the woods. A bird kept tweaking in the snow-laden laurels, which every now and then discharged a portion of their burden with a sound like a roll of pebbles. Under the trees was a strange tranquillity; it was like stealing up the aisle of a great cathedral. Then I came cautiously back through the gloom, climbed the steps, and was making for the Library when I thought of the big fire in the Study Hall. I peered in, shivering. In the dark I heard a thread of sound, the low music of a voice uttering itself in confidence. My ear directed me to the recess where a huge log fire was burning. Clear, soft, eager, the Headmaster's voice recounting a story of Finn and Oscar and Ossian. On the tale went, on . . . . I tried to escape, but bungled into something.

"Cé tá annsin? Tar isteach:—Who is there? Come in."

Pearse stood up from the fire. In a moment the Hall was flooded with light. He stood there blushing a little and smiling. At the fire two small boys sat staring into the blaze.

V

As I cannot evoke my happy schooldays at St. Enda's—the happiest of my life—without mentioning that lovely woman his mother and his sister Margaret Pearse, neither can I do so without special mention of his brother Willie. Willie Pearse had his brother's gentleness, the utter gentleness of a St. Francis. A subtle and beautiful sculptor, he was the simplest and most disingenuous of persons. He always wanted to be a success at games; especially at handball. With that ambition he should never have played handball with me, but he did! And he was made sorry for it.

He was knocking dead butts quite frequently through the game, very pleased with himself, when his partner skied a shot and sent the ball high in the air towards the back line. I was there. I was a good footballer and had a very strong kick. As that ball descended I met it with my right foot and sent it like a bullet towards the back wall. But it didn't reach the wall; it caught Willie Pearse behind the ear and dropped him like a stone. The match had to be abandoned, and he had to be escorted from the field and made to lie down and rest. That night my conscience gave me hell. I had apologised at the time of the incident of course, but what good was that? I had hurt Willie Pearse, the artist, the gentle Willie Pearse, who wouldn't hurt anyone. I had hurt him. I had insulted him. I went into his room and told him so. I said that after all he was my Arts Master and that what I had done was an insult.

"Arts Master?" said Willie. "I wasn't your Arts Master in the

handball alley to-day. You were mine, and you taught me a sharp lesson. Next time, I'll keep my ears back like a rabbit."

VI

Let me leave Willie Pearse for a moment and slip up the Grange Road to Thomas MacDonagh and his dog Marbhan at their gate lodge at Marlay. MacDonagh was Pearse's closest co-worker at St. Enda's. He lived outside the school for peace' sake. He was working at that time on his book on the poet Campion. The story I tell of him is called *A Cow in a Field*. That was MacDonagh's own title for it. If the story has a certain personal inference, I can't help it.

Matriculation had been the little classroom with the smoking stove in it: An Chead Cath. As a result of the successful harvesting of a certain apple crop it had now been painted out and the stove no longer smoked. Dr. Doody, the Mathematical master, who had a bad cold, had finished class and left us. We awaited the English master, who was to take us for the last hour before lunch. Meantime we fought for places near the newly-repaired stove. It was a bitter morning, ice in the air, snow heaped on the windows, the fields frosted, and the woods black and white like a magpie. Then the bell rang, the sound of hurrying feet came along the veranda, the door was flung open, and Thomas MacDonagh was among us.

"Forsooth! forsooth! Is it cringing by a fire on a day like this?"

As we scattered from the stove, I felt ashamed somehow seeing the gay flush in his face. But he rushed to the window, sprang up on the ledge, displaying knee-breeches and grey stockings, and with a banging and jolting flung it up half way. The frozen glut lay on the sill outside.

"That's better, isn't it?" he cried. "You know lads, nothing is worse for a man spiritually, as nothing is worse for a man physically, than this muffling, this—coddling."

Someone demurred.

"It's enervating; it's poor for your manhood!"

His back to the window, the wind lifting rings of brown hair about his ears, his brown eyes, his white teeth, the low collar, the big Adam's apple, the whole gay figure of him radiated an optimism which shamed us. And lighting each thought with a gesture he set to convincing us of our folly, citing tradition, legend, poetry; appealing to our pride, to the heroic pride of the Gael in us. The child-like aureole of hair, the gesturing hands, the words inspirative of strength and chivalry, swept consciousness back to Finn and the Fianna. . . . But time was slipping by, and then the bell rang.

"My God! The bell lads. This won't do. And what about home-work. You must write me something—an essay, you know."

We were grinning, but he made his decision instantly.

" Yes, write me a sketch on—— " he turned to the window and saw a cow outside, enveloped in her own breath. " Yes, on a cow in a field. There she is." And he pointed.

Someone laughed, but out he went into the quadrangle calling for his dog Marbhan.

As I sat in the Study Hall that night trying to concentrate on a cow in a field, I remembered other days and other schools. " Early to bed, early to rise." " Macaulay's hero: Clive." The psychology of " Lazy Laurence," of " Simple Susan," of " Murad the Unlucky Procrastinator." Of these I had written elsewhere and, aided by a reiterated date and title, filled the requisite five pages. But this was disconcertingly new. Who ever heard of " A Cow in a Field "? Not " A Red Cow in a Green Field " or " A Wicked Cow in the Next Field," but . . . . Suddenly I shook myself free of my inhibitions and delved pen on paper. Away it went pell-mell, like the Mad Hatter in *Alice*. I saw the quiet of evening, a field drenched with dew, dandelions and daisies, and a cow, a big raw-boned cow with splashes of white like milk on her and splashes of red like blood. She was wrenching mouthfuls of thick grass and raised solemn eyes and a dripping muzzle to greet me, so that I fell to contemplating spring, and one day of the days when she would linger close to the whitethorn where would be born a little dappled calf, her gift to the sovereignty of life . . . .

Two days later Thomas MacDonagh came into class with a bundle of exercise books under his arm. A flaming devil with a crowbar couldn't have drawn my gaze off him. He turned his head sideways like a bird, twirling a butt of pencil in his fingers. His eye lit on a boy two desks behind me and then on me. I held my breath.

" I have friends," he said, opening the essays. " I have made a discovery. I have two brothers in the writer's craft among you."

VII

Were St. Enda's boys a success in life? Of course they were. I know of no one instance of failure. Pearse was all against the professions and all in favour of his men taking up farming or entering business. But he wanted educated men to take up farming and business. And when he said educated, he meant university-educated. The majority of St. Enda's boys went into farming and business. But those who went into the professions also did well. In the Army, General Sweeney and Colonel Joyce; in Medicine, Major Delaney, Captain Dunleavy, the O'Doherty brothers, the Earle brothers, Bradley, John Dowling, and Frank Connolly. In business we have Colm O'Lochlainn and his Three Candles, Milo MacGarry and his Riverside Bindery; in Chartered Accountancy, Brendan O'Shea; in Engineering, Ian Bloomer; in the Law, State Solicitor Dan O'Connor, Brendan O'Toole and Rory O'Hanrahan; in

Insurance Brokerage, Fintan Murphy; in Journalism, David Sears; in the Teaching profession, Frank Burke and Brien Joyce; in Architecture, Conor MacGinly and, in the Language Movement, his brother, Diarmuid, the new President of Connradh na Gaedhilge. In Art? The late Paddy Tuohy, R.H.A., was perhaps the greatest portrait painter of his time. And Literature? Desmond Ryan in *A Story of a Success* has written the official history of the School. He has several other books to his credit. Denis Gwynn is a well-known biographer, Colm O'Lochlainn is the best balladist in Ireland, and John Dowling is one of the best essayists. Have I left anyone out? I even write myself.

VIII

Could there be another St. Enda's? There can never be another Pearse, just as there can never be another Parnell. No more could the jolly, claret-drinking landlords of 1830 be restored to their estates than could the Viceregal system of 1914 be restored in 1945. Gone are the land agents and gone are the schools under Dublin Castle control. Parnell entered politics to release Ireland's soil from the grip of eighteenth-century laws of property. Pearse entered politics to emancipate Ireland's soul from the fetters of nineteenth-century schoolmasters who had imbibed the false theories of Victorian Education. Victorian Education was framed and administered in the interest of the coal-owning, cotton-spinning, shopkeeping, middle-classes of England who had amassed riches and influence from the inventions of steam-power. To them, schools were merely auxiliary to the Police Force in keeping the wage-earning classes docile in the factories, mines and shops. Education didn't mean enlarging childrens' minds with culture. On the contrary, it meant restricting their ambitions, curbing their natural growth, so as to fit them for a humble station in life. This system produced millions of robots in England, and robots were exactly the products required to feed the machines of English factories in the interest of money-power. It robbed whole generations of English children of their own rich national culture, which had once made Elizabethan England " a land of singing birds ". Not satisfied with the destruction of the individuality of the English child, the British Parliament—even during Pearse's lifetime—tried to do the same with non-industrial, rural Ireland. With the ebb-tide of Gaelic following the Famine, Victorian Education forced itself deeper and deeper into the Irish countryside until the entire Gaelic heritage of Ireland was endangered. Generations of Gaelic culture, endemic in the people, was lost forever during Queen Victoria's reign.

It was this threat to our national existence and survival that stung Pearse to found St. Enda's. St. Enda's was an embodiment of his defiance of the entire educational system then dominant in Ireland. Like another David he went forth to battle against the Goliath of British Victorianism.

In the sequel, he overthrew the British Government in Ireland, but he died before he had time to uproot the deeper tendrils of Victorianism in Irish Education. They survived Pearse. They still survive. And so Irish Education is narrow, stereotyped, uninspired, unenthusiastic, without fervour or imagination. It is Victorian. And so we have the bad legacy of Inspectors, Bonuses, Competitive Examinations and Grants-per-Capita. Queen Victoria still reigns in Marlborough Street; and if there may not be another Pearse, then verily there must appear another David, a David bedded in the opposing tradition, the Gaelic Tradition—and this means something quite different and something very much more than being able to say "Tá," "Níl," "Seadh," or "Ní Sheadh". This new David will finally dethrone Victoria. This new David will not merely be Irish or Irish-speaking but Gaelic as well. When he appears on the Irish scene, as appear he must—mayhap as Headmaster of a new St. Enda's—he will be readily recognised. He will be a Gael first, not merely a wearer of the Fainne or the Nasc. He'll bring neither Inspectors, Bonuses, nor Grants-per-Capita along with him; and his credo will be Pearse's credo, one not often recited by Irish educationalists to-day:

> "Of riches or of store
> I shall not leave behind me:
> Yet I deem it, O God, sufficient,
> But my name in the heart of a child."

KENNETH REDDIN

BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

BY P. G. KENNEDY, S.J.

PART IX.—SANDPIPERS

THE DUNLIN.—On the sea-shore and in estuaries the Dunlin is the most numerous and ubiquitous of the waders, while it is frequently found inland by rivers, lakes and flooded grassland. A small bird with a fairly long bill, it is distinguished in winter by its brownish grey upper parts, and in summer by its chestnut and black back and black patch on its lower breast. In flight a dull white wing-bar and narrow white sides to the lower back and tail are noticeable. When feeding it is characterized by its hunched, round-shouldered pose. Young birds in autumn have buff edgings to the feathers on the back, have the throat and breast of a rather dingy buff with dark streaks, and have dusky spots and streaks on the flanks.

The bill of the Dunlin varies considerably, being sometimes markedly longer and more decurved than usual. The seasonal changes of plumage in spring and autumn are variable and uncertain, some birds assuming or losing their summer colours before others. Thus at these times we often find in the same flock birds in summer and in winter plumage and in the various stages of transition. Indeed it has been said of the Dunlin that no bird is so casual in its change of dress. Even in size a considerable difference is often noticed. I remember one occasion at Portrane when Mr. P. E. Dunn and I were long puzzled by a small bird in a flock of Dunlin. At first we thought it was a Little Stint, but after much stalking and watching we saw that it was a Dunlin though remarkably smaller than the others.

It is not uncommon to find solitary Dunlins either feeding or sheltering, but more often there are parties or flocks feeding in loose order or resting in packs. When a flock rises in flight it is often joined by other flocks until the numbers are very great. It is then that they perform their spectacular evolutions in the air, going through all the usual formations of other waders. When they tilt over in unison, their under parts flash white in the sun; but when their dark backs are turned towards the observer, they disappear altogether from view against a dark background until they either roll over again or rise above the horizon. They often climb high into the air and drop down like silvery spray.

Dunlins associate on friendly terms with other species. In feeding they mingle with bigger birds, such as Redshank and Curlew, and in resting they join other small waders. Frequently at the West Pier, Dun Laoghaire, when the neighbouring feeding grounds are covered by high tides, a large mixed flock can be found resting and sleeping on the outside

sloping wall. The flock of a few hundred birds is made up of Dunlin and Sanderling, in about equal numbers, with half as many Ringed Plover and often a few Turnstone. They pack closely, all facing the wind, some standing on one leg, some with their heads turned back and their bills hidden, but the members of each species keep more or less together. When they rise, all uttering their own distinctive note, they tend to divide into separate flocks according to species.

The birds of this species which we see in such big numbers from August to May mostly belong to the race known as the Northern Dunlin. This race breeds in northern Europe and along the Siberian coast to the Yenisei. Towards the end of April or the beginning of May the Southern Dunlin arrives in this country. It is a slightly smaller bird than the Northern Dunlin, with a shorter and finer bill, but the differences are so small that in the field the two races are indistinguishable. The Southern Dunlin is our summer resident, and nests in small numbers in Leinster, Connaught and Ulster. As soon as the young can fly, old and young migrate south through Europe to Africa, the adults moving first.

The most numerous nesting colony which I have seen was in the Red-necked Phalarope Sanctuary (Co. Mayo) and its neighbourhood. The whole marsh resounded with the incessant trilling, chiefly of the male, which was most pleasant to hear and which, perhaps, produced the impression that the birds were more numerous than they really were. The watcher gave an incredibly high figure for the pairs of nesting birds, but at any rate he was able to show a large number of nests which he had located. The nest is a neat little cup hollowed out in a tussock of grass, with normally four eggs. These are of a ground colour ranging from pale bluish-green to buff and olive buff with variable spots and blotches of chestnut, chocolate and ash-grey. Sometimes the nest is in grass so short that, one should think, it could be readily found. Yet even in these circumstances the sitting bird is almost invisible. Indeed I know of no bird, not excepting the Woodcock, which is so inconspicuous as a sitting Dunlin. There was one such nest which the watcher had found and had marked before the bird began to hatch. At the time of our visit she was sitting so close, her body flattened out, her head resting forward and her bill through the short grass, that only after much scrutinizing could we pick her out. To help us the watcher had placed his walking stick on the ground with the ferrule touching the outside of the nest. I took a photograph and, though the picture was quite good, with the walking stick and every blade of grass in focus, no one of those to whom I showed it could detect the bird.

From the number of " kills " which we find near the sea in winter we must conclude that the Dunlin is a favourite quarry of predatory birds. More than once I have seen a Peregrine dash into a flock and carry off a Dunlin. The Sparrow Hawk and the Merlin often quest

in the haunts of waders and are no doubt responsible for many of the casualties. On one occasion, coming suddenly over a sandhill, I so surprised a Sparrow Hawk that it left behind the body of a Dunlin on which it was feeding. On another occasion when I was walking on the North Bull Wall, a Kestrel in hot pursuit of a Dunlin passed between me and the Royal Dublin Clubhouse (since burned down). The chase continued to and fro for some time, the little bird often calling in distress. At last the fugitive, being hard pressed, made a dash for a window in the gable of the house. But the window was unfortunately closed and the Dunlin dropped down to the enclosed area by the kitchen door, where it evidently found some cover. For, though the falcon dashed into the area, it came out almost at once with empty talons and flew away.

THE CURLEW SANDPIPER.—The Curlew Sandpiper is an irregular bird of passage in autumn, rare in winter, occurring chiefly on the eastern coasts of Ulster and Leinster, but not confined to them. Though mostly a seaside bird, it probably migrates overland, having been found near Buttevant, on the Dublin Mountains, and by some lakes and rivers.

It is a small wader, very like the Dunlin with which it might easily be confused. At close quarters it looks a more up-standing bird, with longer legs, a more distinct eye-stripe and a finer and more decurved bill. Incidentally the bird got its name on account of its sickle-shaped, Curlew-like bill. But the surest character for identification is the white upper tail coverts. As the bird flies away from the observer this white patch is seen to extend across above the tail, not merely at the sides as in the Dunlin, and is as conspicuous as is the white lower back of the Bullfinch or the Wheatear. In winter plumage the Curlew Sandpiper is ashy brown on the back and white underneath, while in summer it has the upper parts chestnut variegated with black and grey and the under parts chestnut red. Young birds have the breast and flanks tinged with buff and show a considerable amount of buff on the greyish-brown back. Many of the birds seen in autumn are young of the year.

Curlew Sandpipers are chiefly found in September and October and usually in small parties, if not singly. But it has been noticed that in certain years at long intervals the numbers are greater. It is on record that the year 1897 was such a good year in Dublin Bay. The best year in my experience for Curlew Sandpiper was 1929, for which I have more records of the species than for all my other years of watching. In that year the birds were seen regularly from August to November, whereas usually they appear in only one or two months. Besides the good years for particular species, observers have long noticed that there are good days when one class of birds seem to predominate and obtrude itself on their attention to the exclusion of all others. Thus in my notes I find " Golden Plover Days ", " Sanderling Days " and " Greenshank Days."

But I have only one " Curlew Sandpiper Day ". It was September 21st in that good year 1929. I happened to be on the North Bull Island, but an equinoctial gale was blowing and a blinding sand-storm made watching quite impossible on the beach and among the sand-hills. Accordingly I crossed the island to the salt marsh, from which the tide had just receded leaving many shallow pools of water. To my surprise I found Curlew Sandpipers everywhere. Groups of five or six and ten or twelve were feeding in the pools. They were very tame, continuing to feed until I came quite near when they would just fly to the next pool. At one pool towards the Sutton end of the island I counted 32 birds. They did not fly when I approached, and I watched them for long. Some were sitting at the margin of the pool, but about 20 were feeding in the water, at first wading and then, when they got out of their depth, swimming. They rode high on the water and moved with the upright pose of Phalaropes. As they swam away from me, I saw the white above the tail appearing between the tips of the folded wings. I walked quietly around the pool and got them to swim across over and over again. When finally I put them up, they uttered a call somewhat similar to a Dunlin's but more prolonged. Referring to my notes I find that, while making due allowance for the birds flying in the direction in which I was moving, I estimated having seen on that day well over a hundred of the species.

Abel Chapman has included the Curlew Sandpiper among his " Globe-spanners " or birds which travel almost around the world in their annual migrations. It certainly covers immense distances. After the breeding season in Arctic Siberia it migrates south through Europe to tropical and South Africa, to Iraq, Baluchistan, India, the Malay Peninsula, Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. On the return passage north in spring it is less regular and less numerous in England, while so far there has been no spring record for Ireland. Hence it would appear that the Curlew-Sandpiper, like certain other species, travels largely by different routes on the two migrations.

STINTS.—The smallest of the waders, Stints are rare birds of passage in this country. The Little Stint occurs chiefly in the bays of Belfast and Dublin, less frequently elsewhere and seldom inland. It looks like a diminutive Dunlin, with a shorter, straight bill, with a whiter breast and greyer back. It is more lively on the ground, running faster, and is quicker on the wing. It feeds on open flats, picking up food from the surface more than by probing.

The Little Stint nests in arctic Europe and arctic Asia to the New Siberian Islands. In August and September it migrates south through the Mediterranean region to Africa as far as the Cape, and in Asia to the Indian Ocean from Arabia to Ceylon. Ireland appears to be on the outskirts of the chief routes of its migratory flights. At any rate the

numbers seen are usually small. I have never seen more than six together, but in September 1892 Dr. Patton counted as many as sixty on the North Bull Island.

There are only three records of the Little Stint to this country on its return passage in spring. Ussher and Warren write: "It never seems to have been obtained in spring, but Thompson states that on 26th March 1838 a flock of five were observed on Belfast Lough" (*Birds of Ireland, p.* 285). The next occurrence was after the lapse of ninety years, when on May 26th, 1928, Mr. P. E. Dunn and I saw a pair on the beach at Malahide; while the last record was a single bird on the North Bull on February 13th, 1932. Temminck's Stint, which occurred only once in Ireland, at Tralee Bay in 1848, is a slightly smaller and much greyer bird, having the outer tail feathers white, not grey as in the Little Stint. It is more like a diminutive Common Sandpiper than a Dunlin.

THE PURPLE SANDPIPER.—The Purple Sandpiper would appear to have become more common in Ireland since 1853, when Watters wrote that it was a species seldom observed or obtained and almost unknown on our eastern shores. Ussher and Warren in 1900 stated that it was a regular visitor in autumn and winter, and sometimes until late in May—adding, however, that there was only one mention of its occurrence in January and that they had only three notes of it in February. It is now annually seen on the Dublin coast, where there are tide-washed rocks, weedy reefs or harbour piers, in every month from August to April, including January and February. It has always been more plentiful in the west where the coast is more rugged and precipitous. It generally occurs singly, in pairs or in small parties of five or six. As many as ten or fifteen are said to be seldom found together, but at Howth Harbour I have often seen flocks of from twenty to thirty.

The Purple Sandpiper is a small, up-standing wader, somewhat larger than the Dunlin and darker in colour than other sandpipers. Its back in winter is blackish brown showing a purplish gloss, its under parts are whitish and its short legs are dull yellow. In habits it is the tamest of the waders, paying little attention to the presence of man. It shares the tastes of the Turnstone, often poking under seaweed for insects, crustaceans and molluscs, and like the Turnstone is seldom found far from the sea. The ebb is its favourite feeding time. It is most interesting to watch when a rough sea is breaking on the shore. Heedless of the spray, it retreats briskly before the oncoming wave, often leaping into the air to avoid the surf or jumping to a higher spot. Then when the breaker has spent itself, it runs quickly after the retreating wave, wading into the water to pick up the food left behind. Rarely is it taken unawares and swept from its foothold, but even then it swims buoyantly and unconcernedly until it can jump or fly on to a rock. It is a rather silent

bird as a rule, but on the wing it often utters a low " weet-wit ". On a few occasions when watching the bigger flocks, which were resting on the outside slope of the Howth Pier, I have heard them sing sweetly in chorus, somewhat like the twittering indulged in by resting Knots.

The Purple Sandpiper nests in the arctic tundra of the Old and New Worlds, but unlike most arctic breeding species it does not migrate far south for the winter. In Europe it travels to the Atlantic, rarely so far south as the Mediterranean ; in America it moves to South Greenland and New York—and casually to Georgia, Florida and the Bahamas.

THE SANDERLING.—The Sanderling is a common shore-bird wherever there are hard, sandy beaches, being found also, though less frequently, on mud-flats and in estuaries. It is rare inland, but on migration may be seen singly or in small parties by lakes and reservoirs. Thompson gives a few instances of its occurrence by fresh waters in the north, while I have heard on reliable authority of small flocks on flying visits to some of our midland lakes. In Dublin Bay it is a regular, often a numerous, species from August to May, and on the North Bull I have records for every month of the year.

A small wader, slightly larger than the Dunlin, the Sanderling is one of the easiest of the shore-birds to identify. At a distance it looks white in winter, but close at hand it is seen to be pale grey, almost pearly, on the back with faint dark markings and with dark fronts to the folded wings. The under parts are white, while the short black bill, black legs and feet and dark eyes contrast markedly with the light plumage. There is a distinct white wing-bar in flight. In summer the head, neck and upper breast are light chestnut and the back is dark brown with rufous and grey tints. The young birds which we see in August and September are tinged with buff on the back and breast.

The Sanderling is a favourite shore-bird of many observers not only for its distinctive appearance but also for its tameness and engaging habits. In many places in the vicinity of Dublin, such as Dun Laoghaire, the South Bull Wall, the North Bull Island and Portmarnock, it can be watched at close quarters. When resting, some squat on their breasts, others stand, often on one leg, many have their heads turned back with their bills hidden in their shoulder feathers. Occasionally a bird will raise its wings until the tips almost touch above its back, or one will stretch out a leg and a wing at the same side for an instant. Especially tame are single birds on the shore. They will run before the observer faster than he can walk, waiting every now and then to let him catch up. I have known single birds to have run as much as a mile on a level strand before they could be got to take wing. Big flocks are said to be unapproachable ; but on the North Bull, even before it was made a Bird Sanctuary, I have been able to walk up quite near them before they would

swing out low over the water and turn in again to pitch some distance ahead. On October 29th 1942, when I was on the island with two companions, we witnessed a curious incident. There was a strong wind blowing down the beach, and we sat down in the lee of a sandhill to watch a column of Sanderling which were resting at the fringe of the tide. They were about a hundred in number, standing close together two or three deep and all facing the wind. As we watched, we noticed that every few seconds the birds in front left their post, raced back to the end of the line and, facing the wind, sheltered behind the others. This performance went on for as long as we remained, with the result that the whole line was moving slowly, but steadily, down wind. It was all done as seriously as though they were children playing some game of their own invention.

More than other waders, Sanderlings delight to feed at the margin of the tide, usually at the ebb, but sometimes also at the flow. It is then that they are most entertaining to watch. They race along, nimble as mice, each bird reflected in the mirror of the smooth, wet sand. They dart hither and thither at incredible speed, as if propelled by some clockwork mechanism, deftly dodging the breaking waves, dashing after the backwash, sometimes wading up to their breasts in the water. On the beach there is apparently nothing but sand washed clean by the waves. But that sand, we are told, is a perfect mine of wealth for the Sanderling in the form of countless tiny insects, crustaceans, sandworms and the spawn of an infinite variety of minute forms of life. But that teeming population of the sea-shore is invisible to us as we watch the graceful little waders racing along in feverish haste, dabbing to the right and to the left and in front, and often doubling back with lightning rapidity. They are always in haste to strike at their prey before it can bury itself in the sand, and the prey being so small they have to work actively for a living. A schoolboy once asked me : " What is the small white wader always in a hurry ? " It was an unusually intelligent question for a beginner, giving a short and accurate description of the Sanderling, which is notably " the wader in a hurry ".

On the whole the Sanderling is a silent bird. When flushed and in flight it calls with a musical " twick, twick ". Feeding parties often indulge in a conversational twittering, while in resting flocks I have noticed that individual birds will sometimes utter a note as if in passing comment.

This little wader is a great traveller, accomplishing long journeys in its annual migrations. It breeds in some arctic regions of Europe, Asia and America. After the nesting season it migrates through Europe and Asia to South Africa, the shores of the Indian Ocean, the Philippines, Java, Borneo and Australia, and in America it travels south to winter from the southern United States to Chile and Patagonia.

P. G. KENNEDY

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF IRISHMEN IN FRANCE

BY DR. RICHARD HAYES

Part XIV

O'Connell, Rickard, soldier. Relative of preceding. Son of Charles O'Connell of Maghera, Co. Clare, belonging to a branch of the family transplanted from Kerry by Cromwell. Going to France he became a captain in Walsh's Irish regiment in that country in 1777. Being of royalist sympathies he left the French service after the outbreak of the Revolution to join the army of the émigrés at Coblenz beyond the frontier, and later became an officer of the English-Irish brigade at London. Subsequently through the influence of his cousin, General Count Daniel O'Connell, he received a commission in the Dutch army in the Legion of Maillebois.

Various other members of the O'Connell family were temporary officers in the French service. Moritz (Muircheartach or Murty), son of Maurice O'Connell of Tarmon, Co. Kerry, and his cousin, General Count Daniel O'Connell went together as boys to France in 1761 and as cadets fought in the last stages of the Seven Years War for their adopted country. Subsequently Moritz entered the Austrian service, rose to high rank, was created a Baron and became chamberlain to Maria Theresa and Governor of Prague. Another cousin, Sir Maurice Charles O'Connell, after studying in the Irish College, Paris, entered the French army which he left at the Revolution to join the British service. Another relative, Dr. Geoffrey O'Connell, practising his profession at Paris, was arrested during the Reign of Terror in 1793, but soon afterwards a permit was given to him to return to Ireland.

O'Connor, Armand Hippolyte (Chevalier), soldier. Born at Givet in north-eastern France on 28 July 1750. (Son of John O'Connor Kerry, lieutenant-colonel in Rothe's regiment of the Irish Brigade, who was born at Killarney in 1698 and married in France Marie-Thérèse de Pret). Entering the Royal Military School as a boy, Armand O'Connor received a commission as lieutenant in Walsh's regiment and held the rank of captain in it when it formed part of the expeditionary force sent by France to help in the American War of Independence. In various engagements of that conflict he showed much valour, and in 1781 he was in the force that set out under the Marquis de Bouillé to recapture the island of Saint Eustace from the English. Colonel Cockburne, governor of the island,

was captured by O'Connor—an incident which was made the subject of a painting by an artist of the time. The Irish officer was promoted to the rank of major and later, on the outbreak of the Revolution in France, he was acting as an officer in the regiment of the French island of Guadeloupe in the West Indies. As a result of the outbreak at home in Europe, riots took place in the French islands of the West Indies, during which O'Connor was made prisoner on a merchant vessel by partisans of the Revolution and was shot.

His brother, Charles Alexis O'Connor, born at Givet in 1746, was also an officer of the Irish Brigade and went in the French expeditionary force through the American War, during which he was decorated with the Cross of Saint Louis. Returning to France at its conclusion, he left after the outbreak of the Revolution and became an officer in Conway's regiment of the English-Irish Brigade.

Belonging to the elder branch of this family was Cahal Roe O'Connor Kerry of Carrigfoyle, who went to France in 1691 and died there in the first decade of the eighteenth century. His two brothers, Donough and Cahir, also in the French service, were killed in action in Flanders, and with them the elder line of the O'Connor Kerry sept became extinct.

O'CONNOR, ARTHUR, soldier and United Irish leader. Born on 4 July 1763 near Bandon, Co. Cork. Son of Roger O'Connor, landed proprietor, by Anne Longfield, sister of Lord Longueville. From early life he held republican principles which he imbibed during the American Revolution. From 1791 to 1796 he was a member of the colonial parliament in College Green, and in the latter year he joined the Society of United Irishmen. Immediately afterwards he and Lord Edward FitzGerald had an interview with Hoche in Switzerland, where they solicited French help for the Irish independence movement. He was arrested in 1797 and imprisoned for six months in Dublin Castle ; and in the following year he was again arrested on his way to France with Father James Coigly (*see* COIGLY), was tried and acquitted. Re-arrested immediately afterwards he was, with other Irish leaders, kept in confinement at Fort George in Scotland till June 1802. He then went to Paris, where he was regarded as the accredited representative of the United Irishmen by Napoleon who, in February, 1804, appointed him general of division in the French army. His letters of service, which were signed by General Berthier, Minister of War, directed that he was to join at Brest the expeditionary army intended for the invasion of Ireland. When all hope of the materialisation of this project disappeared, O'Connor left the army and retired into private life. In 1815, however, he offered his services to Napoleon to defend the independence of France against the Bourbons. This offer occasioned a reproachful letter to him from Henry Clarke, Duke of Feltre.

In 1807 O'Connor married Eliza, only daughter of Condorcet the French philosopher and mathematician, and in the following year he settled at Bignon on a property which once belonged to Mirabeau. He was permitted by the British government to return to Ireland for two months in 1834 to arrange for the sale of his Irish properties. A prolific writer, most of his life after retiring from the army was devoted to literary work. He published many pamphlets on social and political subjects, and he helped to edit the works of Condorcet in twelve volumes (Paris 1847–1849). He died at his chateau in Bignon on 25 April 1852. Several of his direct descendants have been officers in the French army up to recent times.

O'Connor (Connor), Bernard, physician. Son of James Connor or O'Connor, he was born in Kerry in 1666. In 1686 he went to Paris for his education, and later pursued a course of medical studies at the university of Rheims, where he took his medical degree on 18 September 1691. He returned to Paris from Rheims and there distinguished himself by his proficiency in anatomy and chemistry. While residing in the French capital he published in 1691 " Dissertation Physique sur la continuité de plusieurs os . . ." There too he became acquainted with the two sons of the high chancellor of Poland, whom he accompanied to their native country and to whose king, John Sobieski, he became physician. He came to London in 1695 and died there in October 1698. Besides the work mentioned above, he also wrote a History of Poland and a collection of scientific papers entitled " Evangelicum Medici ".

O'Connor (O'Conor) Sligo, Daniel, soldier. Born in 1664, he was the grandson of Ensign Daniel O'Connor of Co. Mayo and was the last chieftain of the family of his name. After the confiscation of his paternal estate, following the Jacobite defeat in Ireland in 1691, he entered the military service of France, in which he fought through several campaigns. After some time he entered the service of the Duke of Lorraine and subsequently that of the Emperor of Austria, in which he had a brilliant career. He died at Brussels on 7 February 1756 and was buried in the cathedral of Saint Gudule. The Empress Maria Theresa erected there a monument to his memory, which has now disappeared. It ran : " D.O.M. Here lieth the most illustrious Daniel O'Connor Sligoe, lieutenant-general in the Austrian Army, and head of a very ancient Irish family, who was at one time a Captain among his fellow countrymen under James II, and in France under Louis XIV . . ."

A kinsman of the same name—Daniel O'Conor, son of Denis O'Conor of Belnagare by Mary O'Rourke of Breffni—was a captain of Dillon's regiment in France in the mid-eighteenth century. In a letter in 1760 to his brother, Charles O'Conor, the noted Irish antiquary, he paints

an unpleasant picture of the condition of France and of the Irish regiments there at the time. Writing from Saint Omer, where he was stationed with his corps, he states: "Banishment is frightful to every man but a robber or a murderer, and what man of common sense would submit to the condition of an exile on account of a post in the French service? . . . I stare and look round me as in a wilderness, where nothing like honesty or sincerity appears. I look upon myself as in a society of foreigners; perhaps there is not a tenth part of us genuine Irish, and our real enthusiasm is no more . . . I despise commissions that can only be obtained by crimes, to avoid which I tore myself from the nearest and most tender ties, from my friends, my relations and my native country."

O'CONNOR, PATRICK, ecclesiastic. A member of the Franciscan Order, he left Ireland for Rome in 1629 to complete his studies. From there he came to France, and at Nancy was appointed to the chair of theology. He filled a similar chair later at Rouen. In 1641 and 1642 he acted as agent of the Irish Confederation at the French court. Among his literary works are "Quodlibetica decisio monastici cuiusdam casus" (Paris 1635) and "Sidus Borbonicum" (Paris 1637).

O'CONNOR (O'CONOR), ROGER (RODERICK), soldier. Son of Brian O'Conor of Corrasduna, Co. Roscommon. As colonel in Galmoy's regiment he took part in the Jacobite War in Ireland, and in 1691, accompanied by his wife (Elizabeth O'Shaughnessy of Gort) and part of his family, went at head of a regiment to France. In 1692 he was, like many other Irish officers, reduced in rank, becoming a captain in Charlemont's regiment. After taking part in the campaign which was ended by the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, he was still further reduced as a result of the changes in the Irish regiments in the French service. In a petition to Louis XIV in 1714 he complained of the privation which he and his family suffered as a result of his reduction in military rank, and prayed that, in consideration of his descent from a royal line in Ireland, he might have such promotion or pension as it would please his Majesty to grant. The appeal resulted in his appointment to the command of the third brigade of the reformed officers of Lee's Irish regiment. He died fourteen years later in 1730 at Douai. Two of his daughters became chanoinesses in France, while a third married Louis, Marquis de Vienne. Their son, at the age of twenty-two, while on a visit to his relatives in Co. Roscommon, contracted smallpox, from which he died.

O'CONNOR (O'CONOR), THOMAS ROE, soldier. Born on 21 December 1710 at Ballintobber, Co. Roscommon. Son of Andrew O'Conor Don of Clonalis, Co. Roscommon. He entered the French army in Dillon's

regiment and went through most of the battles of the War of the Austrian Succession. For special bravery at Fontenoy in 1745 he was created a Knight of Saint Louis. He also fought with distinction through the Seven Years War, especially at the battle of Marburg in 1761. Immediately after the war he became " Brigadier des Armées du Roi ", and in 1780 he was further promoted to the rank of " Maréchal du Camp ". After an active military career he returned to Ireland and was buried in the graveyard of Kilkeevin, Co. Roscommon. The inscription on his tombstone describes him as " Sir Thomas O'Connor, Knight of Saint Louis and General in His Most Christian Majesty's Army."

A relative and namesake, Thomas O'Conor, son of Owen O'Conor of Corrasduna and nephew of Colonel Roger O'Connor (*see* O'Connor, Roger), was also in the French army, in which he reached the rank of major. Retiring from active service, he returned to Ireland, conformed to the Protestant religion and died in 1800.

O'Dea, Joseph Peter, ecclesiastic. Born at Paimboeuf near Nantes on 3 August 1743. Son of James O'Dea, who left Ireland early in the eighteenth century " to avoid the persecution of the English government and to educate his children ", and who obtained at Paimboeuf from the French admiralty a brevet as interpreter of languages. His son, Joseph Peter, after a course of ecclesiastical studies at Nantes, entered the seminary of Saint Nicholas du Chardonnet at Paris to prepare for his degree in divinity. He left that institution in 1769 and in 1774 was appointed curé of Bignon in the diocese of Nantes. In 1789 he took an active part in the assembly of the clergy at Nantes and was a representative at the States-General in that year. Refusing to take the oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy in 1791, he left his parish. Early in 1792 he was claimed back in a petition sent in by his parishioners. He was, however, arrested and brought to Nantes by an armed escort, and subsequently was given a passport to Bilbao in Spain. After the terrorist regime had abated, he returned to Bignon where he died on 7 April 1812.

O'Donnell, Daniel, soldier. Born in Donegal in 1666. Son of Turlough (Terence) and Johanna O'Donnell. A colonel during the Jacobite War in Ireland, he passed to France at its termination. In that country he became an officer in the Regiment de la Marine and served in it through the war which ended with the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. He served in Germany in 1701 and afterwards in five campaigns in Italy (War of the Spanish Succession), where he took part in the battles of Luzzara and Cassano and at the siege of Turin. Transferred to Flanders in 1707, he fought at Oudenarde in 1708. In August of the latter year he succeeded Nicholas FitzGerald (*see* Fitzgerald, Nicholas) as colonel of the FitzGerald regiment, and later he fought at Malplaquet at the

head of the O'Donnell regiment. He became a brigadier-general in 1719 and, after an active military life during which he was engaged in twenty campaigns, he retired to Saint Germain-en-Laye where he died on 7 July 1735 in his seventieth year.

On leaving Ireland in 1691 General O'Donnell, though not the senior representative of his family, carried with him to France the " Cathach " or Battlebook of Saint Colmcille. Having ordered a silver case to be made for containing the relic, he deposited it in 1723 in a Belgian monastery and in his will directed that it should be given to whoever could prove himself to be the head of the O'Donnell family. This was more or less satisfactorily proved by Sir Neal O'Donel of Newport, Co. Mayo, who obtained the relic and whose son subsequently entrusted it to the Royal Irish Academy, in whose possession it now is.

A namesake—Daniel O'Donnell of the Limerick branch of the family—whose mother was a relative of Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, accompanied the latter to France and entered the army there. He fought through the War of the Spanish Succession in Italy and Germany and died of wounds received in action.

During the period of the Revolution James Bruno O'Donnell, residing at Blois, was arrested in 1792 as a royalist and his property was confiscated. Confined in the Abbaye prison at Paris, he was one of the 246 prisoners murdered during the September massacres.

Among other more notable members of the family in France in recent times was Count Sigismond O'Donnell, son of Count John Louis O'Donnell, councillor of state and grandson of Count Colomb O'Donnell, officer of the Irish Brigade. He was born in November 1822 and became " conseiller à la cour des comptes " at Paris. Among other legal treatises he was author of " Code Vicinal, contenant la législation sur les chemins vicinaux ", and was a collaborator in the " Journal des connaissances utiles." He died at Paris on 17 May 1879.

O'DONOVAN. *See* DONOVAN.

O'DRISCOLL, CORNELIUS, soldier. A native of Carbery, Co. Cork, he was son of Cornelius O'Driscoll (who was colonel in the Jacobite War in Ireland and whose estate was confiscated in 1691). Entering the Irish Brigade in France, he became captain in the " Regiment de la Marine d'Irlande " and, as lieutenant colonel in the Regiment of Dragoons of the famous Count Daniel O'Mahony (*see* O'MAHONY), fought in the War of the Spanish Succession at Almanza and other engagements. In October 1707 he particularly distinguished himself against the Austrians at Ondara. A French account of the day describes their retirement and pursuit to the gates of Denia. " Marching towards Pego ", it states, " the Sieur O'Driscoll, without giving the enemy, who had occupied

the suburbs, time to recollect themselves, charged them sword in hand and in the first encounter more than 300 of them were slain."

Another Cornelius O'Driscoll acquired some repute as a corsair in France in the late years of the seventeenth century. With two fellow-countrymen, Burke and Lynch, as associates he seized several merchant vessels in the English Channel, and on one occasion they bound together the crew of a captured vessel and flung them into the sea. Landing at Brest they declared themselves the owners and afterwards shared the prizes. In 1701 they were, with O'Driscoll's wife and mother-in-law, imprisoned in the Bastille. Burke died there in 1704. O'Driscoll was transferred from the Bastille to the mental home at Charenton in 1711, from which he was discharged in 1715.

O'Dunn. *See* Dunn.

O'Farrell, John Irial, soldier. Son of Ceadagh O'Farrell of the illustrious Longford house, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne in 1690. His three sons joined the Irish Brigade in France; two of them, officers in Fitz-James's cavalry regiment, were killed at Fontenoy. The third, John Irial, an officer in Dillon's corps, was appointed to the post of commandant of the town of Aubenas (Vivarais). He married Marie O'Conor of Ballintuber, Co. Roscommon and had a son, Alexander Irial, born at Aubenas on 7 November 1707, who was a captain in FitzJames's cavalry regiment and was wounded during the Seven Years War at Rosbach in 1757 where that corps was almost annihilated. On the eve of the Revolution he was elected deputy to the States of Vezille in 1789. He died at Grenoble in 1793.

Members of subsequent generations of this family were officers in the French army—*e.g.* Count Charles O'Kelly O'Farrell who died on 7 July 1875 at the Chateau de Lamothe (Gironde)—and the line is still represented in France.

O'Glacan. *See* Glacan.

O'Gorman, Thomas (Chevalier), soldier and antiquary. Born at Castletown, Co. Clare, on 16 September 1732. Son of Matthew O'Gorman (or MacGorman) by Margaret O'Loughlin. He went for his education to the Irish College at Paris and qualified as a physician in that city. While a student he met and later married a daughter of the Count d'Eon, a wealthy French nobleman of Tonnerre in Burgundy, where he possessed extensive vineyards. She was a sister of the Chevalier d'Eon, one of the most celebrated figures of France in the eighteenth century. Soon after his marriage O'Gorman entered Walsh's regiment of the Irish Brigade, and later the title of chevalier was conferred on him by Louis XV, with whom

he was on intimate terms of friendship. He enjoyed the privileges of the highest of the French nobility among the select coteries at the court of Versailles. In Paris he kept a costly establishment, which was largely supported by the profits of a lucrative trade in wine from the estate in Burgundy, of which he became proprietor after the death of his wife's parents. A native speaker of Irish and always interested in Irish antiquarian lore, he devoted much of his time, during his occasional visits to Ireland, to collecting Irish manuscripts and details regarding Irish families. Through his initiative the original Book of Lecan, which was deposited one hundred years before in the Irish College at Paris, was presented to the Royal Irish Academy, in whose possession it has since remained. Among the expatriated Irish in France and Spain he acquired a wide repute as a genealogist, and he compiled the pedigrees of a considerable number of his countrymen in those countries.

The outbreak of the French Revolution had an adverse effect on the fortunes of the Chevalier O'Gorman. A strong royalist he lost his estate in Burgundy and, returning to Ireland in 1793, he was in a penniless condition and lived on the bounty of his relatives and friends. His last days were spent near the place of his childhood at Drumelihy, Co. Clare. He died there on 18 November 1809 and was buried in the churchyard of Kilmacduan in that county. He had three sons who became officers in the French military and naval services.

O'GORMAN, VICTOR MARTIN, soldier and planter. Cousin of preceding. Born on 14 November 1746. Entering the French army as a " mousquetaire de la garde " (2nd company), he became captain of dragoons, aide-de-camp to the Count d'Argout (governor-general of the French colonies in America) and eventually rose to the rank of colonel. He purchased plantations at Saint Domingo, of which island he was appointed a commissioner and was elected one of its deputies in the National Assembly at Paris. In August 1790 he wrote to the " Moniteur " (the official organ of the government) protesting against the sentiments which it wrongly attributed to him regarding the new constitution promulgated in France. A strong supporter of the monarchy, he then retired from political life and, returning to Saint Domingo, left the French for the British service. From 1794 to 1798 he was commander of the " chasseurs-royaux " (" chasseurs noirs d'O'Gorman à la solde d'Angleterre "). The Comte de Vaudreuil, writing in August 1790 to the Comte d'Artois (brother of Louis XVI and future king of France), who had left France in the early days of the Revolution, states : " O'Connell (*i.e.* General Count Daniel O'Connell) informs me that my friend Count O'Gorman will join me immediately. He will pay his respects to you at Turin without fail, and I beg you to treat him well—he deserves it by reason of his devotion and principles. He makes his children (one

fifteen and the other sixteen years old) swear that they will give their lives to avenge their sovereign and restore the monarchy. It is the morning and evening prayer which he makes them say."

Various O'Gormans had served in the French army since the sixteenth century and, on a report made to the king by his genealogist Cherin, members of the family were admitted to the honours of the court in 1785. Subsequently several entered the Austrian army, the last one being lieutenant-colonel O'Gorman, a Knight of Malta of the Bohemian nation, who died at his chateau in Lorraine without issue. Various collateral branches are still represented in France—*e.g.* that of Colonel Count O'Gorman who died in September 1928 at Villeneuve-sur-Lot.

O'Halloran, Joseph Ignatius, ecclesiastic. Son of Michael O'Halloran by Mary MacDonnell, he was born at Limerick on 23 March 1718. Going to the college of the Jesuits at Bordeaux for his education, he at first intended to pursue the study of medicine. An inclination for the ecclesiastical life impelled him to enter the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in 1745, and he soon showed talents of an unusually high order. After ordination as a priest he was appointed professor of philosophy in the university of Bordeaux. His lectures there attracted much attention—he was the first, it was said, who had the courage and abilities " to open the eyes of the university with respect to the futility of the principles of Descartes and to prove to demonstration the unerring principles of Sir Isaac Newton". After some time he was appointed to the chair of divinity in the same institution, and later was professor of scholastic theology at La Rochelle. The suppression of the Jesuit Order in France in 1773 compelled him to leave that country, and he returned to Ireland where he died at Townsend Street in Dublin on 4 November 1800. He was author of several short treatises on philosophical subjects.

His younger brother, Sylvester O'Halloran the notable surgeon and historian (1728–1807) pursued his early medical career at Paris, where he particularly devoted himself to the study of diseases of the eye. In that city he wrote a treatise on glaucoma and cataract; its publication in Dublin in 1755, with beautiful engravings, attracted much attention.

O'Keane, Eugene, soldier. Son of Brian O'Keane and Mary MacDonnell, both of whom belonged to notable Co. Clare families. One of fourteen brothers, Eugene raised a company of one hundred men at his own expense for the Clare (O'Brien) regiment during the Jacobite War. Going to France in 1691, he entered the French service as a captain in Clare's regiment. With it he went through the campaign in Italy and was killed at the battle of Marsaglia in Piedmont in 1693.

Three of his brothers were also officers of distinction in France; one of them, Charles, was killed at Ramillies in 1706. (In 1754 a kinsman, Thomas O'Keane, M.D., residing at Châlons-sur-Saône in Burgundy, received a declaration of nobility of his family).

O'KEEFFE, CONSTANCE (CONSTANTINE), soldier. Born in September 1671, he was the fourth son of Art O'Keeffe, whose estate was situated in Pobul-O'Keeffe in the barony of Duhallow, Co. Cork, and which he lost after the eclipse of the Stuart cause in 1691. He entered the French army with three of his brothers, one of whom was killed at the battle of Ramillies in 1706, while the two others were also killed on active service fighting for their adopted country. Constantine himself, who was a captain in Clare's Irish regiment, was temporarily crippled from a bullet wound received at Ramillies. In 1708 he joined the Jacobite expedition to Scotland with other Irish officers, but he was captured and imprisoned for fourteen months in London. Returning to France after his release, he took part in many of the battles of the War of the Spanish Succession. After forty years' service he retired on pension to Saint Germain-en-Laye where he died on 5 February 1745. On 18 March 1718 he married in the town of Avesnes (Hainault) Marguerite O'Keeffe Plunket, a relative, by whom he had two children.

His youngest brother, Art, born in 1682, followed his brothers to France and entered the admiralty as " conseiller du roi au siège général de la table du marbre ". In this office, which he filled for twenty years, he showed " great capacity and spotless honour ". On 29 February 1712 he married at Paris Marie O'Dwyer (whose brother Philip, an officer in Berwick's Irish regiment, was killed at the battle of Almanza in Spain in 1707), by whom he had two children.

The O'Keeffes were admitted into the ranks of the French nobility in 1714 and, according to d'Hozier in *Armorial Général*, Constantine O'Keeffe in 1732 requested the French king-at-arms to register his claims and title to noble rank and enrol them with his armorial bearings in the office of that official. To prove his claims various certificates were furnished, among which was one from Lord Castleconnell and Chevalier Nugent attesting that he was " one of the true and very ancient family of O'Keeffe of Co. Cork in Ireland, a family regarded as noble by all the historians and genealogists of that kingdom ".

Another branch of the family also settled in France. Hudson O'Keeffe, son of Daniel O'Keeffe of Ballymacquirk, Co. Cork, followed James II from Ireland and settled at Retigny in the province of Champagne. His grandson (maternal line), Nicholas Deville, born in 1741, was a cavalry officer and became one of the secretaries to Louis XV and Keeper of the Royal Treasury.

O'Keeffe, Cornelius, ecclesiastic. Relative of preceding. Son of Denis O'Keeffe and Honora O'Daly, he was born in 1664 at Dunkin, Co. Limerick. Educated at the Irish College in Bordeaux, he completed his ecclesiastical studies at the Irish College in Toulouse where he graduated doctor of divinity. After ordination as a priest he spent some years on missionary work at La Rochelle, and in 1710 he became parish priest of St. Similien in the city of Nantes. In 1720 he was appointed bishop of Limerick—in the R.I.A.MSS. (23N32) there is an Irish poem (*Fáilte dhíbh, a bhráthair gaoil, tar sáil go críoch Éireann*) addressed to him on his return to Ireland by his cousin Father Owen O'Keeffe. In 1734 he returned to France on a visit, spent some months at Nantes, and later in the year journeyed to Paris. Here he founded three burses in the Irish College for the education of students descended from the O'Keeffe family of Gleann-an-Phriacane (Glenville), Co. Cork. He died at Limerick on 4 May 1737. In his will he bequeathed " one hundred livres to Mr. John Butler for the use of the poor of Rochelle, and one hundred livres for Mrs. Mary Gould of Rochelle, and two hundred livres to the Miss Clarkes, daughters to Mr. Theobald Clarke of Nantes." The last-named were relatives of Marshal Clarke, Duke of Feltre, the illustrious Franco-Irish soldier.

O'Keeffe, Patrick, soldier. Born on 17 March 1740 at Castlekelly, Co. Kilkenny. In 1760 he joined Dillon's regiment in France as a cadet. In that capacity he served through the 1760-1761 campaigns of the Seven Years War in Germany, and soon after its termination he was promoted to the rank of captain. He accompanied the expeditionary force sent by France to America during the War of Independence, in which he was wounded in the leg at the siege of Savannah in 1779 by the explosion of a bomb. Two years later he was again wounded from the same cause. At the end of the War in 1783 he was created a Knight of Saint Louis for his valour. Returning to France he embarked early in 1792 with his regiment for Saint Domingo, but returned in July of the same year. A supporter of the Revolution, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1792 and fought in the Army of the North in the campaigns against monarchic Europe. In September 1792 he was wounded at the siege of Anvers, while at that of Valenciennes from May to July in 1793 and at the more terrible one of Lille two months later he co-operated in the heroic defence of these towns. At Lille he was once more wounded by a bomb explosion. In 1795 he was appointed general of brigade and commandant of the town of Besancon. Three years later he became president of the Council for the revision of military trials. He retired from active service in 1807, and this distinguished Irish soldier, who was always noted for a passionate affection for his native land, died at Briancon on 4 August 1809.

His son, Christopher, who was born in France, also became an officer in the French army, and in April 1826 he was appointed captain adjutant-major in the 32nd regiment of the line. In 1832 he acted as captain-reporter to the courtsmartial at Nantes and, having in that capacity to plead against the leading lawyers of the city, showed much ability. In 1843 he had reached the rank of full colonel in the 6th regiment of light troops and at this time too he became, like his father, an officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1852 the President of the Republic raised him to the rank of general of brigade. His health suffered severely from the climate of Africa during his campaigns there, and he died at Marseilles on 21 October 1852.

O'Kelly, John James (Count), diplomat. Born in 1749, he was son of Denis O'Kelly of Clonlyon, Roscommon, and Mary Dillon. His father, who had been in the Spanish army, returned to Ireland in 1740 on succeeding to the estate of his uncle, James O'Farrell. He added the name O'Farrell to his own and retired to France, where he died at Toulouse in 1761. John James O'Kelly was in 1777 appointed Minister-Plenipotentiary of France by Louis XVI to the court of the Elector of Mayence. After the outbreak of the Revolution a certain number of the French émigrés settled in that State, and Count O'Kelly, a zealous royalist, had frequent association with them. On 28 November 1791 a warm debate took place at the National Assembly regarding those émigrés who in various countries were plotting against France. O'Kelly was the subject of much hostile criticism from various deputies, and he was severely censured for his association with "the perfidious combination of armed Frenchmen" outside the kingdom. His recall was demanded and he resigned his post a few weeks later.

He was a kinsman of Charles O'Kelly (1621–1695), the author of "Macariae Excidium" who also wrote "The O'Kelly Memoirs". The manuscript of the latter work was in Count O'Kelly's possession at the time of the Revolution, but was unfortunately lost in the disturbances of the period.

In 1776—the year previous to his appointment as Minister-Plenipotentiary—Count O'Kelly married Angélique de Galard, by whom he had four sons. One of these, Count Charles, a chevalier of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, was author of several works: "Souvenirs d'Agnes de Bourbon" (Paris 1832), "Sirène (la) de la Vendée . . . Esquisses de la mer et de l'avenir" (Paris 1834) &c. Two of the sons of Count Charles, officers in the French naval service, were killed in action, and two other sons, officers in the army, were in the Crimea expedition in which the elder lost his life.

Richard Hayes

REVIEWS

An Epic of the Passion

CHRIST UNCONQUERED. By Arthur Little, S.J. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1945. Pp. 211. 10s. 6d.

It is not long since Milton was regarded as one of the most Protestant of poets, the great Protestant force in English literature. But a newer and no doubt a truer view has shown him to be very much more within the medieval traditions of belief and poetry. Mr. C. Williams and Mr. C. S. Lewis have been telling us that *Paradise Lost* contains little that is specifically Protestant, and linking it with the *Divine Comedy*. Father Little has given a practical reinforcement to these theories by producing what would once have seemed a contradiction in terms—a Catholic Miltonic poem.

Father Little intends to treat a great theme grandly, and for that there is but one model in English. Style—metre, diction, syntax—in the poem before us is overwhelmingly Miltonic; when we see traces of Keats, Shelley, Arnold, the traces are of poets who themselves miltonized. One may wonder whether the poem will be at all easy reading for those who do not know their Milton well; what will the common reader make of such epic abbreviations as *He these to them?* The following passage about the coming of Judas to the Sanhedrim seems to me, after a highly effective opening, to become darkly and crabbedly Miltonic:—

> The company started in presage swift
> And saw upon the threshold of the porch
> Dark in the setting sun a stranger shrunk,
> Who pondered on them, smiling bitterly
> And with resolved gait, demeanour proud
> Of one accepting conquest, moved on them
> Yielding and menacing; but they shrank back
> Shuddering, lest the sight should plead themselves
> In act to fall thus utterly, constrained
> Yet to hear all lest they should aught forego
> That offered subsidy.

Perhaps there is here too much of the archaic, too much of Miltonic accident. On the other hand, modern words like *majority, prestige,* here and there give us a jerk. But despite an occasional sense of the artificial or mechanical, the style of the whole is well managed, and, without change of elements, it becomes more lively and powerful as the poem grows.

Father Little is not of course the first to use the style in a narrow sense, the language and rhetoric of Milton. Parodists and half-parodists and people adapting it to all sorts of un-Miltonic purposes have been doing so since the early eighteenth century. But who before has attempted to be intrinsically Miltonic, to treat Miltonically a theme similar to *Paradise Lost* or *Paradise Regained,* using the same adaptation of the ancient hero-epic to a narrative of sacred history? Milton in his youth wrote *Verses on the Passion,* but in the great works of his maturity touched this core of Christian history but rarely and briefly. *Christ Unconquered,* at first reading, suggests such a poem as a Catholic Milton might have composed about 1670.

Milton's difficulty was that the old heroic poem, Homeric and Virgilian, was civic and warlike, an affair of straightforward action and debate. To follow it he had to humanize his other-worldly personages and make them into soldiers and orators. Speeches abound in *Paradise Lost,* and not always quite natural speeches. The action of the poem being more inward than with the ancients, the speeches have often to become soliloquies; and when doctrine is to be conveyed they must turn into

lectures. Milton's speeches are longer than Virgil's, and Father Little's are longer still. We have debates in the Sanhedrim, discussions between Annas and Caiaphas, discussions among the Apostles, and many long self-communings to ground the actions of this one or that. The Sanhedrim debate in Book I seems to me slow and heavy, and Judas's final soliloquy (modelled on Satan's in *P.L.* IV.) goes on for four-and-a-half pages. Though they contain much subtle and appropriate thought, the speeches in the first half of the poem seem to me to be often psychologically unconvincing and always poetically inferior to the descriptions. To these indeed the author appears to escape with relief. At the end of the first Sanhedrim debate, for example, we get this fine passage :—

> from the shaded garth
> A rose with Sharon's spices vernal-sweet
> Breathed warm fragrance, and the fountain fall
> Flashed silver in the moon and uttered chimes
> Of mellow laughter in the pool. But they
> Projected winter from their angry hearts
> Upon the jocund vigil of the spring
> And slew the infant summer in her bed,
> Till to their eyes nature grew frore and nude
> And lifeless ; and, forgetful of the prime,
> They drew their mantles close and went within.

Longer and very fine descriptions are those of the Garden of Gethsemani, of the place of Judas's suicide, of dawn on Jerusalem ; in the later books the descriptions are less set and separable.

But we have not quite done with the speeches. A difficulty that Milton had not to meet, but which confronts every poet who takes the Passion as his subject, is that in so many cases we have the Gospel record of what was said. To translate that into the diction of the poem is not satisfactory ; nor is it much better to append the real words, in their startling brevity, to what beside them must pale into verbiage :

> Son of David King,
> Though to a title more august the heir,
> Strange traveller from the world's original,
> Who are you ? What is truth ?

Father Little seems to me to dramatise Pilate and Herod better than he had done Annas and Caiaphas. It is perhaps unsatisfying that, when Pilate's mind is so fully revealed in dialogue and soliloquy, his giving of the Christ-or-Barrabas choice should merely *happen* without explanation. But on the whole Pilate is a fine effort of imagination, a noble Roman, affording a contrast of constructive and philosophic value with both the Jews and Christ ; he is the top of natural humanity, between the reprobate and the divine.

Father Little is now rising to the height of his theme, and we feel a growing urgency and power in his art. The scene on Calvary is drawn intensely and unforgettably :—

> A moment standing thus they seized him then,
> Those killers cold, and hurled him headlong down
> Limp on the rugged wood ; and one gripped fast
> The hand that he desirous stretched along
> One arm of the cross, another took the nail
> And hammer kneeling, and put point to wrist
> And with address swung hammer and struck down

Once ; and with rending loud the nail went home,
Jetting the blood, and all the members clenched,
But no cry came save low the words : " Father,
Forgive them for they know not what they do ! "
But from another cross, hatred of hurt
Or of the hurters heralding, a howl
Of rage and from another burst a scream
As of a tortured child.

To the Gospel narrative, in these last books, the poet, his mind *for many years . . . fraught with the passionate rood,* adds those details of scene and drama and the high, reverent speculations on the mind of the Sufferer that came to him *in peremptory dream.*

Precluded now
All forms of fair and lovely on the earth
Were and dissolving from his care, like things
That in the slow fall of the northern dusk
Folded forget their edged lines and, spilt
From solid into smoke, seem sacked to view
Of substance by the predatory night ;
So lapsed this world from Christ's regard.

The passage continues, growing more austere in form but not less poetical, for here art can reach its aim only by the rejection of adornment.

The above review should be read as scattered notes on a first reading of a work that would require study ; a work that will bear many readings and will, I feel sure, take a permanent place in literature. I have not touched on the remarkable personal prologues which, following Virgil and Milton, Father Little has prefixed to certain books ; in these he mirrors his aspirations and his fears and his art—*Sweet song, wave of the well of quietness.*

J. J. H.

Education

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE MODERN WORLD. By Arnold S. Nash. London : Student Christian Movement Press. 1945. 12s. 6d. net.

This book, which has a brief foreword by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, can hardly be said to be either well composed or very well written. It is the work of a scientist who has studied both economics and philosophy. A good deal of its argument is too facile, and gives one the impression that the author has been in too much of a hurry to get his thought into print. He has, however, the excuse that his subject is one of enormous scope and importance and that the problems he raises are too urgent to await more thorough treatment. Certainly no one can read his book without being impressed by this urgency and by the sincerity with which he approaches his difficult task.

His theme is one whose poignancy is revealed, in a totally different setting from Mr. Nash's, by Mme. Raïssa Maritain in the recently-published instalment of her autobiography. There she describes the plight of the two young students at the École des Sciences in the University of Paris at the beginning of the present century ; their despairing quest for metaphysical certainty in a world dominated by materialism, and their rescue from despair by the teaching of Bergson. A quotation from a modern history of science on p. 53 of Mr. Nash's book states exactly the cause of the malady from which the Maritains suffered such mental torture : the rejection by modern science of teleology. Curiously enough, Mme. Maritain has revealed

how she missed the antidote to the poison which so nearly proved fatal to her husband and herself: she had never read Plato, whose *Phædo* so effectively provided that antidote through the mouth of Socrates.

Mr. Nash states his case in the title to his first section, which is "The Plight of the Liberal Democratic University". The typical university of the present day is permeated with the spirit of what is here called scientific individualism or liberal rationalism, which "stands in the same relation to the doctrines of orthodox economic theory as it does to the doctrines of experimental science" (p. 77). This spirit, which is thus a total view of life and the world, had its origin in the scientific revolution of the seventeenth century and has undoubtedly transformed Western civilisation. In the present century, however, it has come to a dead end. Its dogmas, such as "science without presuppositions" and the neutrality of reason, have been refuted and must henceforth be abandoned, though numbers of devoted prophets still continue to preach the religion of science and to prophesy the coming rationalist millennium. National Socialism and Communism are both false remedies for this sickness of the liberal creed, but both are right in so far as they have recognised that the sickness is there. The second section of the book is devoted to a lively critique of both doctrines, which is sound and effective as far as it goes.

Mr. Nash shows himself to have succeeded to a great extent in salvaging from the wreck of liberal rationalism at least the capacity to frame a fairly objective diagnosis and the critical power to avoid falling into any of the easy but destructive errors in prescribing treatment which are now so much in fashion. It is true that he is too much impressed by the economic interpretation of history, even to the point of thinking scholasticism to have its origin in a feudal society, and too much inclined to rely for guidance on the oracular wisdom of Dr. Karl Mannheim. Nevertheless he is right in his general summing-up, that what higher education now chiefly needs is "a unified and coherent philosophy" which will duly acknowledge a relation between knowledge and morality and the reality of original sin. "It is man's sin which infects his thinking." (p. 177). Mr. Nash's promised further work on the university problem will be awaited with interest.

M. T.

History

THE CHURCH AND THE PAPACY. By Trevor G. Jalland, D.D. London: S.P.C.K. 1944. 25s. net.

Dr. Jalland had already given us proof of his exceptional qualifications as a Church historian in his *St. Leo the Great*, reviewed in Studies, December 1942. Above all he had shown a desire to be fair to one of the greatest and yet most Roman of all the successors of St. Peter. He had written with sympathy and a just appreciation of the services rendered by St. Leo to the Christian commonwealth alike in the ecclesiastical and the civil order. The result was a truly great biography of one of most outstanding personalities of our culture. From beginning to end it moved on the same lofty plane of sound learning and objective interpretation.

Dr. Jalland's new work presents a certain preliminary difficulty for the critic. It falls into two, or rather into three, distinct parts. The first deals with the earlier and vastly more important period of Church history (Chs. I–IV); the second with the troubled Dark Ages and the medieval scene (Chs. V and VI); the third with modern times—i.e., since the Lutheran revolt (Chs. VII and VIII). The three differ from one another very noticeably. The first merits unstinted praise. It is equal to, in many respects superior to, *St. Leo the Great*. It is so learned that only the highest experts in early Church history are capable of doing justice to it. Perhaps I may express my meaning by saying that it reads like the work of an Anglican

Duchesne, written in the light of the knowledge added by research in recent years. It is animated also by a Christian churchman's understanding of the fundamental issues at stake. Hence it is free from that bias which for four centuries has made Anglican apologists only too eager to give the verdict against the Catholic Church at every stage of its struggle for the liberty and independence of Christianity everywhere from Caesaro-papism, forgetful of the fact that they were thus strengthening the Erastian hold of the state upon their own communion and aiding the campaign of the neo-pagan state to ruin at the base the whole Christian concept of life.

Dr. Jalland shows that the growth of Papal power and the exercise of it, east and west, in those early days is inadequately explained either by the pre-eminence of Rome itself among cities and the ambition of its prelates or by imitation of the political system of government ; still less by imperial connivance or assistance. A special providence at least seems at work. Such civil power as did in time accrue to it, with the consequent heavy responsibilities, was thrust upon it by the failure of the civil rulers to give peace, security and a tolerable way of life to their subjects. It came *per accidens* and was on the whole beneficial for the terrestial city as well as for the *civitas Dei*. Hence we do not find in these pages that excusatorial attitude towards Byzantium which has been a feature of previous Anglican writings. The Papacy, even when suffering from grave internal disorders or represented by men who individually were far from being saints or sages or heroes, fulfilled a unique rôle in safeguarding the *Paradosis*—i.e., the handing-on of the faith, the sacraments and the substantial ritual entrusted to the Church. It was the rallying point for orthodoxy east and west. It had an uncanny genius for being in the right. It was the final umpire in disputes of all sorts, but particularly in doctrinal debate.

Further, just as there is a solid basis in the New Testament for the Petrine claims in the case of Peter, so there is in the Primitive Church and the Church of the Fathers an inner consciousness of special prerogatives in the Roman see as the Chair of Peter. How far these extended or were formally acknowledged may be matter for discussion. But some *principalior potestas*—or *potior principalitas* as Dr. Jalland prefers—is discernible from the start and emerges into clearer light with every generation. Thus our author seems to concede that some effective primacy is implicit in Scripture, implicit in the first three centuries, and by the fourth is explicitly asserted by Rome and certainly not formally denied by the Eastern Churches. There is development of doctrine, not invention of new teaching nor any usurpation at the expense of the episcopate. It may be growth, but it is not alteration ; it conforms to the teaching of St. Vincent of Lerins when fully understood. Hence in Part I we have not merely a very objective and erudite rehandling of long disputed questions, but a contribution to the solution of them *in favorem fidei*, for which the sincerest gratitude is due from all who love the faith—though " Romanists " will feel that often enough Dr. Jalland is unexpectedly minimalist in his interpretation (notably of Irenaeus).

The second part differs from the first in being, on the face of it, a more summary or synoptic treatment of a long and intricate period, full of historical vicissitudes each occasioning its own peculiar problem. It is a *vue d'ensemble*, making no pretence to the same personal research or pondered judgment. We cannot quarrel with it on that account. (It was, humanly speaking, quite impossible for one scholar to cover so vast a field with equal care and specialised knowledge.) Neither as yet is there any loss of the eirenical spirit in the telling of the story. Yet there is a subtle change of attitude. The writer seems to have forgotten a little that, after all, the ' Paradosis " was the main thing. Hence when he finds the Papacy growing in power until in the end, in Innocent III, it overshadows the secular authority and might be called Catholic in physical extension as well as in jurisdiction, he is at least silent about the fact that it was precisely by its zeal and success in spreading the faith, as well as guarding it from corruption, that its temporal triumph was secured.

He is inclined to see in this triumph more of worldly and unworthy ambition than need be asserted. The Papal States had a not ignoble origin. It may well be contended that without them the Papacy could never have enjoyed, in any permanency, that independence from kings and emperors which it needed for the Paradosis. Hildebrand may have acted with high-handedness; but he certainly acted with high-mindedness, and he only won a victory which had to be won if the Church was not to be at the mercy of monarchs and their parasites. Dr. Jalland in Part II is more impressed by external phenomena, to the forgetfulness of the internal spirit, than in the first part, less conscious of the fundamental loyalty, on the whole, of the Papal representatives to their spiritual functions, their Petrine vocation.

But, as I have said, in Part II there is as yet no controversial bias and, of course, no trace of the old anti-Papal propaganda—at most a certain cooling-off in the writer's enthusiasm for his subject. It is in the third part that deterioration in the treatment of his theme is most perceptible. Here more than elsewhere the danger of generalisations from inadequately stated facts is apparent. Dr. Jalland must be aware that many of the conclusions he arrives at are still challenged. The Catholic historian cannot regard his presentation of this period as quite impartial—apart altogether from the fact that his presentation could not help being both sketchy and superficial. This part is thus an anti-climax to the really brilliant performance of the opening chapters. The result is that the author feels himself forced to conclude on a note which, I am sure, was not to his liking (for his zeal for the House of God is not for a moment in doubt): "Of the future it is not our purpose to speak. If our conclusions are correct, the perfect integration of the idea of the Papacy with the doctrine of the Church, more particularly with the episcopacy, has yet to be accomplished and can be effected only in the light of a fuller knowledge of God's purpose than we can claim to possess at the present time."

The tone of these lines is nostalgic; it contrasts with the hopefulness of the opening pages in which he deals, in a preliminary way, with the problem presented by the Vatican decrees. And the reason would seem to be that the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, the intransigence of Pius IX in his opposition to "Liberalism", the "ultramontanism" of nineteenth-century Rome prove too much for him and force him (very regretfully) to a *nondum possumus*. Yet I think, if he were to reexamine this crucial period again with the same industry, the same openness of mind, the same enthusiasm for the Christian Paradosis as he began with he would perhaps discern the *digitus Dei* directing events in spite of surface appearances of human wilfulness or arbitrariness or weakness. These were certainly no more but less in evidence than in the third, fourth and fifth centuries, when in spite of everything the Paradosis prevailed—the Paradosis of the Cathedra Petri.

If Dr. Jalland would go a little more deeply into the question of the Immaculate Conception, for instance, he would learn many things. First, he would see that it has a very intimate connection with the dogma of the Incarnation and that, when viewed in the light of the doctrine of Original Sin properly understood, it is far from being a fantastic invention of exaggerated piety. It might, indeed, be styled a corollary from the study and comparison of the two most specific dogmas of Christianity. At any rate its ultimate promulgation was due to the same process of evolution through controversy which he is able to recognise in earlier ages as fulfilling the divine purpose, as giving us not a new paradosis but a clarification and integration of the old. He would also find that this resulted from long centuries of subtle scientific scholastic debate, which was singularly free from *odium theologicum*—and for the sufficient reason that all parties to it were equally devout clients of the Mother of God and were uniquely concerned with the discovery of the truth. Probably no definition ever promulgated was more whole-heartedly accepted by those who might have seemed to outsiders reduced to silence rather than internally convinced.

Let any Anglican who doubts this consult a Dominican theologian of to-day and he will be surprised at the result.

The definition of papal infallibility, again, was certainly much later than the canons of Nicaea, Constantinople or Ephesus. But the process was analogous. It arrived after long ages of discussion ; it had its chequered history. But in the end the belief itself was overwhelmingly preponderant in the ordinary *magisterium* of the Church. The only serious objection was its " opportuneness ". On that there was misgiving in some breasts. But the event has only gone to show, more clearly than one could have expected, that the over-ruling providence, which Dr. Jalland does most loyally acknowledge as *de facto* visible in the history of the Papacy, was again operative.

I am sure Dr. Jalland would to-day concede that Pius XII stands for the Christian Paradosis against a largely godless or anti-god world disintegrating before our eyes. He is the rallying point for all theists, not to say Christians, in their agonizing search for religious or philosophical certainty on any problem of belief or morality. His voice is, in obvious reality, the voice of all lovers of God or of the Christ everywhere. And the authority of his voice owes much to the Vatican decrees. If we had to wait for a General Council before we knew that Communism, Nazism, Fascism were heresies, we should have to wait a long time, because anyone of these forces would be able to defer its convocation and trouble its proceedings. That the great Paradosis still rings across the world, with unmistakable precision and the power of a clarion call, is due to the Papacy precisely as defined in 1870—just before whatever temporal power it possessed was taken from it. Perhaps when Dr. Jalland thinks again and studies the documents of to-day with the same splendid impartiality he has brought to the study of the past, he may find himself able to take more hopeful views about the restoration of unity, of that unity which was due to the victory of centripetal forces over centrifrugal tendencies—and these forces, like all roads, led to Rome. They do so still ; and the supreme merit of this book is that it reveals a progressive readiness, on the part of Anglican scholars, to reconsider the arguments of Roman apologists objectively. Dr. Jalland has not travelled the whole way as yet. But to compare him with Littledale or Salmon or even Dr. Charles Gore is to feel that a new and better method is coming to prevail, a new and fuller understanding that the unity which all admit as willed by Christ for His Church is not unlikely to be reestablished—and perhaps sooner than he anticipates. It can, however, come about only round the *Cathedra Petri*.

P. J. Gannon

NTRODUCTION OF ARISTOTELIAN LEARNING TO OXFORD. By Dr. D. A. Callus, O.P. Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. XXIX (1943). London : Milford. 1944. Pp. 55. 7s.

THE TRACTATUS DE SUCCESSIVIS, attributed to William Ockham. Edited with a Study on the Life and Works of Ockham by Philotheus Boehner, O.F.M. (Franciscan Institute Publications, No. 1). St. Bonaventure, N.Y. : St. Bonaventure College, 1944. Pp. 122.

So much of the beauty and tradition of the Middle Ages has been destroyed by blast of bomb and gunfire in the past five years that a lover of things medieval may be pardoned his pleasure at the sight of these two somewhat arid essays. Father Callus is a member of the English Dominican province who has been working for many years past on the history of the Dominican school at Oxford during the thirteenth century. Father Boehner is one of a group of highly trained Franciscan specialists whose work was centred mainly in Quaracchi before the gathering of the storm-clouds in 1938 and 1939. It is indeed pleasant to see these two papers lying beside one

another and to know that interest in the great days of the medieval schoolmen has not wholly vanished from the earth.

Father Callus goes deep into the story of the first Aristotelian masters at the Oxford *studium*. His immediate purpose is to fix the dates at which the influence of " the new Aristotle " can be recognised in each new phase of the recovery of the whole Aristotelian corpus by the scholars of western Europe. Students have tended to concentrate on the more international *studium* of Paris in this connection. Here the new *libri naturales* and the *Metaphysics* were being read from the first years of the thirteenth century, as is plain from the official condemnations of 1210 and 1215. Beginning with William of Auxerre, who compiled his *Summa Aurea* between 1215 and 1220, a line of Paris masters can be traced—Philip the Chancellor, William of Auvergne and Roland of Cremona (the first Dominican master of the University)—who, with increasing boldness, make use of Aristotelian principles in their interpretation of traditional theology. It is the dawn of a great age in the history of human thought.

When did the " new Aristotle " cross the Channel from Paris to Oxford? Father Callus maintains that the *libri naturales* were first cited by Oxford masters between 1206 and 1209, and that Oxford was thus as quick as Paris to accept the new learning. That was only the first step. Modern research has taught us to distinguish more accurately between the various Latin versions of Aristotle's treatises and to mark with greater care the different phases in the full recovery of Aristotelian thought, as witnessed finally by Albert the Great and Thomas of Aquin. Father Callus has schooled himself to distinguish between the " Aristotle " of Avicenna and Averroes and the more trustworthy versions of the middle of the thirteenth century. His task has been to trace the increasingly clear influence of this Aristotle, whose true metaphysical principles were being revealed to each new generation of commentators, in the lectures (most of them still unpublished or published only in part) of Englishmen such as Roger of Hereford, Alexander Nequam and Alfred of Sareshel, who followed the lead first given by Adelard of Bath; of St. Edmund Rich (whose academic career is most uncertain) and John Blund, whose biography is here given in more precise detail. It would be tedious to take each name in turn; but the conclusions at which Father Callus has arrived may be noted. He claims to have proved that Oxford was abreast of the new learning in Paris, step by step, throughout the century; and he calls attention to the importance of minor Oxford masters such as Adam of Buckfield (whose thought was deeply influenced by the commentaries of Averroes), the Dominican Richard Fishacre and Simon of Faversham. As is but right, he has devoted a special section of his paper to the work done by the Dominican masters at Oxford—though Robert Kilwardby's career shows the strength of the Augustinian tradition in the schools of the English province. Oxford knew Aristotle from the first; but her conservatism made her throughout the century a stronghold of the older traditions that were embodied in the first condemnations of the *libri naturales*.

Duns Scotus and William Ockham are the two most characteristic names in the tradition of the Grey Friars at Oxford. It is good news indeed to hear that the Franciscan scholars of Quaracchi have not abandoned their ambitious project of a critical edition of all that Ockham has left us. Before the war a gifted young Cambridge scholar (Mr. J. G. Sikes) had planned, with the collaboration of other enthusiasts, a full critical edition of Ockham's political writings; the first volume of this series was published by the Manchester University Press in 1940. But the death of the editor-in-chief has made the continuance of this scheme doubtful. Meanwhile the Franciscans have not been idle. Father Boehner prints here, as the first number of an American series of " Franciscan Institute Publications ", the text of a short *Tractatus de Successivis*, which (as he shows) is not one of Ockham's authentic

works, but is rather an intelligent compilation from the master's longer *Expositio super octo libros Physicorum*. The real value of this publication is to be found in Father Boehner's biographical and bibliographical preface, which is planned as a general survey of the whole field. More than thirty years ago a German Redemptorist scholar (Father Johann Hofler) published a series of studies on Ockham's career in the *Archivum Franciscanum Historicum*, which brought order into what had hitherto been confusion. But Father Hofler's conclusions now need to be checked from a more thorough study of the extant manuscripts and from some new material that has been printed—notably some official documents concerning his trial for heresy at Avignon in 1324–27.

Some notion of the task that awaits the Quaracchi editors may be formed from the facts as summarised by Father Boehner. The *Summa totius Logicae*—one of Ockham's earliest works and the one that kept eager young students awake until the small hours of the morning in Paris and Oxford, and wherever the new logic was studied in the schools of Europe—survives to-day in more than fifty manuscripts. Twenty-four manuscripts have so far been noted of Ockham's commentary of the first book of the Sentences, which Father Boehner dates to 1317–19. This is the only portion of his great commentary which Ockham published in his own lifetime in a revised form (*ordinatio*). His commentary on the remaining three books was circulated in an unrevised form as *reportata*, for the use of students. Fifteen manuscripts survive of this version, and they will need careful sifting—for medieval methods of publication were very much less uniform than our modern system. Ockham's *Quodlibeta* are dated by Father Boehner to the period following Ockham's trial for heresy and his flight from Avignon to Germany. They give us his thought in maturer and more daring form; for the friar, whose academic career had been interrupted by his summons to Avignon in 1324, was now living in schism at the court of Lewis the Bavarian and was thus free from the restraints of his order's censorship. Eleven manuscripts of these *Quodlibeta* have survived. No edition of either the Lectures on the Sentences or the *Quodlibeta* has appeared since the days of the black-letter folios; and modern scholars are still uncertain as to what can safely be counted as Ockham's authentic work.

Ockham's later years were largely filled with his political and anti-papal writings. But Father Boehner dates the *Summulae in libros Physicorum* (seven manuscripts) and the *Quaestiones in libros Physicorum* (five manuscripts) to this last phase of Ockham's active life; whilst he places the *Expositio super octo libros* and one or two commentaries on Aristotle's logic in the early period when Ockham was admittedly the most daring and subtle intellect in the schools of Oxford. The famous *Tractatus de Sacramento Altaris*, in which some of Wyclif's objections to the traditional scholastic explanations of the dogma of transubstantiation are anticipated, belongs most probably to the years when Ockham was defending himself against the charge of heresy. But modern research has suggested that it has commonly been printed in a conflated form, thus embodying two distinct treatises in which Ockham sought to expound his thought more clearly on this controversial issue.

Ockham, like Duns Scotus, would have claimed that he was everywhere interpreting and expounding the thought of Aristotle. Yet it is Aristotle with a difference. There is no escaping from the impression that this English friar, under the guise of a new commentary, was in fact expounding a new system of logic and metaphysic that anticipates much of the modern reaction from the authority of the great Schoolmen. Not until the Quaracchi editors have given us a reliable text, with a critical discussion as to the authenticity and chronology of each new treatise, will it be possible to place Ockham correctly in the great series of medieval thinkers. His importance as the founder of a school that, for good or ill, remained dominant in many of the universities of western Europe for the next two centuries, is unquestioned; and we can

never hope to understand and explain that great transition from medieval to modern thought without an accurate estimate of Ockham's contribution to the whole. It is a long way from Robert Grosseteste and Adam Marsh to Duns Scotus and William Ockham; and there are many half-forgotten names in the course of that century and a half which deserve close study, if the whole course of Oxford thought is to be understood. Father Callus and Father Boehner have better claims than most scholars to attempt this arduous task of re-interpretation.

A. G.

ANALECTA HIBERNICA. No. 15: November 1944. Survey of Documents in Private Keeping. First Series. Reports presented by Edward MacLysaght, M.A., M.R.I.A. Irish Manuscripts Commission. Dublin: Stationery Office. 7s. 6d.

ANALECTA HIBERNICA. No. 14. December 1944. Report on Documents relating to The Wardenship of Galway. Reports presented by Edward MacLysaght, M.A., M.R.I.A. Irish Manuscripts Commission. Dublin: Stationery Office. 7s. 6d.

DESPITE war-time difficulties the Irish Manuscripts Commission continues its valuable work. The interest of these two numbers of the *Analecta Hibernica*, printed on excellent paper and issued almost simultaneously from the press, is a wide one, their contents being of interest and value not only to historical and literary students but to genealogists and students of topography.

The first volume comprises a series of reports on collections of historical material in manuscript which lie in the houses of various Irish families or belong to certain bodies and corporations throughout the country. Included in them are the collections in such old houses as those of the O'Gradys of Killballyowen, Co. Limerick, the O'Connells of Derrynane, the O'Briens of Clare, the Roches of Fermoy, and more than two dozen other Irish and Anglo-Irish houses. The volume contains much more than a mere survey of the collections; it gives long and interesting extracts from many of them, which show their value and importance. The collections comprise the most varied material—wills, deeds, marriage settlements, rent rolls, documents relating to the Cromwellian plantations, &c., the originals of many of which perished in the damage done to the Record Office in 1922.

One of the most interesting of the collections is that of the O'Grady family of Killballyowen with their contents ranging from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Among them is a copy made by William Smith O'Brien of an O'Grady deed written in the Irish language and dated 1586. And a document of modern days gives a vivid account of Waterloo by an Irish participant (Standish O'Grady), written immediately after the battle. Speculating on the yet undecided treatment by his captors of Napoleon (whom he describes as a rascal !), the writer states that he should be sorry to see him hanged—" though he richly deserves it ".

Curious light is thrown on the social and political conditions existing in a planted Irish town during the seventeenth century as disclosed in the manuscripts of the Old Corporation of Kinsale. Lists of its burgesses and townsmen generally show a preponderating dominance of English settlers within its walls. Gribles, Snowes, Mastricks, Ways, Lightfootes, Stawells, Suxbergs, Ruddocks—names met with to-day only in the mouldering tombstones of its graveyards.

Among other collections calendared in the volume are those at Packenham Hall, the home of the Earls of Longford. It is interesting to note that the letters of the first Earl show that, though a Protestant, he was a loyal supporter of James II in 1689. Among the papers, too, is a singularly interesting travel journal written by George Edward Packenham in 1737. Here and there are pictures of Irish social

conditions and impressions of Irish character as they struck the writer. " The poor people," he says, " excel in one of the sublimest virtues known among men, which is gratitude." He gives what seems a rather fantastic account of their customary mode of oath taking : " In their swearing they don't value taking a false oath when the Bible is tendered to them (their religion excusing them—*sic*), but take up a handful of earth, a man's skull, a crucifix or relic, and they never have been known to perjure themselves by these."

The manuscripts of the O'Connell house at Derrynane are also surveyed. A most interesting work, *The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade*, was made fifty years ago from the letters and documents of that house—which, it is good to see, have been acquired by the University College, Dublin.

The series of manuscripts listed in this volume must represent only a relatively small proportion of the valuable historical material existing in private houses throughout the country. It is to be hoped that it will be inspected and examined in due course and made available in successive similar volumes.

The other publication of the Manuscripts Commission constitutes a Report on documents relating to the Wardenship of Galway. This was an institution unique in Irish ecclesiastical history whose origin is to be found in the peculiar racial conditions existing in Galway at the time of its foundation in 1484. The famous fourteen tribal families were then dominant within its walls, and a sharp line of demarcation was drawn between them and the mere Irish outside. They claimed the right, confirmed by a Bull of Innocent VIII in 1484, to elect to the office of Wardenship—an office that gave Galway what seemed to be complete control of its own ecclesiastical affairs. The Warden possessed episcopal jurisdiction and claimed exemption from the authority of the Archbishop of Tuam.

It was inevitable that trouble should arise from such an institution. The gradual rise of wealthy non-tribe families who, challenging the tribal monopoly, claimed equal rights and the Archbishop's denial of the Warden's complete independence led to recurring and often disedifying controversies. The bulk of this volume of the *Analecta Hibernica* is taken up with letters bearing on these differences, which continued intermittently for three hundred and fifty years. In 1824 a settlement was reached when the existing Warden was appointed bishop of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora, and with his death in 1831 the office ceased to exist and Galway was made a diocesan see.

In addition to letters and documents bearing on the contentious question of the Wardenship, there are details of interest regarding burses for Galway students in the Irish colleges abroad in the eighteenth century, while some letters from the heads of these institutions in France describe the state of that country before and after the Revolution. The value of the volume is enhanced, too, by the calendaring of many wills which are not to be found in the Public Record Office or elsewhere.

The Manuscripts Commission's Inspector, Mr. Edward MacLysaght, to whose efficiency and sound scholarship we are indebted for these and previous volumes, is now the Genealogical Officer. His work for the Manuscripts Commission over many years has set a splendid headline for his successor.

R. H.

English Literature

WOMEN WRITERS : Their Contribution to the English Novel, 1621–1744. By B. G. MacCarthy, M.A., Ph.D. Cork University Press. 1944. 10s. 6d.

This is the first volume of a history of the English women novelists down to 1817. Dr. MacCarthy begins a little puzzlingly :—

> Women's contribution to literature is no arbitrary or artificial distinction. However much the reformer may welcome, or the conservative lament, the

> growth of a harmonious sharing of ideals between men and women, that growth has been a hard-fought struggle. It has been an escape from a prison, which, when it did not entirely shut out the greater world, at least enclosed a little world of education meant for women, a literature adapted to the supposed limitations of their intellect, and a course of action prescribed by the other sex. To show how the literary efforts of women developed and justified their claims to free activity is the purpose of this book.

Nor can the reader be altogether happy about such postulates as the following :—

> Women as listeners influenced the art of story-telling long before they actually shared in it, and naturally the growth of the novel gained in variety and versimilitude when women were given a place in the subject-matter. The novel is a very improbable development of the Odyssey, but it is an inevitable development of *Daphnis and Chloe*. Beowulf and his firedrake are almost as far from the art of fiction as they are from probability, and such sagas could be of no interest to women. It is not the titanic figure, with his death-dealing sword, invincible in his destiny, that a woman loves, in fact or in fiction—or at any rate, not until he has shown himself vulnerable to human emotion. Victorious Perseus, flying through the clouds, does not win a woman's interest until he sees Andromeda and comes down to earth. This descent from free fancy to actuality is, in a word, the evolution of the novel.

One does not readily allow that the art of fiction is absent from the Odyssey or *Beowulf*, or that these stories are without interest for women ; is not the Odyssey in some ways so feminine that S. Butler could postulate an *authoress* for it ? But Dr. MacCarthy soon gets to grips with her subject and writes well—and often wittily, for the subject has its comic and ironical side.

Woman made her first contribution to English prose fiction in 1621, when Lady Mary Wroath produced her *Urania* in partial imitation of her uncle Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. A few others followed her, but the trickle of feminine fiction did not become a broad stream until the Restoration. Why so late ? Dr. MacCarthy holds that it must have been the lack of education, since it could not have been lack of ability. But perhaps the analysis is not complete. Elizabethan women do not really seem to have been uneducated. It was not the thing for them to write books, no more than it was the thing for them to act on the public stage. It was not quite the thing for men either, if they were gentlemen and not doctors on the one hand or scribblers on the other. The Restoration pulled down many barriers.

The women who first drove the pen were for the most part a disreputable set. They were " not loose because they were writers. They were writers because they were loose." Disguised scandal, which the pioneer Lady Mary Wroath had practised in days less dissolute, was their trump card. Of one of them, Dr. MacCarthy says that she " collected filth with the relentless energy of a dredger and aimed it with the deadly precision of a machine gun." They were uneducated, which seems to indicate that lack of education cannot have been the only barrier in earlier times. Literary art they had none, and for that reason as well as its libelling potentialities they chose the novel. To the composition of novels, as Fielding put it, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. Allowing all this, Dr. MacCarthy yet gives due admiration to the courage of the battered crew. " They asked and they got no quarter, and they stamped their names defiantly into the minds of their contemporaries and into literary history." And she discovers, amid much rubbish in these forgotten books, gleams of the true feminine observation of life and point of view, prophecies of Jane Austen and George Eliot.

Dr. MacCarthy gives full analyses of many rare books and very valuable quotations. The pleasantest portrait in her gallery is that of the fantastic yet sensible and very noble Margaret Newcastle. But the most interesting is Aphra Behn, " the first woman who earned her living by her pen". She wrote Heroic Romances of the prevailing sensual type, the falsely gallant fiction of a depraved society. But " the real woman, the woman of racy, vigorous diction, was forever tearing her way through the tinsel". She undoubtedly anticipated Defoe in the creation of circumstantial authenticity. Her *Oroonoko*, a tale of the noble savage sacrificed to the predatory civilisation of Europe, puts her above all the novelists of the age. With all her faults she had a lyrical genius and a generous nature. Dr. MacCarthy quotes her description of Surinam, noting the realistic precision combined with idyllic romanticism :—

> [The house] stood on a vast rock of white marble, at the foot of which the river ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side ; the little waves still dashing and washing the foot of this rock, made the softest murmurs and purlings in the world ; and the opposite bank was adorned with such vast quantities of different flowers eternally blowing, and every day and hour new, fenced behind them with lofty trees of a thousand rare forms and colours, that the prospect was the most ravishing that fancy can create. On the edge of this white rock, towards the river, was a walk, or grove, of orange and lemon trees, about half the length of the Mall here, whose flowery and fruitbearing branches met at the top, and hindered the sun, whose rays are very fierce there, from entering a beam into the grove ; and the cool air that came from the river made it . . . fit to entertain people in, at all the hottest hours of the day . . . and it is marvel to see how such vast trees, as big as English oaks, could take footing on so solid a rock, and in so little earth as covered that rock. But all things by nature there are rare, delightful and wonderful.

Upon the tragedy projected against this background, Dr. MacCarthy writes: " It is interesting to note how Aphra Behn's emotion mounts with the action. Here she finds her spiritual centre ; she speaks deeper truths than she knows ; she overleaps time ; she anticipates the theories of Rousseau, the fierce satire of Swift, the abolition of slavery, and she does all this because the gap between her experience and her idealism, realised suddenly with deadly clarity, wrings from her something nobler than she guessed."

The survey ends just when, in the second decade of the eighteenth century, Puritanism came into its own. The women novelists took up moral didacticism ; one of them, Mrs. Haywood, lived long enough to purvey first licentiousness and then prudent sermonising.

J. J. H.

FRANCIS THOMPSON : In His Paths. By Rev. Terence L. Connolly, S.J. Milwaukee : Bruce. 1944. $2.75.

Francis Thompson was so gentle and dignified in his character, so patient in adversity, so loyal in faith, that Catholics inevitably shrink from ruthless justice in appraising his poetry. They do him no good service, however, for they provoke antagonism in non-Catholics. And it is not hard to discern that, of the three great exponents of imagery, neither Shakespeare nor Shelley was so much its victim. Their imagery reveals its object ; Thompson's blurs even while it decorates it. Thompson's imagery was not a mere means to vision but part of its essence. And it so distracted him from the reality that it was to clothe that he often allowed it to

clothe a truth borrowed ready-made, not his vision but another's. Incidentally music and style (of which such a lyric as *In No Strange Land* proves that he could have been a master) were also sacrificed to the incessant demands of his imaginative ingenuity. The psychological critic will find still deeper roots for this characteristic. But, when all is said, it still remains true that Thompson's writing was moved by an impassioned spontaneity and that he constantly, if deviously, sought vision of the highest truths. It is impossible to deny him a place amongst major poets.

It is therefore regrettable that the writer of this book's preface should write of Thompson with such reckless superlatives. Fr. Connolly's own enthusiasm, though evident, is expressed more carefully. In any case criticism is not his aim, but literary illustration of Thompson's works. His object is to portray in words from the originals the persons and places that Thompson knew and consequently (for his poems embody real experiences) commemorated in verse. The general method is quotation followed by word portrayal of the person or place referred to in the quotation. The only still surviving person of decisive importance to Thompson was Mr. Wilfred Meynell, and of him Fr. Connolly leaves our only profound portrait in words. He did better ; he diplomatically arranged to get Mr. Meynell to sit to Sir John Lavery for his portrait in oils.

Luck, knowledge, determination, and inspiration helped Fr. Connolly to unearth many hitherto unknown little details. For instance he rectified by two days the date of Thompson's birth, not so insignificant a change as it seems, for it indicates that Thompson did not observe his birthday. In North Wales he had a rich harvest. The present reviewer remembers making what hampered efforts a Tertian Father could to follow Thompson's traces in that country. He did not even discover that Thompson had visited St. Beuno's ! It is some gratification to pride therefore to inform Fr. Connolly that he would have found a more explicit reference to St. Sebastian (and presumably to Van Dyck's picture) in the essay on Shelley than in *Sister Songs*.

Some passages in the book are hardly relevant to Thompson, but are interesting nevertheless. For instance Fr. Connolly establishes beyond doubt that Wilfred Scawen Blunt, after his long spell of theatrical Mohammedanism, died with the sacraments sincerely reconciled to the Church. Fr. Connolly is hard on Blunt because Blunt was hard on Thompson. But he says nothing of Blunt's championship of unpopular rights and exotic civilisations, such as those of Egypt and Ireland, that leaves others with a kindlier memory of the man. Again the story of Sir John Lavery's dinner with Michael Collins seems to be told in print here for the first time. Outside the house an assassin stood with his revolver trained on Collins the whole time. Only because Lady Lavery sat between him and the window did he escape.

A. L.

Scripture

STAND BY THE BIBLE. The Encyclical Divino Afflante Spiritu of Pope Pius XII translated into English by Canon G. D. Smith. London : Catholic Truth Society. 1944. 3d.

BACK TO THE BIBLE. Some Vital Issues. By Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. London : Burns Oates. 1944. 5s.

THE FOUR GOSPELS. By Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. London : Sheed & Ward. 1944. 4s. 6d.

ENJOYING THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Margaret T. Monro. London : Longmans. 1945. 8s. 6d.

THE present Holy Father's Encyclical " on biblical studies and opportune means of promoting them " was issued on the fiftieth anniversary of his predecessor

Leo XIII's great Encyclical on the same subject, known as *Providentissimus Deus*. It is a veritable Magna Carta for the modern Catholic student and exegete. A few sentences from it may be quoted here. After praising the great work done by Catholic commentators in past centuries, the Pope continues: "But our own times, too,—can make their contribution to the more profound and accurate interpretation of Holy Writ. There are many matters, especially historical, which were insufficiently or hardly at all developed by the commentators of past centuries, because they lacked nearly all the information needful for elucidating them." "It is therefore," he goes on, "a mistake to maintain, as some who fail to appreciate the conditions of biblical study do maintain, that nothing remains for the modern Catholic exegete to add to the achievements of Christian antiquity. On the contrary these times of ours have raised many problems which call for further study and examination." He then points out, in a general way, what these problems are and suggests principles of solution which are quite in line with those applied by sane modern criticism. He warns, however, that many problems are still unsolved, though not necessarily insoluble with the means and the knowledge at our disposal.

This may serve as introduction to the three books here under review.

Father Lattey's is in the main a study of problems and of the lines along which their solution may be approached by a Christian exegete or, as Archbishop Downey says in the valuable Foreword which he has contributed to the book, "a study of the principles of sober exegesis". In doing so Father Lattey is certainly not unduly conservative, as witness his treatment of *midrash* as a literary form not foreign to the Bible and his tentative solution, in his chapter (VII) Prehistory, of the problems presented by the early narratives in Genesis. On the other hand, it may be that his statement of the Church's teaching on Inspiration (Ch. IV) will sound somewhat crude even to Catholic readers. For instance, though it is certainly Catholic doctrine that God is the *auctor principalis* of Scripture, is it not somewhat misleading to describe Him as the "primary author," seeing that, as Father Vincent McNabb has rightly pointed out, the English word conveys a different impression from the meaning here expressed by the Latin term.[1]

Father Lattey contrives in his 128 pages to cover a very wide field—Revelation, Inspiration, Inerrancy, Prehistory, the Documentary Hypothesis (which he does not wholly reject), Wellhausen's Historical Stages, the Prophets, the Four Gospels, and St. Paul. The chapter on Wellhausen will, I fear, be found by many readers rather heavy going. (Another of Wellhausen's theories is dismissed by Dom Chapman as "this absolutely idiotic theory—I think no milder word will suit it." That is the treatment it deserves). But the chapters on the authenticity and value as history of each of the four Gospels are easier reading and certainly most informing. The chapter on St. Paul, short as it is, seems to me particularly admirable, with its insistence on the Apostle's teaching as "steeped in dogma", its analysis of his "supreme subject," viz., unity, and its clear explanation (p. 121) of what St. Paul meant by the Church being the Body of Christ. It is not what certain Catholic writers mean by the Mystical Body.[2]

The little book of 64 pages entitled *The Four Gospels* consists of four conferences to the Catholic undergraduates of Cambridge delivered in 1927 by Dom Chapman, who died in 1933. The circumstances of their delivery account for the somewhat breezy and forthright manner, but this does not in any way detract from the value of the little work as a serious contribution to the subject. For it is in reality the gist

[1] This is rightly pointed out by Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., in his *Frontiers of Faith and Reason.*

[2] As Pope Pius XII indicated in his Encyclical *Mystici Corporis.* See also ch. XIII in the work of Father McNabb mentioned above.

of an important work on the Synoptic Question published (posthumously of course) in 1937—*Matthew, Mark and Luke, a Study in the Order and Interpretation of the Synoptic Gospels* (London: Longmans). The lectures, despite the wealth of erudition behind the writing of them, are very readable. Two useful Appendices have been added.

In the Encyclical from which I have quoted above Pope Pius writes: "Let them [the Bishops] favour and assist those pious associations whose object it is to circulate copies of the Bible, and especially of the Gospels, among the faithful and to encourage Christian families in the habit of reading them devoutly every day." It will be readily acknowledged, I think, that in this country at least families require encouragement and also positive help. To provide both of these requirements is the purpose of Miss Monro's book, to which Father Lattey contributes a Foreword. The author is at pains to assure us that her purpose is not so much that people should read her book, but that thanks to it they should read the New Testament itself. Her book is "meant as a springboard for a dive into the living waters of God's word". Her plan is to lay out a six-months course of reading which takes in the entire New Testament. The text is not printed here (it is to be presumed that every reader has a New Testament). The author then prepares the reader for a thorough understanding and appreciation of the portion about to be read. This is done in a lively, familiar manner which conceals very sound and extensive knowledge of the N. T. background and of the meaning and implications of the text. It would not be easy to devise a better way of enjoying the New Testament than that set forth in this delightful book.

S. J. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE RIGHTS OF MAN. By Jacques Maritain. London: Geoffrey Bles. 1944. 5s.
HUMANITY. By the Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. 1944. $2.

To those who are familiar with the writings of Jacques Maritain this little book will bring little fresh information, though it may serve as a compendium of his ideas on politics. To those who have not read his other works *The Rights of Man* will offer much that is sound in the exposition and interpretation of Catholic and Thomistic principles. On the other hand, they may be puzzled by Maritain's distinction between individuality and personality, by his account of the *Jus Gentium* and by other philosophical propositions which the space at his disposal did not permit M. Maritain to explain more fully.

Like all Catholic writers, M. Maritain defends Personalism; for a person is a whole and a part at one and the same time, and, as such, defines the common good which, therefore, must be essentially moral. Men must transcend the political community, for they "contain within their very being a root of independence and aspire to ever greater degrees of independence until they achieve that perfect spiritual liberty which no human society has within its gift." For that reason, among others, if the political task is essentially a task of civilisation and culture, the Church's spiritual mission must be acknowledged and aided.

M. Maritain points out convincingly that the peace and order of civil society must come out of inner forces. The unity of many within the body corporate will not be stable unless the institutions, manners and customs of the community grow out of the Christian conscience, foster it and support it. He shows how such unification leads to equality, which is the fruit of the common good flowing back over all the members, and how it transfigures obedience into freedom.

M. Maritain finds the fallacies and the evils latent in Totalitarianism in its

extreme form. But perhaps his dislike for this regime in its pagan embodiment has made him unfair to other regimes similar to it but different all the same. He is inclined to lose his philosophic detachment when speaking of the German people, or when he refers to the political system of Portugal. So, too, his affection for the republican form leads him too far in appraisal of it. It can hardly be deduced from the *philosophia perennis*, of which M. Maritain is such a distinguished exponent, that " universal suffrage is one of those rights which a community of free men can never give up." One can easily imagine a society of free men among whom universal suffrage (however the vague term may be defined) was not practised, who, nevertheless, enjoyed all the rights which M. Maritain claims for them in this and in other books.

In *Humanity* Dr. Orchard discusses the problem of Man, asking about him What? Whence? Whither? He describes the various attempts to answer those questions, how they leave the problem unexplained, and how, when the investigators give it up in despair, they do not endeavour to show why it is insoluble. This part of the book is an *argumentum ad hominem* very deftly developed. It proves that the Evolutionary theory, for example, leaves man more mysterious than ever; for even if he has the same origin as the brute, he is now different; and no evolutionary hypothesis can explain why.

Dr. Orchard holds that a new synthesis is needed. The *philosophia perennis* should take in all that modern science has discovered and revalue it. Catholicism, though it possesses a certain and immovable centre, has an all-embracing circumference that can be described from it. " Neither medievalism nor modernism need be the rallying cry, but the eternal mediated to the need of every age and time." He argues that only by returning to the true religion and to the practice of prayer can man reach any understanding about himself or his destiny.

The book will interest those who would like to see how the Catholic faith and the philosophy which ministers to it, meet the modern approach to the problem of man, estimate the arguments put forward for other views and answer the difficulties common to all explanations. J. E. C.

SEX ENLIGHTENMENT AND THE CATHOLIC. By J. Leycester King, S.J. London and Dublin: Burns Oates. 1944. Pp. 65. 6s.

THE policy of the Church in the matter of sex enlightenment for the young has always been and, it is safe to say, always will be markedly conservative. She has always abhorred what the last Pope termed " foolhardy initiation ". And, more and more, psychologists of repute are coming to agree with her that formation is of far greater importance than information and that mere instruction, while illuminative, is rarely operative. Merely physiological instruction is about as useful for the training of the young in purity as the describing of forbidden fruit would be for the safeguarding of an orchard. It has been left for our modern Rousseaus to change Ovid's hackneyed line into: " Video meliora proboque, en meliora sequor ". Their blindness to the *deteriora* of human nature, in as far as that blindness is inculpable, is to be pitied. But, unwitting or affected, it is dangerous.

To help in counteracting such errors and to give the Catholic viewpoint on the question, Father Leycester King, who is professor of Psychology at Heythrop College, has written this book. He disclaims any intention of giving an exhaustive treatment of the subject of sex enlightenment or of providing parents and teachers with the actual facts which have to be communicated. (On that point his select bibliography will be of service.) His book deals rather with general principles, with the need for prudent enlightenment and with its time, manner and agents. It contains also many hints and suggestions for those on whom this delicate and

responsible task devolves. The chief merit of the work lies in its clear presentation and analysis of Papal pronouncements on the subject during the last thirty years, special attention being given to the allocution addressed to mothers by Pope Pius XII in 1941. Father King renders a very real service in focussing attention on this magnificent address, which has been published as a pamphlet by the English Catholic Truth Society. " Without it," he says, " I would have shrunk from the task of producing this present book."

From this allocution and other Papal documents he shows the need of a positive attitude to chastity and a positive training in it, above all by an integral Christian education and a strengthening of the will by high ideals and by the aid of grace. He also makes it abundantly clear that the Church is not in favour of a *laissez faire* attitude, as her critics often suggest. Her plea is for prudence, not prudery, and for a wise reverence for the instinctive modesty of the young. But she cannot be cited as countenancing the irresponsible idea of parents who cover their failure to their children by the desperate excuse : " They will get to know anyway ! " " With the discretion of a mother and a teacher," says the present Holy Father, " and thanks to the open-hearted confidence with which you have been able to inspire your children, you will not fail to watch for and to discern the moment in which certain unspoken questions have occurred to their minds and are troubling their senses. It will then be your duty to your daughters, the father's duty to your sons, carefully and delicately to unveil the truth as far as it appears necessary, to give a prudent, true, and Christian answer to those questions, and to set their minds at rest. If imparted by the lips of Christian parents, at the proper time, in the proper measure, and with the proper precautions, the revelation of the mysterious and marvellous laws of life will be received by them with reverence and gratitude, and will enlighten their minds with far less danger than if they learned them haphazard."

The duty and responsibility of sex enlightenment rests then primarily on the parents. But Father King believes that " the great majority of parents are not fulfilling their duty in this respect". " One is struck with the large number of otherwise good parents, even among those educationally well equipped for this duty, who fail to instruct their children on this important matter. Even when specifically urged to carry out this duty, very many people show themselves decidedly unwilling and anxious to pass the task over to someone else." He suggests that the establishment of courses of expert lectures on this and other aspects of family craft are an urgent necessity ; and that some non-parental provision should be made for the sex enlightenment of the young until a suitably instructed generation of parents emerges. It is not quite clear what form of non-parental instruction the author considers to be the best. Perhaps he wisely considers that circumstances of person, place and age must play a large part in any answer to the question.

With regard to collective instruction in schools Fr. King points out that " the local Bishop is alone the competent authority for deciding whether the parents' failure is to be made good in Catholic schools and, if so, what kind of instructional procedure should be adopted." His own view is that in many cases, *some* form of collective school instruction may be allowable, desirable and even necessary, though he by no means minimises its difficulty and envisages individual instruction as the ideal. The failure to take account of the dangers of public instruction has produced ghastly effects in Germany, Russia, the United States and Mexico. Stekel, the Viennese psychotherapist, characterised the German proposals in the matter as " monstrous ". Time has proved his prognosis only too correct.

D. O'S.

(The list of books received has been unavoidably held over)

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